

THE *Atlantic*

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA

Reflections on Reading Doctor Zhivago

*The First Published Work
by Stalin's Daughter*

Page 133



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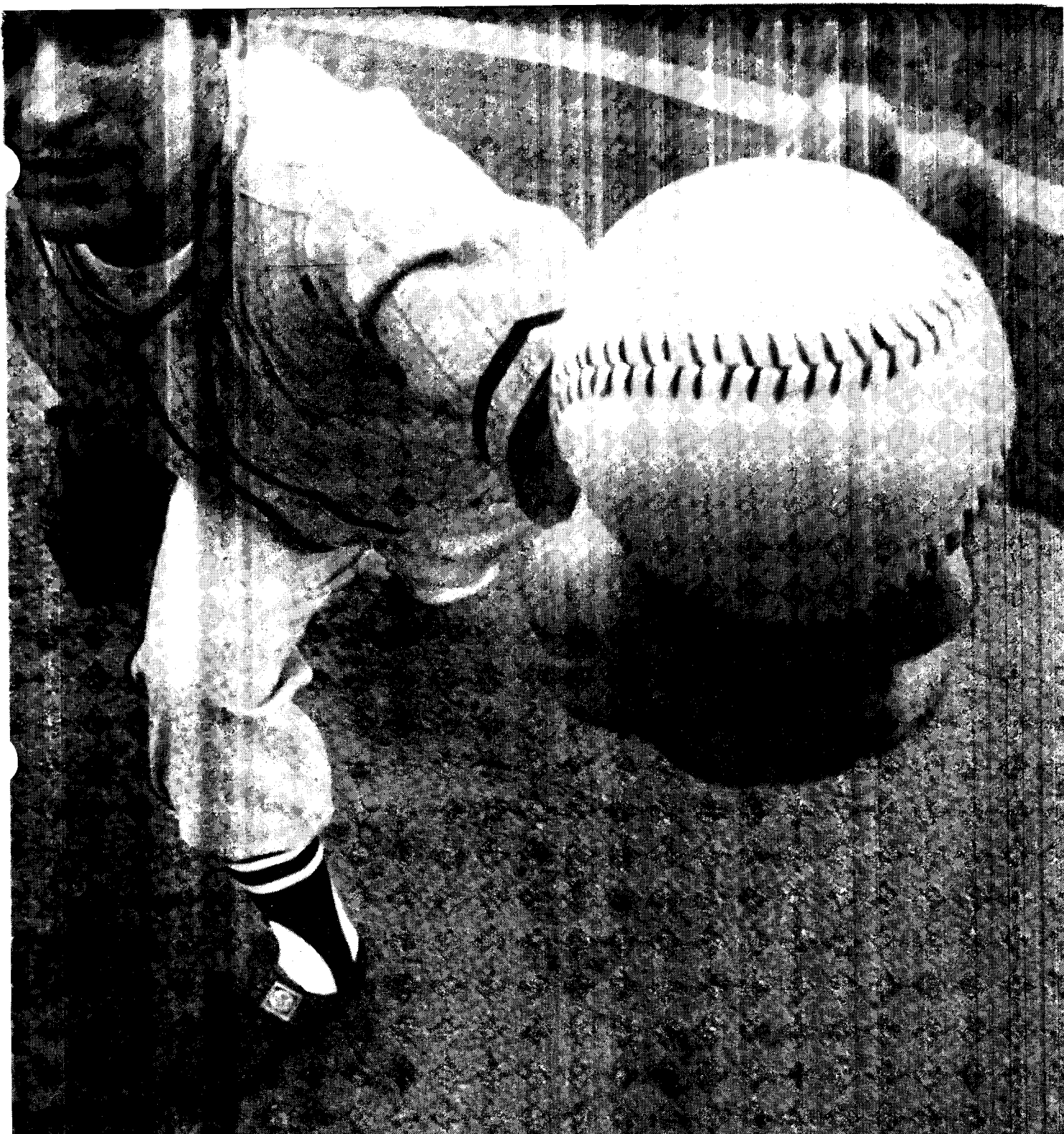
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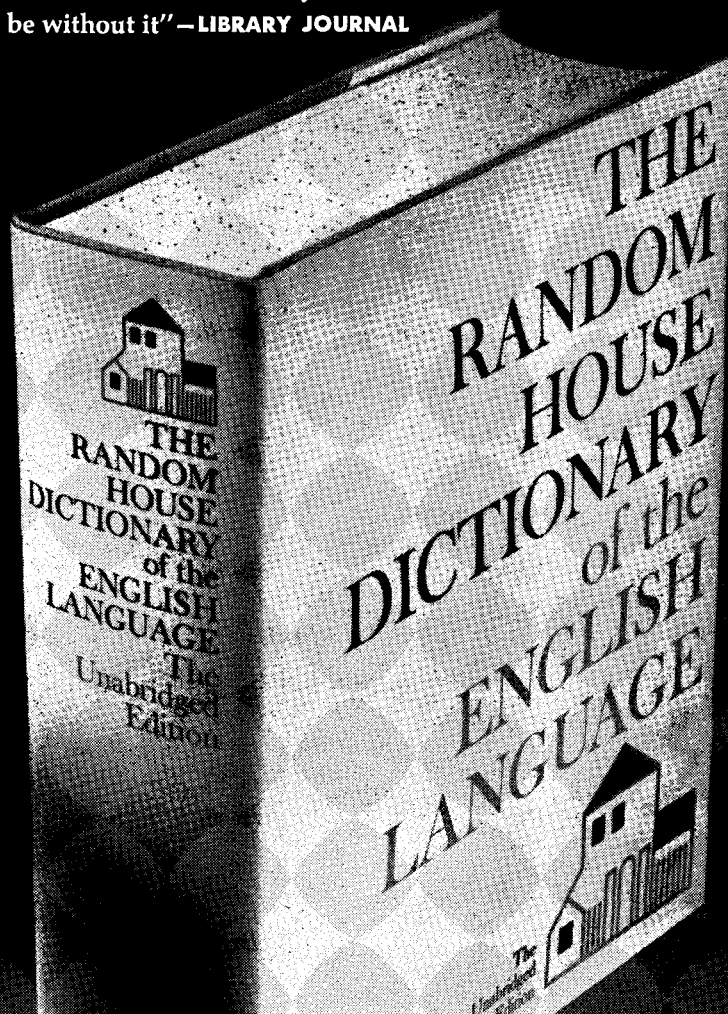
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Good Water from Bad: A Report from General Dynamics

When is a water shortage not a water shortage?

Most of the time.

Except for the relatively small areas of the earth covered with desert, water supplies in lakes, rivers, and underground tables would be more than ample for the world's population—if it were all fit to drink.

In many cases it is too brackish; its heavy concentration of dissolved salts makes it either dangerous or just plain bad tasting. "Salts" are not just common table salt (sodium chloride); a dissolved salt, by definition, is a solid substance that is soluble in water.

Hundreds of thousands of families already use double water systems. Available water from the tap is used for general cleaning. For drinking and cooking, they buy bottled water.

Conventional treatment systems can remove most of the solids, such as those that come, say, from the wastes and sewage that pollute so many of the nation's rivers. But to get rid of the dissolved salts—to desalinate—subtler techniques are required. One is reverse osmosis.

Osmosis, forward and reverse:

Since 1962, General Dynamics has used reverse osmosis to desalinate water, mainly under contract to the Office of Saline Water of the Department of the Interior.

Osmosis is a phenomenon that occurs naturally whenever a dilute liquid

(such as fresh water) and a concentrated liquid (such as salt water) are separated only by a semipermeable material—that is, one which selectively permits one kind of molecule to pass through it, but not another kind.

Under ordinary conditions, fresh "pure" water would diffuse through such a membrane material into an adjacent "impure" saline solution.

But apply pressure to the "impure" water and reverse osmosis takes place; the flow through the membrane goes the opposite way.

Water molecules from the salty solution are forced through the membrane into the fresh water. The "selective" permeability of the material acts as an effective barrier to the passage of salt molecules.

The mysterious membrane:

The heart of the process is a membrane only five thousandths of an inch thick. This membrane is basically made of cellulose acetate in a transparent film form resembling household plastic wrap.

It had been known for some time that fresh water passed readily through certain of these membranes, but dissolved salts and other impurities did not. Nobody knew quite why. An assumption was that the membrane was a very fine mechanical filter—water molecules were small enough to seep through the holes in the film, but salt molecules were too large.

General Dynamics' scientists found that the cellulose acetate membrane, thin though it is, has two different layers.

A spongy porous material that accounts for 99.8 percent of the membrane's thickness is mainly supportive, and lets both water and dissolved salts through.

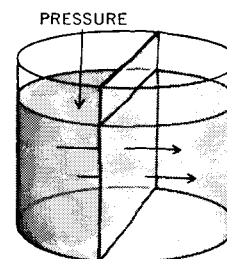
The actual stopper was the second layer, only ten-millionths of an inch thick. This thin second layer is non-porous. Its action is molecular and chemical rather than physical. It *absorbs* water molecules—absorbs them more readily than the salt molecules, allowing the absorbed water molecules to move through the membrane easily and to reappear on the "pure" low pressure side. Less than five percent of the salt molecules get through.

The same process that keeps out dissolved salts also holds back other waste matter, even bacteria, and—some researchers suspect—viruses.

General Dynamics reverse osmosis units are built up of modules which can contain up to 300 square feet of membrane per cubic foot.

Reverse osmosis units are already being built in a variety of sizes. A single small module can satisfy a family's daily drinking water needs. By linking enough modules, larger units process thousands of gallons a day. And still bigger combinations will be able to process hundreds of thousands—or even millions—of gallons of water daily.

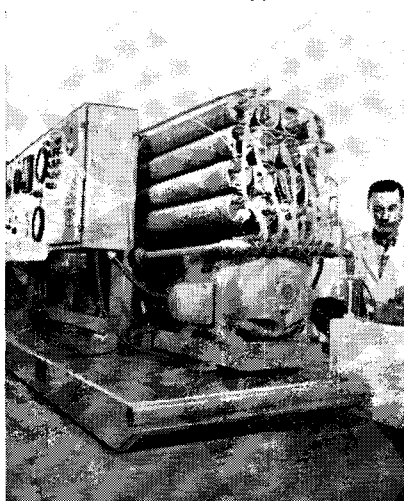
Some conventional forms of desalination require large installations and large heat sources to make steam for an essentially distillation process. Reverse osmosis plants can be compact because the water remains in its original liquid state throughout the process.



The Phenomenon of Reverse Osmosis

Normally, water from a dilute solution will flow through a semipermeable membrane towards a concentrated solution. Reverse osmosis takes place when pressure is applied to the concentrated solution and forces water in the opposite direction. **1.** Salt molecules (marked "S") have little chemical affinity with membrane molecules. They tend to be rejected, in spite of the applied pressure, by the membrane barrier. **2.** Water molecules mingle intimately with membrane molecules in the ultra-thin layer of the membrane—the "diffusion region." This union and diffusion is molecular; it is not a physical filtering of water. **3.** When the water molecules pass through the ultra-thin diffusion layer into the porous supportive layer of the membrane, they liquefy and become water again. **4.** Pure water droplets continue to seep through the membrane and emerge on the low pressure side.

Below: water flow from 10,000 gallons-per-day reverse osmosis unit is checked by General Dynamics engineers before unit is shipped.



Ordinary electric power operates a pressure pump. Simplicity of design permits a system to operate virtually unattended for long periods between maintenance checks.

From rivers and mines:

The General Dynamics units have been test-operated under a variety of local water conditions: on rivers where the water was polluted both with industrial wastes and concentrations of salts from ocean tides, and in industrial applications such as coal mines.

The drainage of acid water from mines presents a major pollution problem. Sulphuric acid in the mine water dissolves minerals containing iron, calcium, and magnesium, creating a whole complex of salts that become a hazard to fish, wildlife, and municipal water supplies. The reverse osmosis experiments held back most of the heavy concentrations of dissolved salts from the mine water and produced high quality fresh water.

In factory use, reverse osmosis units in combination with conventional filters (to eliminate gross physical particles), could clean used factory waste water before it re-enters rivers, with some portion of the freshly processed clean water recirculated for reuse by the factory.

Reverse reverse:

Reverse osmosis has another potentially valuable and almost opposite use: water extraction.

For example, water is traditionally boiled out of maple sap to make maple syrup. This is an expensive and time-consuming process. Pilot tests by the Department of Agriculture indicate that a reverse osmosis unit can achieve the same result. In this case, the useful product is what is left after the water is removed.

Theoretically, the extraction principle can be applied to many products, including chemicals and pharmaceuticals, that now require elaborate pro-

cessing to be concentrated or made water-free. Research is creating a "family" of membranes for a variety of specific jobs.

Certainly fresh water produced by reverse osmosis, or any desalination process, is more expensive than water from local natural sources. Yet in many areas where good water is a scarce and expensive resource, the reverse osmosis process may already be economic.

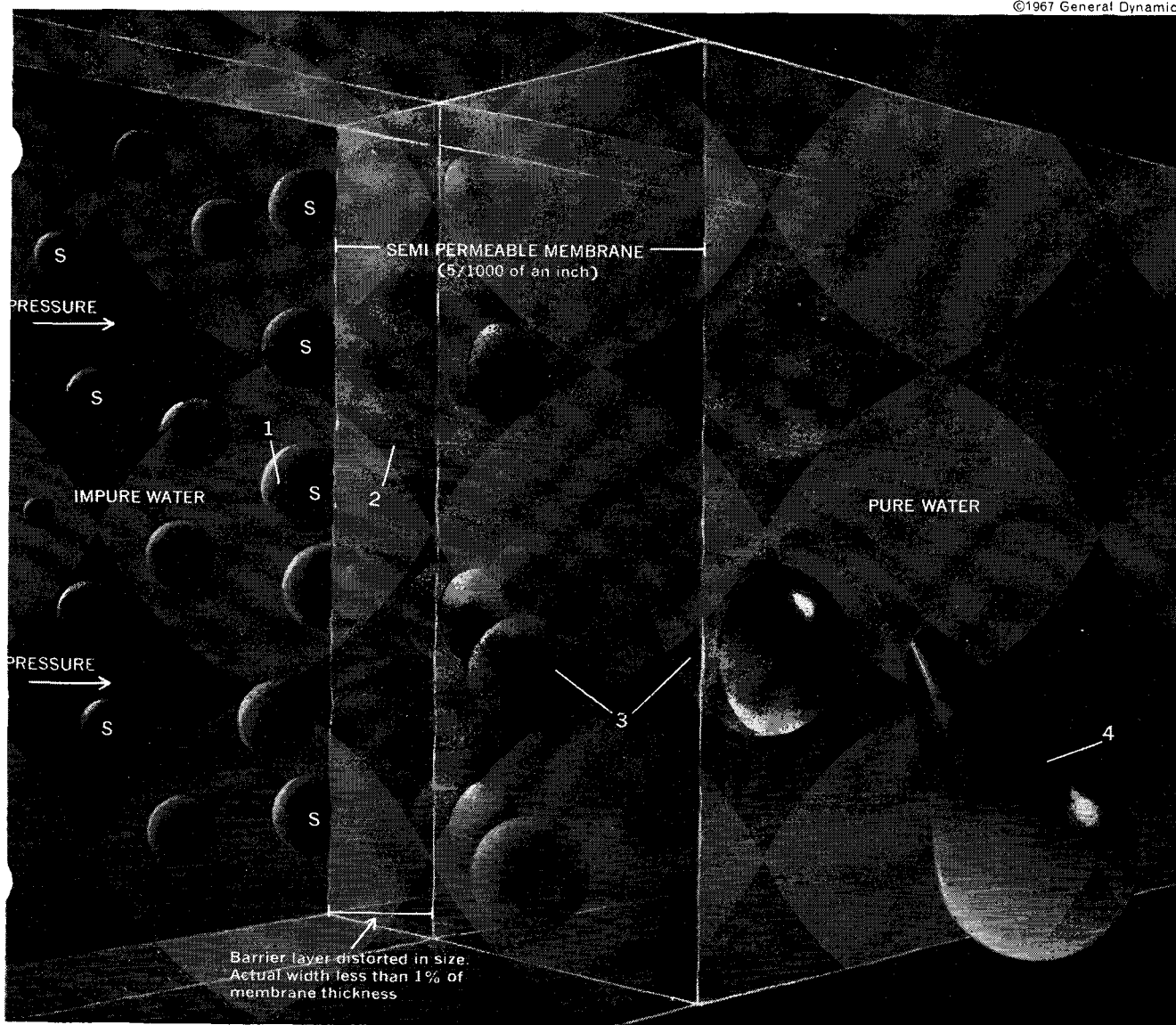
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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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reports

Washington



When President Johnson grants a private interview in his White House office these days and the talk turns to the political future of his Vice President, the Chief Executive is inclined to speak as if he were Hubert Humphrey's campaign manager. "I didn't want Hubert to peak too soon. But now he's peaking beautifully," the President said to one visitor this spring.

The President's remark is significant because it is evidence that there has been an abrupt and dramatic change in the relationship between Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey in recent months. No one knows how long this new intimacy may last or what it may ultimately produce — although some people are suggesting that Humphrey could become "the new Bill Moyers." In any event, it is real enough.

Humphrey's first two years as Vice President were not easy ones. As a politician who had worked closely with Johnson for fifteen years,

he sought and accepted the office knowing the problems involved. The fact is that it is obvious by now that the two-term limitation on presidential service has made the vice presidency too valuable for anyone to refuse.

Despite their long political association, Johnson and Humphrey were in no sense a "team" during their first two years of service together in the executive branch. And if, indeed, they are about to become one at last, it is due in part to Humphrey's determination and persistence.

In Washington there are different theories to explain the new, remarkable closeness: that Johnson realizes he is going to need help in 1968 and is out to inflate Humphrey's stock; that so many old-time presidential aides have left their White House posts that Humphrey is the only available familiar face to turn to; that Johnson has only recently become convinced of his Vice President's total loyalty; that it is a combination of all these reasons.

As recently as this past January the President gave firm orders that Humphrey was to be denied all prior knowledge of the contents of the State of the Union message. He was shown none of the preliminary drafts, and despite the fact that he had submitted many proposals to Johnson (especially urging the President to reject any suggestion of a cutback in new domestic programs), he was never consulted during the preparation.

Johnson delivered the State of the Union message on the evening of January 10. Earlier that afternoon, White House aide Joseph Califano briefed White House reporters on its contents, and — again on Johnson's specific orders — it was only

after that briefing was concluded that Califano delivered a copy to Humphrey. Thus it was that the relationship between Johnson and Humphrey in mid-January was such that every newspaper reporter in Washington knew the contents of the State of the Union message before the Vice President of the United States did.

Vice presidential trials

The degree to which Humphrey was isolated during his first two years as Vice President is still not fully appreciated, even in Washington. And it was a curious, unexpected development, even among those who know Johnson well. After all, the two men had entered the Senate together in 1948, and quickly became famous political allies. They had plotted many a legislative maneuver together. As conservative Southerner and Northern liberal, each seeking to expand his political power base, they had traded favors for years. Indeed, their alliance was such that many political experts were convinced that Humphrey merely was acting as Johnson's foil when he contested John Kennedy in the 1960 Democratic primaries. After the assassination, Johnson immediately turned to Humphrey, then the Senate Whip, rather than to Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield or House Speaker John McCormack, for help and advice on his legislative program.

Further, Johnson had learned about the trials and frustrations of the vice presidency the hard way. He knew how it felt to have the White House call a meeting of the Cabinet and not be invited to attend. He had experienced the indignity of being refused air transportation to make an out-of-town public appear-



Ann's locket is telling her that dinner is almost ready.

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Washington

ance. As a matter of fact, at one time a Kennedy aide turned down Johnson's request for a White House parking space.

He knew how it was. Nevertheless, his own treatment of Humphrey was not an appreciable improvement. Publicly, the Vice President proclaimed that he was being kept fully informed, and the President proclaimed that Humphrey had his complete confidence. Privately, however, Johnson's attitude ranged from indifference to anger. He was annoyed whenever Humphrey's name appeared in the newspapers. He concluded that Humphrey talked too much and tended to trust too many people.

The whims of LBJ

There have been frequent humiliations. The Vice President attended White House meetings at the President's whim rather than by plan. According to one source, "If Humphrey wasn't present, the President as likely as not would ask, 'Why isn't Hubert here?' But if we invited him to the next meeting on our own initiative, as likely as not the President would stare at him as if to say, 'Who the hell invited you?'"

During his days in Johnson's doghouse, the Vice President kept up a brave and proper public front, but he agonized privately over his isolation. "If I could just find a way to convince this man of my loyalty," he would lament to sympathetic presidential aides. Since his recent emergence from obscurity, however, Humphrey occasionally gets off a sardonic remark about his job. The vice presidency, he told a gathering this spring, is "an awkward office in our political system, but one which offers a great opportunity for character building."

As one who had spent his career on Capitol Hill, he did not know the men who run the federal bureaucracy except the highest officials, so he set out to meet them, down to the second and third executive layers in the departments and agencies. He made a close study of the process of presidential decision-making, with the help and cooperation of Secretary of State Rusk, Defense Secretary McNamara, and CIA Director Richard Helms.

Over a period of time he strength-

ened his personal staff and began demanding more exacting performances from its members. He now has two Foreign Service Officers on loan from the State Department. He has brought in new men and has let others go, although his kind-hearted nature is such that he always has found it extremely difficult to fire people. Of all the men around Humphrey today, the two most important are William Connell, his longtime administrative assistant, who runs the shop, maintains liaison with both the White House staff and the Democratic National Committee, and is in on everything; and Washington attorney Max Kampelman, who is his principal private adviser and who would be a very big man in a Humphrey Administration.

The men who work for Humphrey revere him and are admired for their energy and dedication. If anything, they tend to be too enthusiastic. At times they have acted as if they were running a perpetual campaign, not for the presidency, but for the vice presidential renomination, and they have displayed a tendency to think they see Robert Kennedy hiding behind every bush along the way.

A comfortable bed

Denied participation at many of the most important presidential councils, Humphrey resorted to the use of memoranda (in one, for example, he suggested Charles Weltner, the liberal Georgia ex-congressman, as chief of the Democrats' youth activities). He worked hard at the jobs the President did give him. And he passionately defended the President's policies, both foreign and domestic. Especially, and at high cost of his currency among the liberals, has he been diligent in his support of the President's Vietnam policy.

His friends say that Humphrey is completely pragmatic about Vietnam: as Johnson's Vice President, his bed is made, and he must not only lie in it but somehow find a way to make himself comfortable. His future is a clear-cut one, dictated by his past decisions. First, he must be renominated. Second, he must work to see that he and Johnson are re-elected. Then, and only then, will it be possible for him to start thinking about 1972.

As Robert Kennedy's fortunes increased and Johnson's stock dropped,

Humphrey began to worry about the possibility of being dumped from the ticket in 1968. "I've only got one constituent to worry about, and that's the man in the White House," he was telling friends a year ago. The problem was that Johnson liked him well enough but didn't entirely trust him; the simple fact seems to be that the President thought his Vice President talked too much. As a result, although Johnson saw him frequently, he never really let him in on very much.

Humphrey knows he talks a lot; one of his favorite speech openings is to kid about it. But he has his reasons. He believes people expect a bit more "than just a twenty-minute address from a Vice President." He is a good speaker, who knows how to judge audience reaction. And most of all, he knows a lot. His interests are as intense as they are varied, and he has a memory of near total recall. "He's like a computer," one staff member says. "There are some subjects he doesn't even know he knows — until you push the button." But a White House aide, who appreciates these qualities, adds: "If only he'd cut twenty minutes off each speech, he would be the most effective speaker in the nation." The problem — in both public and private talk — is that in those final twenty minutes Humphrey tends to go beyond his original intent; in public address it sometimes leads to extravagance, in private conversation to unconscious revelation.

"Come have a drink"

The big change came just before the Vice President's spring European trip. There was a certain new presidential warmth evident following last November's elections — GOP gains forced Johnson to think again about who his Democratic friends are — but if a date must be set for the real thaw, it should be placed about the beginning of February. There were stories about him slipping back and forth from the White House, but for a change these were pleasant tales. Suddenly the phone was ringing, and the President was on the line: come to dinner, come to lunch, come have a drink, come on over here and let's talk about the budget, about Vietnam, about practically everything Humphrey had been wanting to talk about for the past two years. In April, the Presi-

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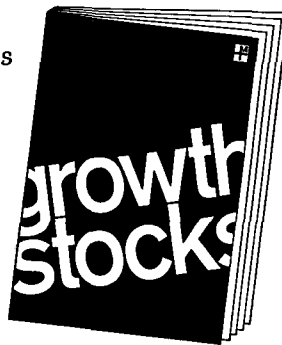
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Washington

dent assigned Humphrey to manage efforts on behalf of the Administration's program in Congress; henceforth, the order regarding legislative liaison was to be "Clear it with Hubert." But the Administration's bills are so bogged down that the President seemed to accomplish little by placing Humphrey in charge of legislative proposals except to remove responsibility for their failure from his own door.

During the coming months it is also Humphrey's job to convince Democrats—and especially liberal Democrats—that disunity can only produce defeat. "Don't spit in the soup we're all going to have to eat" is his theme. But it remains to be seen just how effective he will be among disenchanted liberals who already have written him off as a prisoner of Johnson. Concurrently, Humphrey has been working the South more and more, to persuade Southern Democrats that divorce from the national party would open the door to Southern Republicans and hurt all Democrats in 1968.

Johnson's decision to send Humphrey south makes good political sense, for Humphrey is a politician of liberal reputation who never fails to make a favorable impression on conservative audiences. They are charmed to discover he is no monster, and his missionary work there this year could produce some valuable delegate converts along about 1972. But the President's newfound interest in the South (for that matter, in Humphrey himself) may also indicate that he has concluded that the Johnson-Humphrey ticket is in for a tough go of it elsewhere in the nation in this next election, never mind 1972.

Southern wiggles

Humphrey's chief Southern sponsor thus far is Louisiana governor John McKeithan, who found him helpful and understanding during the Bogalooosa racial violence. He passed the work to Mississippi's Paul Johnson, who was delighted to learn that although Humphrey believed in the strict observance of the desegregation guidelines, he also held that every politician must be allowed "a little wiggle room." By mid-April the Vice President's Southern campaign had reached the stage where

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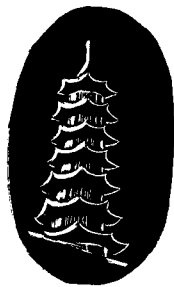
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he was in Atlanta, strolling arm-in-arm with Georgia's Lester Maddox and proclaiming him "a good Democrat."

Himself a good man of decent instinct and humane intent, whose ideas often have been years ahead of their time, the door-to-door salesman of national politics (there is no harder way to make a living, no more uncertain mode of existence), who has managed not only to exist but to progress on a smile, a shoe-shine, and what appears to be an unassailable faith in the belief that right eventually will gain might, his approach to those challenges of the future will be about the same as has been his approach to his past and present difficulties. As Andrew J. Glass of the Washington *Post* notes, "Just as Johnson practices the politics of consensus and the Kennedys practice the politics of challenge, Humphrey practices the politics of optimism."

It might seem a bit old-fashioned and possessed of more than a little Stevensonian naïveté, but who's to say it doesn't work? It has brought him a long way and could take him farther still. — *Douglas Kiker*

Japan



Japan, today the world's third largest industrial power, looms above Asia as does Fujiyama over the plains of Tokyo, yet as far as most Americans are concerned, their major Pacific ally is all but unknown.

After five years as the United States's wise and articulate ambassador to Japan, Edwin O. Reischauer returned last year to academic life at Harvard University to find that Japan, as far as his daily reading went, was a noncountry. He said recently, "I sometimes feel that, in our newspapers, Japan is the least adequately reported country in the whole world. Its importance to us as our second largest trading partner in the world and

our chief ally in Asia is obvious, but our press gives it far less space than to any of our other major allies and, of course, far less attention than to the other trouble spots in the world, which are usually places of much less basic significance to us."

No news from Tokyo

An illustration may be seen in Japan's critical parliamentary elections of January. The election determined that Prime Minister Eisaku Sato's conservative, pro-American Liberal Democratic Party is likely to dominate Japanese politics through 1970. That year the U.S.-Japanese Mutual Security Treaty comes up for review, and that is therefore the year which the Communist and pro-Peking Socialist leadership, supported by more than one third of the Japanese voters, has picked as a target date to seize control of the government, and to wreck the treaty which binds Japan and the United States together.

Corruption in Sato's regime and a rising cost of living threatened the Liberal Democrats' chances. Would the left's appeal to the voters mass enough strength to rock relations between the two countries or, a remote possibility, drive the United States and its bases from what one former White House aide called "the only place in Asia we can step without sinking up to our knees"? A backlash of fear against tempestuous China was apparently one factor which strengthened Sato's appeal and weakened that of his Socialist and Communist opposition. When the returns were in, the Liberal Democrats had 277 Diet seats out of a total of 486, one less than before the elections; the Socialists trailed with 140 seats. (Sato even carried along to victory several Liberal Democratic members of the Diet who had resigned from his government under fire for corruption.)

Like much other news about Japan which should concern Americans, the January 29 election was underplayed by the U.S. press. In the attention span of the United States, Japan receives no more than a passing glance.

Says Reischauer, "I carefully read the best American papers and magazines, but, if I did not have an air-mail edition of a Japanese language paper and other current materials sent to me from Tokyo, I would feel

in the dark as to what was happening there.

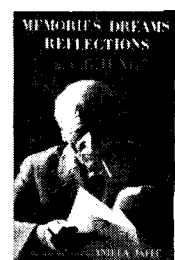
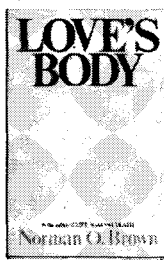
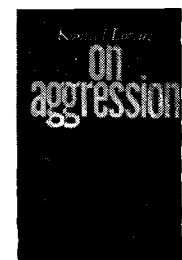
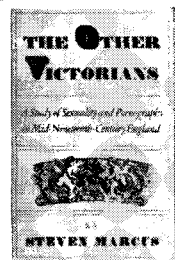
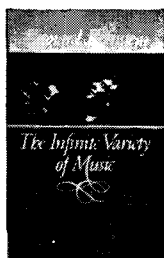
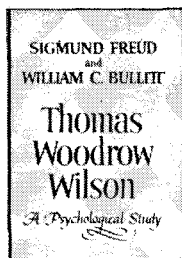
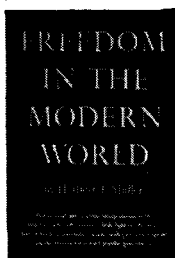
"We are served in our papers only the sketchiest outline of political developments in Japan, with little depth on important undercurrents, and a rather tired round of the same old color stories — Zengakuren, Sokagakkai, and neon lights on the Ginza — but little of the real news of developing Japanese attitudes and actions that could well affect our future in Asia."

Among the Japanese who are concerned about the lack of coverage of their country is Prime Minister Sato, a sixty-five-year-old prosperous-looking bureaucrat turned politician. After speaking of the close diplomatic and economic links between the two countries, he warned an American interviewer recently, "I feel that information and understanding of Japan in the United States is still not sufficient. . . . I hope that Americans will not take the Japan-U.S. relationship for granted. I ask for greater efforts to evaluate fully the fact that each partner has its own feelings and ways of thinking and is also coping with its problems in its particular environment."

He cited some areas of neglect: "It is my sincere wish that the American people will accurately understand how the Japanese feel . . . concerning China, with whom Japan has close historical and geographical ties; concerning Vietnam, in which we are keenly interested as an Asian nation; concerning the destiny of Okinawa, which is a part of Japan and whose inhabitants are Japanese; concerning the importance of trade and fishery in our limited land. . . ."

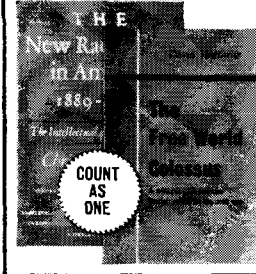
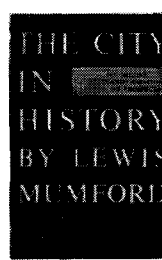
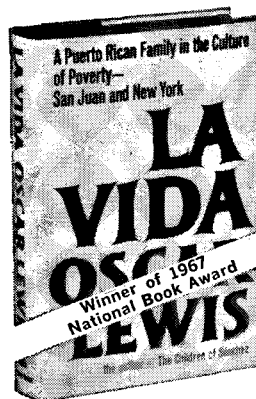
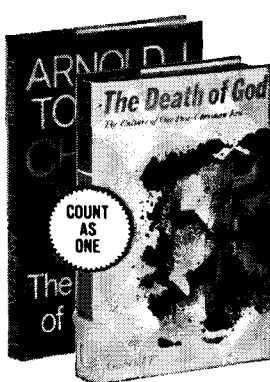
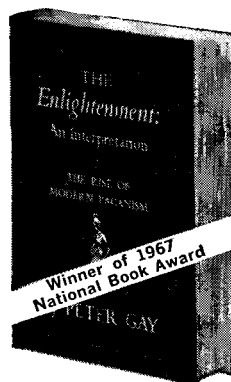
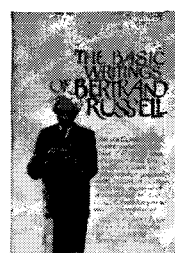
Sato over De Gaulle

The "economic miracle" of Japan's post-war recovery is well known, but the miracle doesn't seem to flag in its pace at all. Japan has achieved the third largest industrial aggregate in the world. While its gross national product is only fifth, it is equal to all that of Latin America, twice that of Africa. Its industrial prowess — the factories, shipyards, mills, and plants — makes Japan third in steel, produces almost half the world's new ships and electronic microscopes, will this year or surely next make the country the second largest vehicle producer; it already is second in radio, TV, and



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Japan

synthetic fiber production, and to end on a happy note, first in pianos. It is the only industrialized Western-bloc nation in Asia.

In population, Japan is now almost twice as large as any Western European nation, and in literacy, leads the United States. The flaw in these impressive statistics is that Japan's per capita income is still low, twenty-third in the world, just behind Italy's. But in ten years, say Sato and his economists, it will reach the present levels of Western Europe today; in twenty, those of the United States. Still, Japan is hardly a pocket of poverty — 97 percent of its homes have TV.

Politically, Japan is democratic and committed to the United States and the West; the election results mean it will stay that way. Washington columnist Joseph Alsop writes that Charles de Gaulle's "real weight is already a trifle less than Premier Sato's, who does not throw his weight around. In a decade, moreover, the weight of De Gaulle or his successor is due to be hardly more than half the weight of Sato or his successor." It is at least plausible to say the same of the heirs of Harold Wilson and Kurt Kiesinger. Island England, our closest ally, has passed island Japan in the post-war years — on the way down. Japan's economy is again heading toward a 1967 growth rate of 9 percent, the highest sustained one in the world, while Britain continues to stagnate.

No Shangri-la

But what do we know of Japan's real policies toward Red China, already divergent from ours? Of its nuclear opinions as the one nation which both has suffered atomic attack and could quickly develop its own nuclear capability? Of its future political stability? Given the volatile nature of the Japanese and the new political trends which exist today in Japan (Tokyo elected a Communist as mayor in April), there is no reason to presume that it will remain an automatic ally.

As a highly advanced nation stemming from an entirely different culture, Japan is one of the most difficult in the world for us to understand. From a purely journalistic point of view there is the indifference of a European-oriented United

States, and a frequent lack of "hard news in a country which slide toward positions rather than boldly announcing them. In the face of these obstacles, the United States from its government to its press tends to sweep what is current and serious in Japan under a mental carpet, and contemplate only its cherry blossoms and Fujiyama charms. But today's Japan is not quaint, exotic Shangri-la. It is as modern and advanced as its Son TV, its scrappy Honda motorcycle or its 125 mph Dream Express.

To the nineteenth-century romantic Lafcadio Hearn, a European who became a Japanese, in Japan the left was always the right; the carpenter pulled rather than pushed his saw; the needle was brought to the thread, not the thread to the needle. And Percival Lowell said that the Japanese speak backward, read backwards, write backwards — and that is "only the *abc* of their contrariness." These superficial examples at least suggest how deep the differences between our two societies are in every aspect of life.

Language is a shared problem. Few Japanese speak English, and Reischauer's final plea as he left Japan was for the Japanese to make a far greater effort to study it. The student of a romance language, at the Berlitz ads now advise us, can start to speak and read at once. To be able to speak and read Japanese with its minimum of 2000 characters which must be memorized, to carry on a conversation and read with fair comprehension, require twenty-four months of full-time study.

Of the more than eight hundred U.S. businessmen in Tokyo, perhaps three are fluent enough to make an impromptu afterdinner speech. Of the American correspondents only one can speak and read Japanese well enough to do without an interpreter. A few others can hold conversations and stumble through newspapers, but must use a translator for serious business. Virtually no American in Japan can write Japanese which would meet the standards of its leading publications.

Thin press line

The recent campaigns and election results in Germany, France and India, and even in lesser countries, have received extensive media exposure in the United States, but

Japan's were hardly reported. Our newspaper of record, the one to which the student and scholar would turn for reference, the *New York Times*, ran one story at the campaign's start, saying it was "one of the most important of the postwar period," which would choose the leaders for "a critical period in Japanese political history."

Then, with the exception of one feature story on campaign posters, there was a three-week silence on the issues, the candidates, and why the election was important. On the eve of the vote a story predicted the outcome. This story was requested by the *Times* of London from the *New York Times* news service since its own Tokyo correspondent was in Saigon. On the Sunday after the election, a follow-up story about the outcome was dropped after one edition, while one on a debate about a Japanese war memorial on Guam remained in. About the same time, the *Times* gave somewhat more prominence to the emergence of a Hawaiian sumo wrestler and a feature on the two-year-old *Dream Express*.

The U.S. correspondents in Japan are something of a thin red line, to be sure. Five newspapers, the wire services, the news and business magazines have bureaus. The three TV networks, one of whom removed its staff correspondent from Tokyo last year, have treated Japan as a reserve base for their coverage of Southeast Asia.

But even these roughly twenty regular correspondents, their editors willing, should have provided the United States with more news about the important fact that our Pacific ally has been overwhelmingly, often violently, opposed to our policy in Vietnam despite the more recent anti-Chinese backlash which helped re-elect Sato. Here was a clear case where we could not take Japan for granted. In the Japanese anti-Vietnam sentiment there has been the potential of an unexpected eruption of anti-American violence similar to that in 1960. Then the mob fury which followed the forced ratification of the Security Treaty led to the emergency helicopter rescue of Presidential Press Secretary Jim Hagerty from a threatening mob, and the subsequent cancellation of a state visit by President Eisenhower.

The Japanese people are highly

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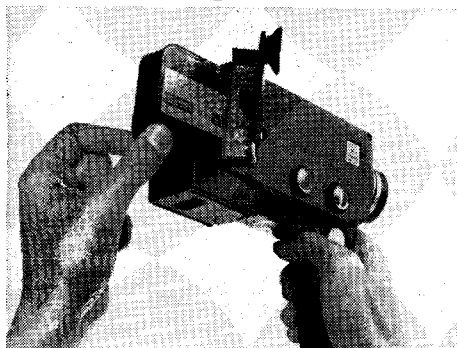


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Japan

susceptible to *mudo*, "moods," which sweep quickly to a national peak, whether it's a craze for catching goldfish in artificial pools or a political demonstration. In January, 1965, Vietnam was only a lesser issue at a Sato-Johnson White House meeting. At that time, the U.S. Embassy in Saigon was naively proposing means of interesting the Japanese in covering our war in Vietnam; in a kindly way, the embassy hoped.

The Vietnam mood

But even while Sato was in Washington, the *Mainichi Shimbun* had begun a forty-part series on the "Mud and Flame" in Vietnam, by Wilfred Burchett (whom it failed to identify as a strongly anti-American, left-leaning journalist) to report from North Vietnam. The entire media of Japan, from TV to magazines, capitalized on the burgeoning *betonamu mudo*, the "Vietnam mood," and the Japanese press corps suddenly became the second largest in Saigon. Both coverage and editorial comment were conspicuous for their one-sided bias against the United States.

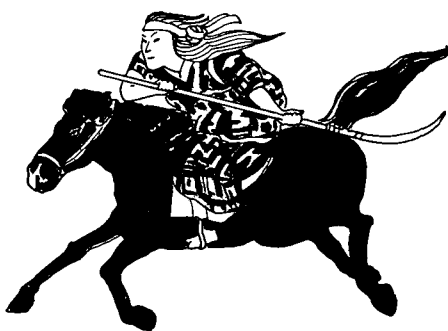
This Japanese interest in Vietnam coincided with our bombing of the North. A deep pacifist strain runs through post-war Japanese opinion in general, but our bases in Japan and our use of Okinawa bases made the danger of Japanese involvement in Vietnam seem real and present. The government was sympathetic to our role, but for domestic political reasons paid the least possible lip service. At the height of the excitement a poll showed that only 4 percent of the Japanese supported our bombing of North Vietnam. A majority not only opposed the war, but felt the United States responsible.

This attitude of our Pacific ally was completely apparent from February, 1965, on, but went virtually unreported in the United States. The *New York Times* ran a few tiny references to demonstrations and editorial comment, but it and other U.S. papers neglected as a major, continuing news story the fact that the people of the most important nation in Asia were overwhelmingly opposed to our action in Vietnam.

Almost a year later the United

States government still had so little sensitivity to the state of affairs in Japan that a visit there by President Johnson after the Manila conference was actually considered. Prime Minister Sato, whose personal popularity had for the moment sagged to a precariously low level, faced a difficult political situation, in which the opposition demanded dissolution of the Diet and a general election, and in addition an increasingly critical press and a threatening cloud of party scandal.

For Johnson to come to Japan, fresh from a meeting with his blood-drenched mercenaries, as the Communist press would have put it, would have given to the opposition as a target the chief devil of its political demonology: LBJ, the general of the hateful war in Vietnam,



the occupier of Okinawa, the warlord of the Security Treaty, and the landlord of our bases in Japan. If the tiny Communist Party could muster, as they did, 200,000 people to demonstrate against our policy in Vietnam, consider what they and the Socialists might have done with Johnson as a drawing card.

In terms of practical politics, a Johnson visit would have been about as welcome to the government as the Boston Strangler at a Cambridge weekend. For the United States, the stories and photos of the demonstrations would have meant international embarrassment, and a further loss of face in Asia. If there was any doubt about the Japanese view, Vice Foreign Minister Takezo Shimoda, now ambassador to the United States, removed it by calling the visit "inconceivable." An exchange of notes buried the idea.

There was hardly any notice in the U.S. press of the fact that a visit by our President to Japan was "inconceivable" in the view of Japan's Foreign Office.

The problems for a U.S. reporter in Japan, aside from language and

cultural barriers and the home office's lack of interest, are compounded by the Japanese themselves. On an individual basis, the Japanese government and the rest of Japan are often receptive to correspondents. But officially, the Japanese government, unbelievably, does not have real control over its own news. Every aspect of Japanese public life is handled by feudal *kisha kurabu*, press clubs made up of Japanese reporters covering everything from the Prime Minister to a small steel company.

This hangover from a feudal guild system bars foreign reporters from the Prime Minister's press conferences, the daily press briefings at his office, and from organized news gatherings such as exist in Washington. Only the Foreign Office among all government ministries has a weekly briefing at which the director of its Public Information Bureau will answer questions — so long as he has already given the same information to the Japanese press. While an individual foreign correspondent may see the Prime Minister or one of his ministers on rare occasions, only once or twice a year will a single high-ranking government official consent to a press conference.

Not only does the effect of this system on the foreign press directly affect the flow of news from Japan, it also has a stultifying effect on Japanese journalism. During the January election campaign, the semigovernmental television network, NHK, showed as a public service a program in which the leaders of the various parties, including the Prime Minister, presented their views. Sato's press club promptly banned NHK from live coverage of his press conferences, which meant the Japanese public only saw portions of it on commercial TV rather than the full treatment NHK gives. Not a word of the ban appeared in the Japanese press.

Colorless leadership

One possible reason for less attention being paid to Japan than to our other allies is that Japan was really traumatized into a kind of national reticence by the devastation of war and defeat, and its international voice has been a whisper compared to the roar of its bulging industrial energy. Surrounded in Asia by its former enemies, uncertain and cau-

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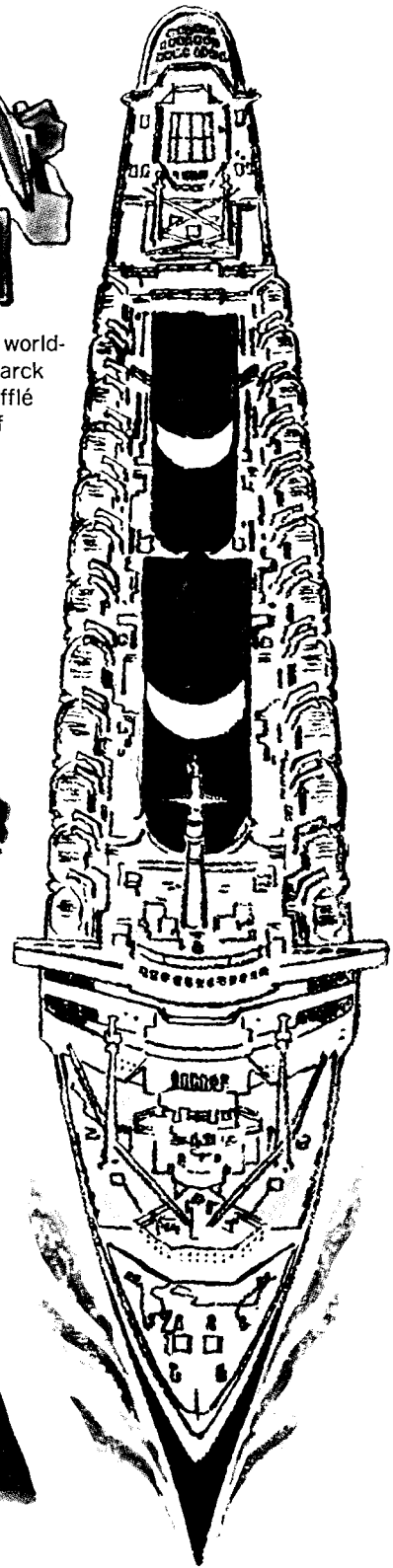


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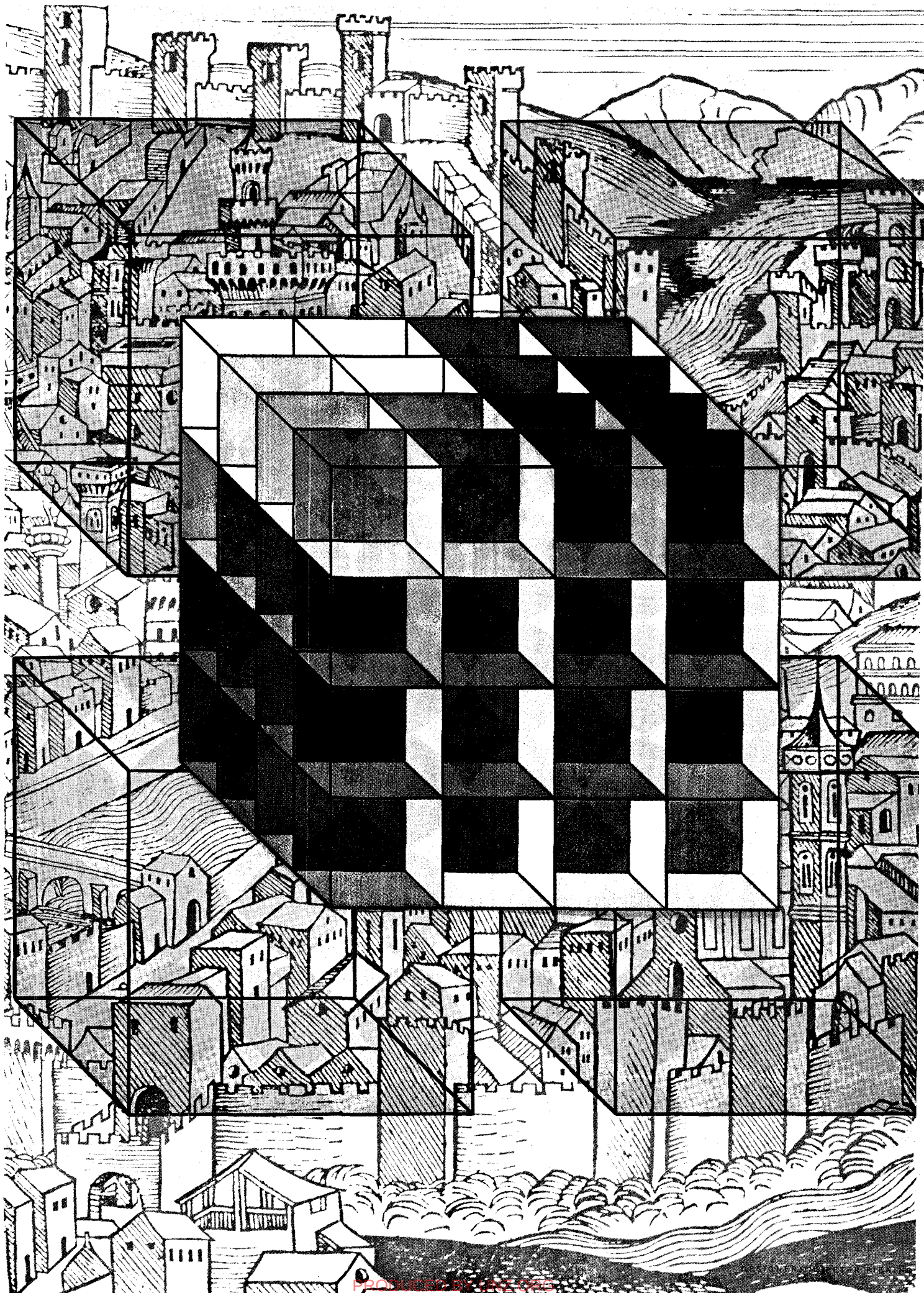
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Are Our Cities Dying?

by **EDWARD J. LOGUE**

Administrator of Redevelopment, City of Boston

Presidents and pundits, bankers and civil rights workers join other public-minded citizens in expressing their alarm about the state of America's cities. They are right. In a society of rising affluence too much of the inner city is sinking into pervasive decay.

Some observers despair and propose the city be abandoned. Others suggest panaceas, usually governmental, which will allegedly cure urban cancer. Quite recently suggestions have been made that perhaps the present enterprise system should take on the job of curing the city's ills.

In this confusion of analysis and prescription we often seem to lose sight of the basic purpose for which the city exists, of how hard it is to build a great city and how inadequate any alternative to the city proves to be.

I have walked the streets of great cities around the world wondering how and why they came to be. They are marvelous in their diversity. Each city has its own special emphasis—perhaps as a port, a seat of government, a center of manufacturing. Yet they all have one thing in common—the city is a place of exchange—of goods, of course, but equally important, of ideas.

No suburban shopping center, no landscaped industrial park, no elegant, cloistered research center, no system of instant remote communication is going to take away the primacy of the urban center where the jostling of old and new ideas shape the world we will live in.

The city is not obsolete. It is the center

of our civilization. In earlier times we accepted this and made our cities, particularly their centers, graceful and proud. Today many deny the city the right to be important, to be beautiful, to be cared about.

Technology has made it possible for the very important people who dominate our economy to use only a piece of the city quite comfortably, regardless of the decay that is never more than a mile from their seats of power. These powerful men are usually those who have done least to make the city livable. As wealth and power increasingly ignore land and political boundaries, it is possible to grow up, prosper and die without ever having been a citizen of a city in the Athenian sense; a fund raiser for alma mater, or a board member on a community chest agency, seems to be the average limit. The idea of active citizenship still is embarrassing to many business leaders.

I believe we can improve our cities and we can do so quickly without waiting for the necessary but cumbersome public aid programs, vital as they are. The first thing we can do is to improve their tone, decide we care, allow a concern for the city as a whole and its future to guide private decisions.

When banks redline a blighted area and shut off investment they may protect against short run risk. But there is a cumulative loss of confidence that can change a whole city's faith in itself. Unfortunately, most new investment decisions—a branch bank, a supermarket,

a new factory—are made only in areas entirely safe. Do we realize what we do when we rule entire sections of a community off limits? Why are we surprised when those millions thus cut off from society decide that they do not belong and do not care?

I believe our government must have an important role in saving our cities because it, in effect, is saving itself. I believe that the education of a million slum children, giving them a chance to become part of America, is more important than putting a new town on the moon. I believe our national priorities should be reappraised and much more governmental attention given to our cities. Even more, however, I believe that the private enterprise system must face the challenge of the slums.

The imagination and the drive that has made our system the most productive in the world must be turned to the task of renewing our cities.

Maybe it means we should overhaul the Internal Revenue Code to make it as attractive to invest in the slums as it is to buy tax-exempt bonds or search out oil and gas. If we do, we might just connect up 10 million presently forsaken people with the mainstream of American life. There is still time. Let us make a start before it is too late.



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Japan

tious on the world scene, its external moves have been economic, not political. Last year, Japan on its own initiative called a Ministerial Conference for the Economic Development of Southeast Asia as well as one on agricultural development in that area, took part in the inauguration of the Asian Bank, to which it contributed a president and two hundred million dollars, organized a consortium of Indonesia creditors, and attended the conference of the Asian and Pacific Council (ASPAC) in Seoul, where it moderated the fierce anti-Communism of Taiwan and Korea, which might have wrecked this incipient Asian harmony.

One must assume that with the coming of regional cooperation among Asian nations, Japan must have the leading economic position, and increasingly, as its self-confidence returns, the major political role. But the difficulty of reporting on Japan in terms which will interest hard-news European-oriented editors in America is compounded by the sparsity of dramatic news, particularly in foreign policy, and the colorlessness of Japanese leadership.

Any important new policy in Tokyo is leaked in dribs and drabs and discussed in exhaustive detail by the Japanese press, so that when the final announcement comes, it's like proclaiming dawn at midday. Unlike President Johnson's State of the Union message, which he deliberately and personally loads with as many surprises as he can muster, Premier Sato's policy speech to the Diet generally rises from the depths of Japanese bureaucracy smoothed and diluted at every stage until it emerges as a bland and misty outline of righteous intentions.

Bland lacquer

In Japan both government and business are usually conducted by "consensus." It makes for, or perhaps creates, what Reischauer has singled out as a persistent cultural trait, group leadership. The Japanese say *deru kugi wa utareru*, "the nail which sticks out must be hammered down." Japan creates few newsmakers on the style of Churchill or De Gaulle, Robert Kennedy or Howard Hughes. The surface of the Japanese business and



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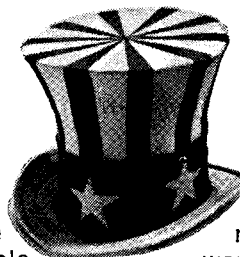
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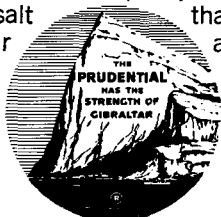
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T H E P R U D E N T I A L I N S U R A N C E C O M P A N Y O F A M E R I C A

Japan

political world is as smooth and featureless as lacquer ware. In the face of this blandness, resident and visiting correspondents tend to be driven, if they wish to be published, to the cliché: features about the absence of street addresses in Tokyo, its kamikaze cabdrivers, Hiroshima revisited, and as the final resort, geisha, cherry blossoms, and Fujiyama.

If the press is to be faulted about coverage of Japan, can someone who wants to know about Japan find books to help him? There are volumes, certainly. World War II is covered in exhausting detail; a few monumental works of history exist; Reischauer's books have uniquely brought Japan's political, intellectual, and economic history up to date. Zen, new religions, Kabuki, flower arranging, judo, and karate are covered in fountains of print. There are dozens of accounts of curious old Nippon. But books which really explain this culture so alien to us simply do not exist.

Two major areas where little work is available in English are practical politics and practical business. At the time of the January election little existed in English which would explain the complexities of the Japanese political parties in relation to the voter and the conduct of the election. Similarly, a businessman curious about the United States's second largest trading partner would find virtually nothing to help him penetrate the feudal maze of Japanese big business. Even the big news is dimmed out: last year, while the *Wall Street Journal* was closing its regular Japanese bureau, Japanese steel production rose 16 percent; this year a gain of 13 percent is anticipated.

Until the United States, from government to press, begins to be seriously concerned about Japan — and let us hope it will not be a rude Vietnam type of awakening — Japan will remain for us a noncountry, yet one which will be, next to us, the most powerful in the non-Communist world.

James William Morley, director of Columbia University's East Asian Institute, lamented recently after a year spent in Japan, "I can only say that it is shocking to return from that center of dynamism, which

seems destined by every measure of educational, intellectual, aesthetic, economic, and political attainment and by every indicator of potential power and influence to be not only the great power of Asia but, in the course of the next twenty years, to become one of the three greatest powers in the world, and find the American people abysmally uninformed and unprepared for the future this portends."

— James McC. Truitt

New York



Approached from the East River, there is about New York City a feeling of smooth interlinear movement. It is in the swift flow of cars along the water's edge and up the bridge ramps. Even the people on the recessed balconies of their apartments call to mind, from afar, an army's well-positioned sentries. The view suggests colossal futuristic order.

But in "welfare city" what is orderly? Only the regularity of disorder: the soot falls without pause onto New York's 7,500,000 citizens. Traffic is bumper to bumper despite a tough tow-away program. There are strikes of subway workers and newspapermen, of doctors and nurses; even lifeguards. The daily dosage of disaster news may include power failures, rising crime rates, and accelerating tension between Negroes who want to move downtown and whites who want to move away altogether rather than live with Negroes.

Add a school system in disrepute and a poorly managed municipal hospital network. The 300,000-man city government is badly organized and underfinanced, its future mortgaged by a succession of Democratic administrations which met any and every crisis by paying as little money as possible for the most immediate short-term palliative.

Expenses have doubled in the last decade, and the real question in the city is now not whether a new administration can force changes, but whether it can keep up with the changes that urban life forces on it daily. New York City's operating budget in the fiscal year starting next month is \$5.2 billion, second only to the federal government's, and the expense of running the city is likely to double again in *five years*. (By contrast, the budget for the whole state of New York, not including funds for the city, will be \$4.6 billion; California's is \$3.5 billion.)

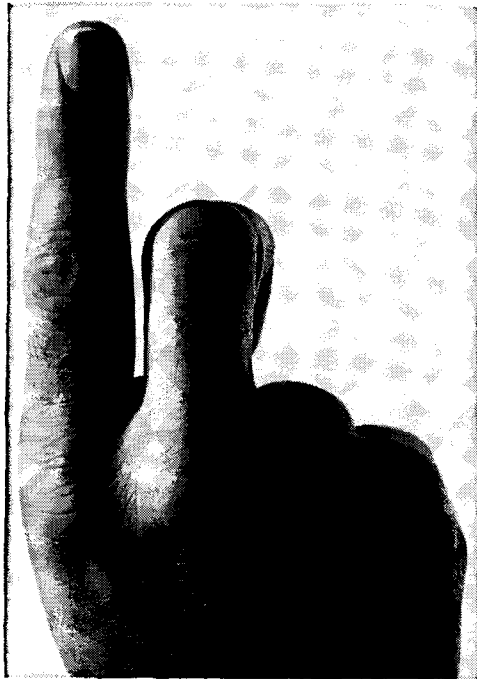
Welfare city

New York is increasingly the "welfare city." July a year ago, when Standard & Poor's lowered the city's bond rating, it noted: "The city faces a steadily mounting burden of expenses for welfare and other services that promises to outpace the growth revenue services over the foreseeable future. . . . New York City is the leading example of the blight that has centered on American cities. This has produced and will continue to produce staggering fiscal problems."

The term "welfare city" as applied to New York defies the tough geometry of tangible statistics. It means more than a set of figures detailing home relief, although it is worth noting that the current Welfare Department budget is in the neighborhood of \$654 million, or about \$129 million more than last year. This would be a definition: the services and the programs of the city are predominantly to help the poor, whether they are actually on welfare or whether they are trying to support a family on the wages earned pushing a dress rack through the crowded garment district.

Inevitably, a city administration caught between the overwhelming needs of the poor and a serious shortage of cash can give a middle-class plea for governmental comfort virtually no satisfactory response. The money that is available (and this year the city will be operating with a deficit of more than \$400 million) is for social services. They include the city's twenty-one municipal hospitals, where the poor receive medical service of a sort; maintenance of the twenty-cent subway fare so that the poor can afford to ride; construction of homes for the poor.

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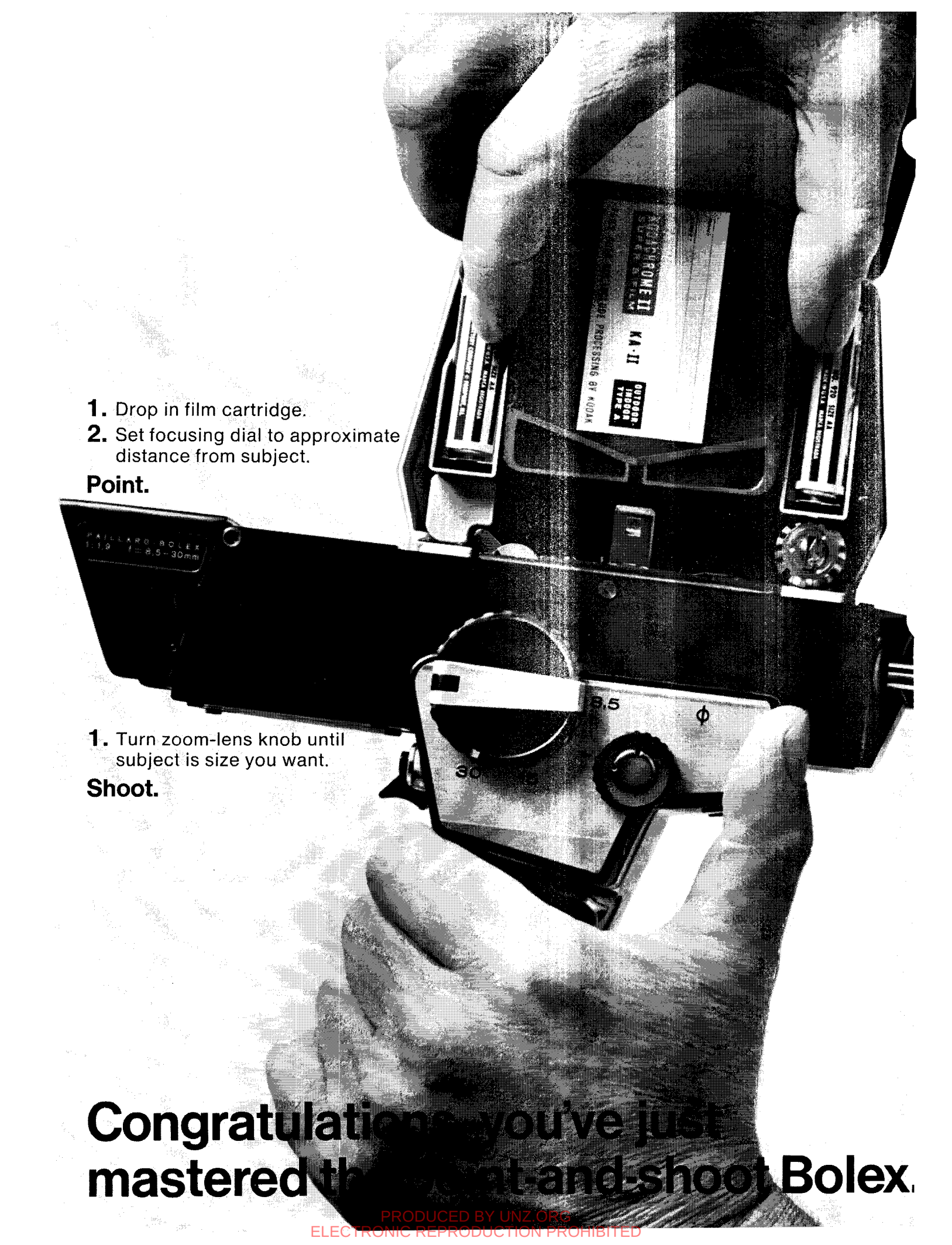
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Shoot.

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New York

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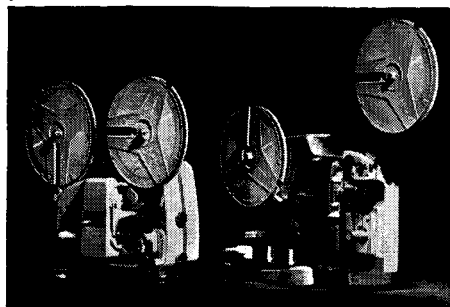
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This year the mayor tried to set aside \$25 million to buy land on which to build homes for the poor and to rehabilitate slum housing. Under the Model Cities program, established by Congress last year, New York is seeking funds to rehabilitate Harlem, the South Bronx, and Central Brooklyn, three of its badly deteriorated communities.

In most of them live Negroes and Puerto Ricans; they make up more than 50 percent of Manhattan's population, and their children represent nearly 77 percent of all the youngsters in Manhattan's public schools and more than 50 percent in the entire city's schools. As road and parkway improvements are put aside in favor of antipoverty programs, middle-class white families are shifting to the suburbs. Floyd B. McKissick, the national director of CORE, has said of the migration, "We've got only 10 percent of the population, but soon we'll have 50 percent of the power, political power, because you whites don't want to live next to us and you're turning over the cities to Negroes."

Big business has lately been in the habit of following the white middle class to the suburbs. High city taxes on industry and the cost of office space are factors: office space rents for \$8 or \$10 per square foot in Manhattan against about \$3.50 a square foot in Westchester, Connecticut, or New Jersey. But another reason is that a large part of the work force which is available to industry is Negro, and through years of official neglect of Negro education in New York, these people are mostly untrained, even secretaries. The young white girl from the suburbs who graduated from high school and then went to Katharine Gibbs instead of to college is staying in the suburbs to work.

Fresh or tired?

John Lindsay picked up one of his 1965 campaign slogans from an encomium tossed by columnist Murray Kempton: "He is fresh and everyone else is tired." After nearly eighteen months in office, Mayor Lindsay is still fresh and everyone else is still tired. The mayor seems firm in the faith, long ago discarded by jaded New Yorkers accustomed

to accommodating themselves to one another and to civic disorder, that the city's problems can be solved and that they can be solved by frontal attacks. He is a lonely believer. But there is little doubt that Lindsay still enjoys his job, despite the lickings he has taken on several important issues, and would seek re-election if his term were up now.

Despite a recent poll showing that 51 percent of the people are disenchanted with him, it is hard to see the mayor being beaten if he ran. This is particularly true since the splintered city Democratic Party gives little indication of being able to agree upon an attractive alternative.

But doubts exist about Lindsay's long-term prospects. Former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, no unbiased observer, defined one such doubt recently: "One of John Lindsay's handicaps is that he was the greatest mayor the city ever had before he took office." After the mayor's first nine months in office, *Fortune* magazine put it more harshly: "Lindsay's real problem is that he is the captive of extravagant expectations, most of which he aroused himself."

This skeptical view of the man strikes a responsive chord among a number of Democratic and Republican professionals, as well as among many New Yorkers who voted for Lindsay under the impression that they were getting the wit, grace, and polished drive of John Kennedy. What they got instead was Pat Boone, with a touch of Cotton Mather. Although the mayor has had some important successes, in many areas he is still wrestling with means and not substance, and the sense of excited anticipation about the prospect of a Lindsay administration has not been fulfilled.

It is the irony of the Lindsay administration that what has disenchanted the taxi drivers and the bartenders of New York — his real concern for the plight of the underprivileged — has not endeared him to the liberal intellectuals who flocked to his banner in the 1965 campaign. Now many of them appear bored with Lindsay. It's still "welfare city," despite the "happenings" in the park and a mayor who dashes off to fires in the old La Guardia manner.

"There for life?"

John Lindsay had no place else to go when he yielded to pressure and



If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

decided to run for the mayoralty in 1965. A man with apparent national political ambitions, at forty-three he was seven years a liberal Republican congressman, long enough to learn the trade, but not long enough to be a power.

"There are two types in Congress. The people who are there for life and the people who aren't. I was one of the latter," Lindsay said recently. Where to go? Senators Javits and Kennedy and Governor Rockefeller all were secure in their seats. Could Lindsay win the mayoralty of New York City from Robert Wagner, the incumbent, or any other Democratic opponent?

Lindsay's friends said that he could, and that even a close loss in Democratic New York by a Republican, particularly one from the city's small, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant minority, would help rather than hurt his national career. "Good government" and business leaders, headed by John Hay Whitney, publisher of the now defunct New York *Herald Tribune*, promised support; if Lindsay was to make a national bid sometime later, he would need the backing of this moneyed Eastern establishment. So he took the plunge, the only risk being that if he won, a poor term as mayor could tarnish his image enough to foreclose further political advancement.

But Lindsay, like other mayors of New York, underestimated the job. He had to learn that any mayor, no matter how willing and able, succeeds only with the benevolence of the state legislature, which is dominated by conservative upstate Republicans not noted for their charity toward the big city. Trouble with the heavily Democratic city legislative bodies, the city council and the board of estimate, was also inevitable for Lindsay. In April, they clashed with the mayor over his capital budget, overriding all twenty of his vetoes, restoring and cutting funds where they chose. One cut reduced the mayor's allocation of \$25 million for the Model Cities program by \$10 million.

Until he brings off some startling successes in the city, the picture of Lindsay as a national spokesman for the urban man, an image he cultivates, will not really take hold. Even Senator Charles H. Percy says

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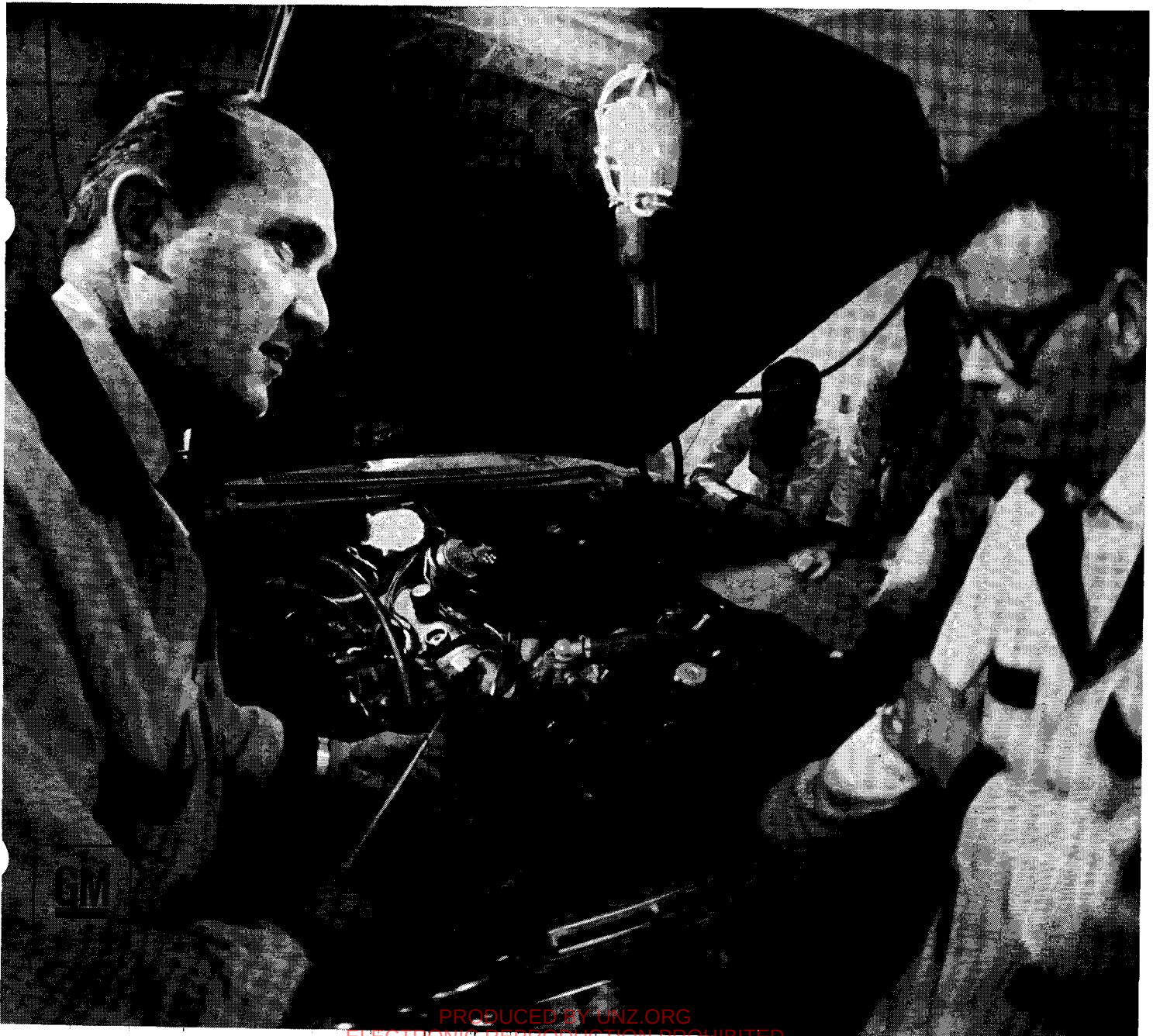
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New York

the mayor is a good man but still has to prove himself in the city. And what would Lindsay bring to a national ticket that others, like Percy himself, don't offer? But despite the mayor's lagging fortunes so far, he cannot be counted out as a vice presidential possibility next year. He is Eastern and liberal, if that is what is needed. He would have the support of the Eastern financial community. And he is young and handsome and new.

The mayor is one of the most sought-after political speakers in the country, but he has been more than circumspect about accepting speaking invitations out of the city, indicating that he does not consider the time right for him to move on the national political scene. If the speaking engagement is political, he declines; if it's for a conference on urban affairs, he may accept. But in the city, his agents are always active. Lindsay has privately said that he would not mind being a senator — which, he feels, would give him the delicious freedom Robert Kennedy enjoys — but he has apparently resigned himself to running for mayor again in 1969.

In a recent magazine interview, Lindsay was asked whether success in running New York City would project him toward national office. Perhaps he put the riddle of the effects of power on those who hold it in New York best when he answered, "No. If a Mayor succeeds in New York City in making it run properly — making it a place where people want to live and be productive — he's got to shoot all his credit cards. To do the job right, you must spend yourself politically."

"If I am frustrated . . ."

National publicity depicts him as unbeatable in the city. This is not true, or so he believes. He feels that to win again in 1969 the city's sluggish Republican Party will have to be revitalized. Next year many of the Republican district leaders are up for re-election, so this year the old Lindsay campaign force is scurrying about the city setting up groups to parallel the regular party organization. These groups are mostly in the form of civic action associations. Lindsay supporters hope to have these battalions ready to challenge

many of the regulars in next year's city primaries.

In the business of governing New York City the mayor has style problems. He is, surprisingly preachy and self-righteous. He can deliver a comic line with the timing of a professional comedian, but the off-the-cuff quip is not his strong point. There were no jokes in the early days of the Lindsay administration, and there are few now.

It has been said that "Lindsay never seems to doubt he is on the side of truth, right, justice, law, order and motherhood." Fighting to push through an unpopular \$520 million tax program, he proclaimed, "If I am frustrated it is the people who will be the loser."

"Lindsay may have looked heroic, but what he did was stupid," said a prominent Democratic politician. "He ignored political realities and he got only a \$283 million tax package."

When the mayor's plan to consolidate the city's transportation agencies was criticized, he snapped, "Anyone who's against this plan is against good transportation in New York." Lindsay might have been correct. But his petulance under fire caused his transit plan to be scuttled. In the meantime, it was Governor Rockefeller who came to the mayor's rescue with a program to unify the metropolitan area's sprawling transportation complex and preserve the city's twenty-cent transit fare.

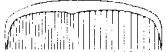
After eighteen months in office, one city official said of the mayor: "He's still as obstinate as he ever was. He still has not learned the meaning of the word 'compromise,' nor come to admit that the people who oppose him might possibly hold their opinions as honestly as he thinks he holds his. If you disagree with him he says, 'You're against good government.'"

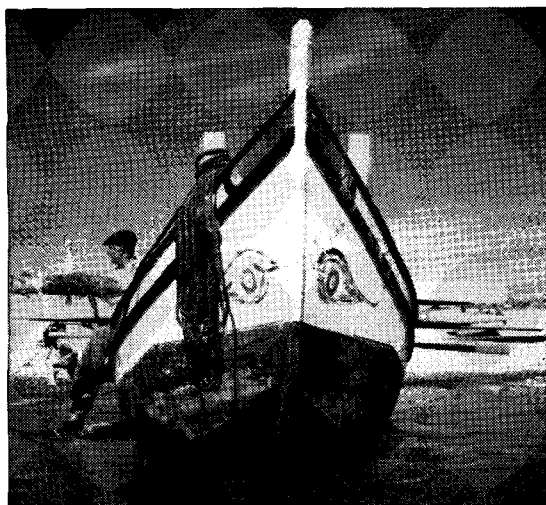
The Lindsay appointments have been a mixed bag. Mitchell Sviridoff, who made New Haven's anti-poverty program a national model, is just beginning the staggering job of consolidating New York's many poorly operated antipoverty programs, and the verdict on him is not in yet. Other appointments were exciting when announced, but so far have failed to make much of an impact on the city. They include Mitchell Ginsberg, a Columbia dean who became the mayor's welfare

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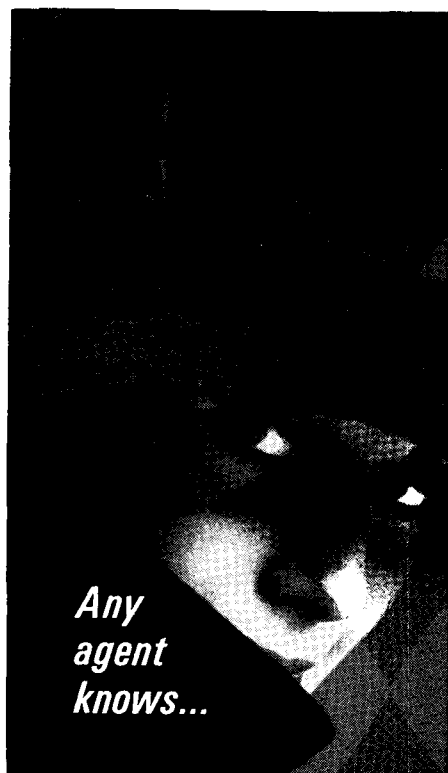
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commissioner; former Solicitor General J. Lee Rankin; Austin N. Heller, from the U.S. Public Health Service; and Jason Nathan, a federal housing expert.

Painting the town

The only real fun in what Lindsay once called "Fun City" has come not from the mayor, but from his former parks commissioner, Thomas P. F. Hoving, who left city employment in April to head the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He invented the "Hoving Happening." On one occasion, he had 150 feet of canvas unrolled in Central Park, and provided children with paint to draw what they wished on it. On another, children were given materials for a castle-building contest in the parks. Best of all was the banning of automobiles in Central Park and some other parks on Sundays, and his drive to set up small vest-pocket parks in bleak areas of the city. Hoving, tall, young, ex-Marine, ex-Princeton, was perhaps the mayor's most successful appointment. His successor, August Heckscher, has promised to keep up the fun and push on with the program.

In choosing his deputies, Mayor Lindsay by and large has added polish, youth, and a Brooks Brothers suit to the old Tammany system of staffing an administration—a system of rewarding campaign workers with \$15,000- and \$20,000-a-year jobs. The young and the inexperienced have three things in common: they worked hard for the mayor's election, they are among the only people he seems comfortable with, and they hope that on some distant, sparkling day they will follow John Lindsay to the White House.

Lindsay has had the courage to undertake a project no mayor in recent memory dared: the reorganization of the forty-nine city agencies that make up New York's clumsy sprawling bureaucracy into ten super-departments, each headed by a super-administration. But the legislation for the reorganization was introduced in the city council without any advance groundwork. It is still lingering in the council committee rooms.

Any Lindsay-watcher would find the mayor's handling of the city's

hospital crisis typical both of the leviathan problems he struggles with and his occasionally amateur method of confronting them. He inherited a mess. Clearly it was an issue any ambitious young reformer could grab and run with. But despite newspaper articles documenting the deplorable conditions of the city's twenty-one municipal hospitals, and despite the findings of several investigations, the mayor held firm for months to a "see no evil, hear no evil" posture.

The city had already budgeted \$300 million for the hospitals. Lindsay needed the additional \$100 million that would be forthcoming as reimbursement from Medicare and the state's Medicaid program to help balance the books. He decided to put it into the general fund. The only way to do this was to deny that the hospitals needed more money. The few shortcomings he said were in the hospital system he attributed to poor management, which he said he was correcting.

The resulting flap from state legislators, Democratic city officials (whose party, when in power, had allowed the problem to become acute in the first place), and civic and medical groups forced the mayor to do a turnabout. He allocated the extra \$100 million to the hospitals. But the hospital crisis became yesterday's headlines, and several months later the mayor reversed himself again, and said that only part of the money would go to hospitals. The greater amount would go into the general fund. By then everyone was tired of the fight.

Taxes in the city

If the mayor has not delivered as promised, he has had some important victories. Although his tax program was mauled in the legislature last year, the mayor did get a city income tax approved, and suburban commuters who work in New York were included under it.

This year Lindsay is not so courageous on tax reform. His major recommendation to Albany was for a ninety-cents-per-fifth increase on liquor taxes, through which he hoped to raise about \$95 million for the city. There is now a thirty-cents-per-fifth state liquor tax, but no city liquor tax. He also sought a raise in the commercial rent tax, an extension of the sales tax on consumer services, and suggested that

the new state lottery be run eight times instead of four. The New York Times, which seldom has a bad word for the mayor, dismissed his tax program editorially as "a curious grab-bag . . . disappointingly short in imagination or sound judgment."

What the mayor got was a compromise package which fell \$54 million short of what he had said was the minimum requirement; Lindsay said he would be back in Albany asking for more money next year.

Lindsay did get the additional state lottery drawings, giving him, according to the governor, an extra \$72 million, all of it for aid to education. He also got a promise from the state to allocate school aid by counting each of the city's five boroughs as a separate school district.

Lindsay's chief contribution, however, has been less tangible than taxes and transportation reform. But in "welfare city" it may be more real and more important. It is what might be called the Lindsay theory of accessibility of government. Its chief symbol is the well-tailored mayor himself, striding through Harlem or other Negro ghettos; being seen in the streets, not being just a remote figure at city hall. More tangibly, his fight to have "little city halls" scattered about the five city boroughs is part of the theory. So is his "night mayor" policy — the assignment of a city official to serve as acting mayor from 6:30 P.M. to dawn each night was one of Lindsay's first innovations last year. Like the Caliph Harun al-Rashid in *The Arabian Nights*, Lindsay's night mayors also make after-hours inspection tours of some problem area or city service with which they are concerned during the day. And there is his insistence that vest-pocket, low-income housing developments be built in white middle-income neighborhoods.

The accessible mayor

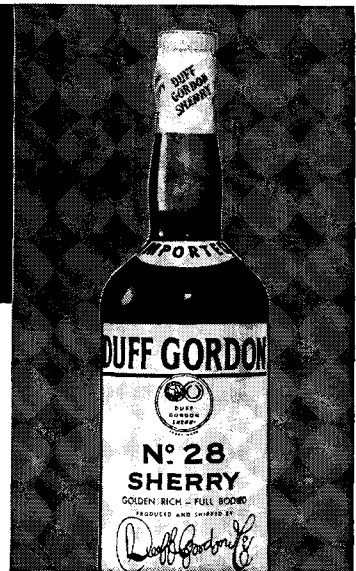
This achievement extends also to Lindsay's shakeup of the police department, which has been dominated since the early 1900s by an "Irish Mafia" of conservative police officers who rose through the ranks to become inspectors and chiefs. Under Commissioner Howard Leary, who happens to be Irish, the department has managed to earn trust from the Negro community, despite the heavy defeat of Lindsay's referendum

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to establish a civilian review board in last November's elections. "We switched community attitudes about the Police Department. Even though the civilian review board was defeated, we still kept its procedures and civilian investigators," Lindsay says.

"Last summer was quite an achievement for New York," the mayor said to an interviewer, referring to the calm that prevailed in the city's ghettos during the hot months of 1966. "That was no accident. I knew exactly what I was doing." What he did was to visit personally a number of potential trouble spots. When groups of Italian and Negro young people threatened to fall upon each other, he summoned them to city hall and mediated their differences. John Lindsay was and is accessible. In "welfare city" that might be enough to make him heroic.

— *Martin Arnold*

Tanzania



The East African country of Tanzania began early this year to do what few countries ever do: put its principles into practice. Theoretically socialist since independence was granted in 1962, but displaying for the last several years a tendency to yearn for the ways of capitalism, it is now undergoing a forced march to the left on the orders of its President, Julius Nyerere. Business, industry, commerce, education, and agriculture are all being vigorously shaken up and prodded toward stricter accordance with the policy of *Ujamaa* — literally "familyhood," but freely translated as socialism.

Tanzania is one of the few states on the continent that has as its leader a genuine man of ideals, one sometimes wryly imagined by Europeans as being something of a saint. Nyerere claims that only by devotion to the lonely doctrine of self-reliance can the semblance of independence be transformed into a living reality. Nor has he ever been in doubt as to the kind of society he wanted to see created in his country: At the time of independence, he said, "We determined to build a country in which all her citizens were equal: where there is no division into rulers and ruled, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, those in distress and those in comfort."

Other men have mouthed more or less these same words in a mood of emotional ecstasy induced by watching the national flag flutter for the first time in the wind of change; few expected to treat them very seriously. Tanzania's President insists on unimpeded progress toward Utopia. But he is not there yet, nor, after recent events, does he seem either the saint or the miracle worker he was once imagined to be.

An easy birth

The country over which Nyerere rules as President is large, poor, and backward. But it has certain advantages over comparable African states. There are only 10 million people to be spread over its 360,000 square miles, so scarcity of land is no problem. Except for occasional drought in one or another district, the soil can produce enough food for the population once it is efficiently worked. Local production is primarily agricultural, but Tanzania's balance of trade is favorable; its exports total £64 million, and its imports total only £40 million.

Although there are 120 tribes, there are no major tribal problems, thanks to a British decision to make (coastal) Swahili — a mixture of Bantu and Arabic — the language of instruction in schools. Swahili is now the lingua franca of the whole country, thus enormously simplifying problems of administration and increasing Tanzania's sense of nationhood. Finally, independence was an easy birth, achieved without violent rebellion against the colonial British regime, and the nation became a one-party state.

But there is the other side: the per capita income is only £21 — \$58 —

a year. One third of all children die before they are five years old. Kwashiorkor, the protein-deficiency disease which swells the belly, dulls the eye, and leads to permanent mental retardation if not swiftly treated, is widespread. One half of the adult working population, whether on the land or in urban communities, doesn't get enough to eat and so can't function efficiently. European grumbles that it takes "three Africans to do the work of one European" are frequently true. A diet of tea and starch produces remarkably little energy.

First there was mainland Tanganyika, then in 1961 independent Tanganyika, and in 1962 the republic of Tanganyika. In 1964 came union with its offshore neighbor, the island republic of Zanzibar following a rebellion of Zanzibar Africans against their ruling Arab aristocracy. The new nation renamed itself Tanzania.

The President of the new federation, forty-five this year, had been in his youth the first black Tanganyikan to go to a British university: Julius Nyerere gained his M.A. at Edinburgh. There he wrote his first pamphlet (unpublished). I was on the race problem in East Africa and indicated a rare breadth of vision at a time when his people were subjected to so rigid a discrimination that they were not even allowed to use the same door as Europeans when they visited a doctor progressive enough to treat them privately at all. "We appeal to all the people of Tanganyika," he wrote as a student at Edinburgh, "to regard themselves as ordinary citizens to preach no divine right of Europeans, no divine right of Indians, and no divine right of Africans either. We are all Tanganyikans, and all East Africans. The racial quarrel is a stupid quarrel; it can be a very tragic quarrel but if we all make up our minds to live like ordinary sort of fellows and not to think that we were especially designed by the Creator to be masters, and others specially designed to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, we will make East Africa a very happy country for everybody."

Racial equality became fundamental to Nyerere's political philosophy. And although on his return home he founded the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU) as an exclusively African organiza-

tion, he insisted that this was only a temporary expedient necessary to arm Africans with the self-confidence to manage their own affairs. Even before independence, his point having been made, the party opened its ranks to all races. Today, any official position is theoretically open to any citizen, regardless of his race. There is a former British national as Minister for Agriculture, an Asian as Minister for Finance, and a former Anglo-American, Marion Lady Chesham, originally from Philadelphia, sitting in the House of Representatives. But behind the facade of official banishment of racialism, the reality of it persists.

Outward harmony

As the independence movement gathered momentum, Nyerere began to spell out his blueprint for the future. Not only should Tanganyika be nonracial, it should be founded on the tribal principles of traditional African society which he called *Ujamaa* — familyhood, or African socialism. This differed from traditional socialism in that it did not have its roots in the class struggle but grew out of the ideal of sharing everything that was available. "Capitalism and exploitation," he declared again and again, "were unknown in Africa before the coming of the colonialists, and they should not be accepted as natural in an independent Tanganyika since they are totally foreign to African ways of thinking. In our traditional African society we were individuals within the community. We took care of the community, and the community took care of us. We neither needed nor wished to exploit our fellow men."

He was at one with other African leaders in calling for nonalignment and independence from the main power blocs. "We have," he said in his independence address to the United Nations, "entered a world riven by ideological dissension. We are anxious to keep out of these disputes and anxious to see that the nations of the continent are not used as pawns in conflicts which often do not concern them at all."

Inevitably, "nonalignment" occasionally meant collisions with the West. Large sums of West German aid, for example, were lost when Nyerere refused it if the price was a reversal of the decision to permit East Germany to open an unofficial

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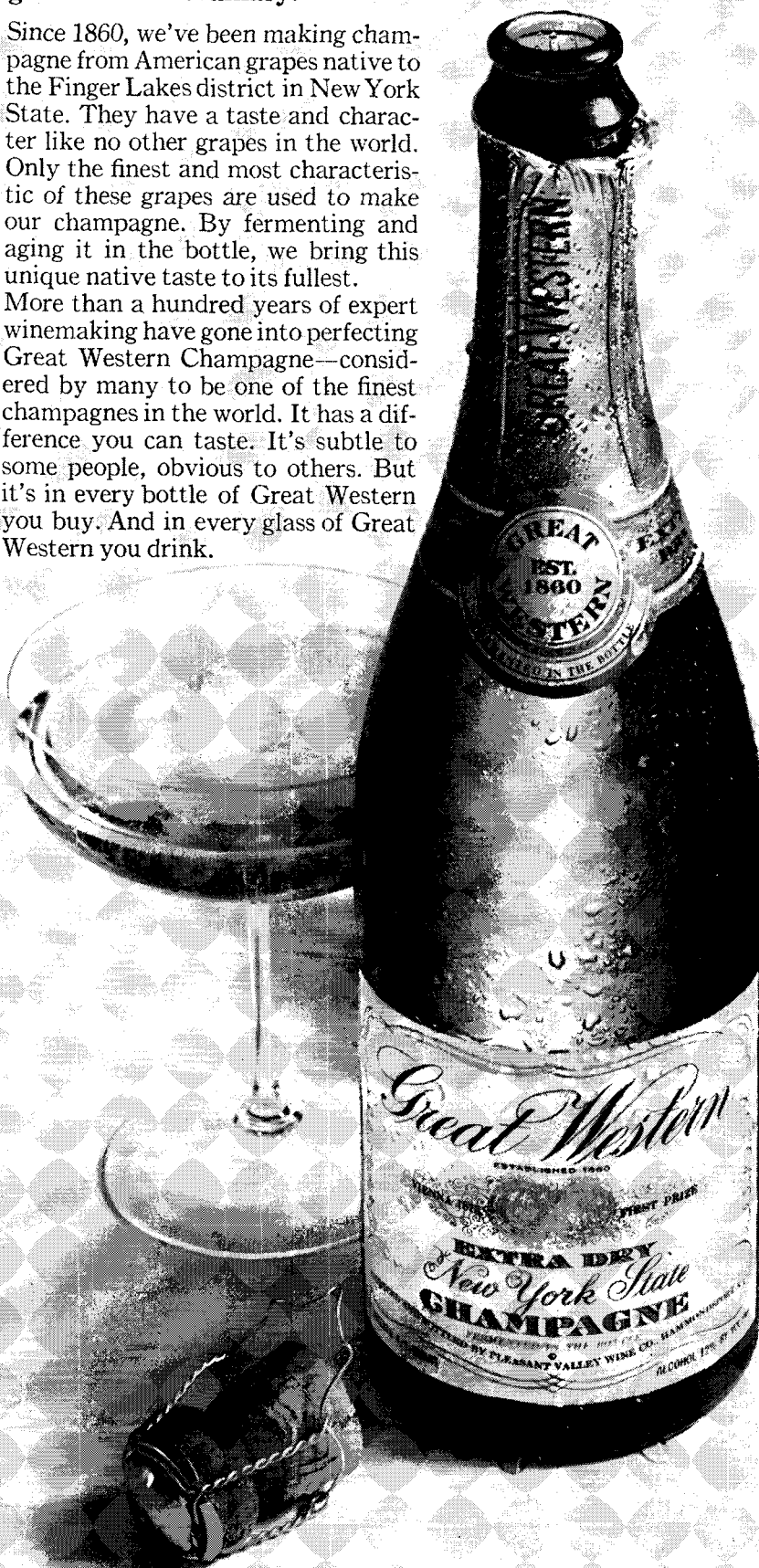
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Tanzania

consulate general; there was a rupture of relations with Britain which resulted in the freezing of a £7 million loan.

But on the whole, Tanzania seemed by the beginning of this year to be a self-respecting country where Africans, Asians, and Europeans apparently lived together in outward harmony. The Tanzanians seemed serious-minded, honest, and rather humorless; those who looked for a sense of purpose in an African country found it in Tanzania. Even the foreign business community was beginning to have confidence in the avowedly leftist President and was recommending Tanzania as "safe" for investment.

Shades of racialism

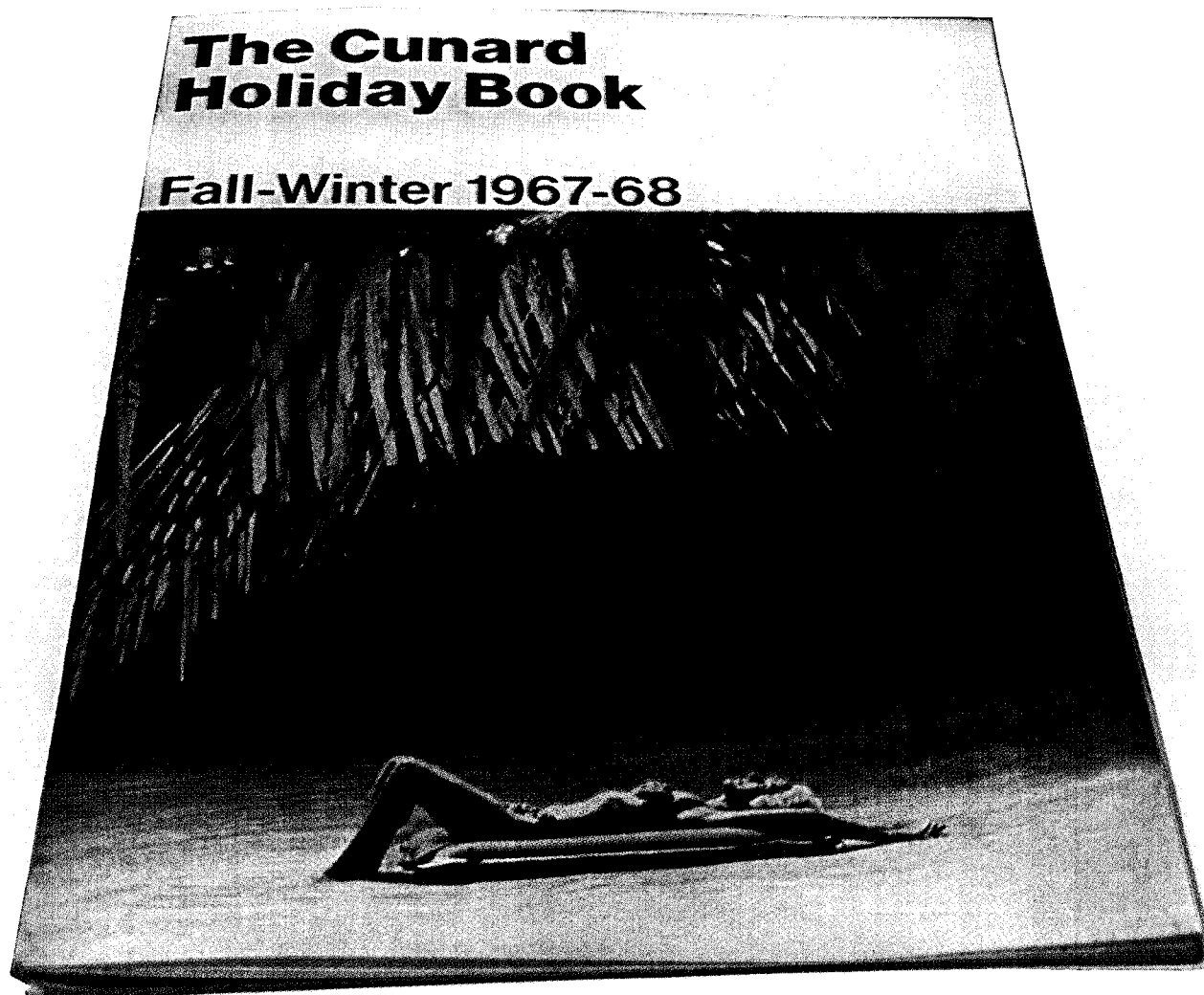
There were problems, of course, and to probing foreign observers the main one seemed to be the officially nonexistent but festering racial animosity. This would spurt up occasionally in administrative decisions (from which there was no appeal) to deport Europeans heard commenting impolitely on either the country or its inhabitants. One young teacher was sent back to Britain for muttering snappishly under her breath when annoyed by an example of bureaucratic inefficiency, "This is a crazy country."

It also manifested itself in outbursts in the press against Asian "bloodsuckers" and "economic bedbugs" who allegedly held uncooperative and anti-African attitudes. "Do not the Asians," wrote one complaining reader of the *Nationalist* early in February, "still live in exclusive communities and meet in temples only to backbite the African? Do they not still continue to use foul means to destroy co-operative societies and make sure money circulates only among themselves? Do they not use all sorts of deplorable means to make sure they drain the country of its hard earned currency?"

African feelings, although bitter, could be understood. With trade still largely in Asian hands and Europeans the chief spenders, a situation existed which bred resentment, envy, and helpless fury.

This distance between the official word on racialism and the fact of its existence has not greatly preoc-

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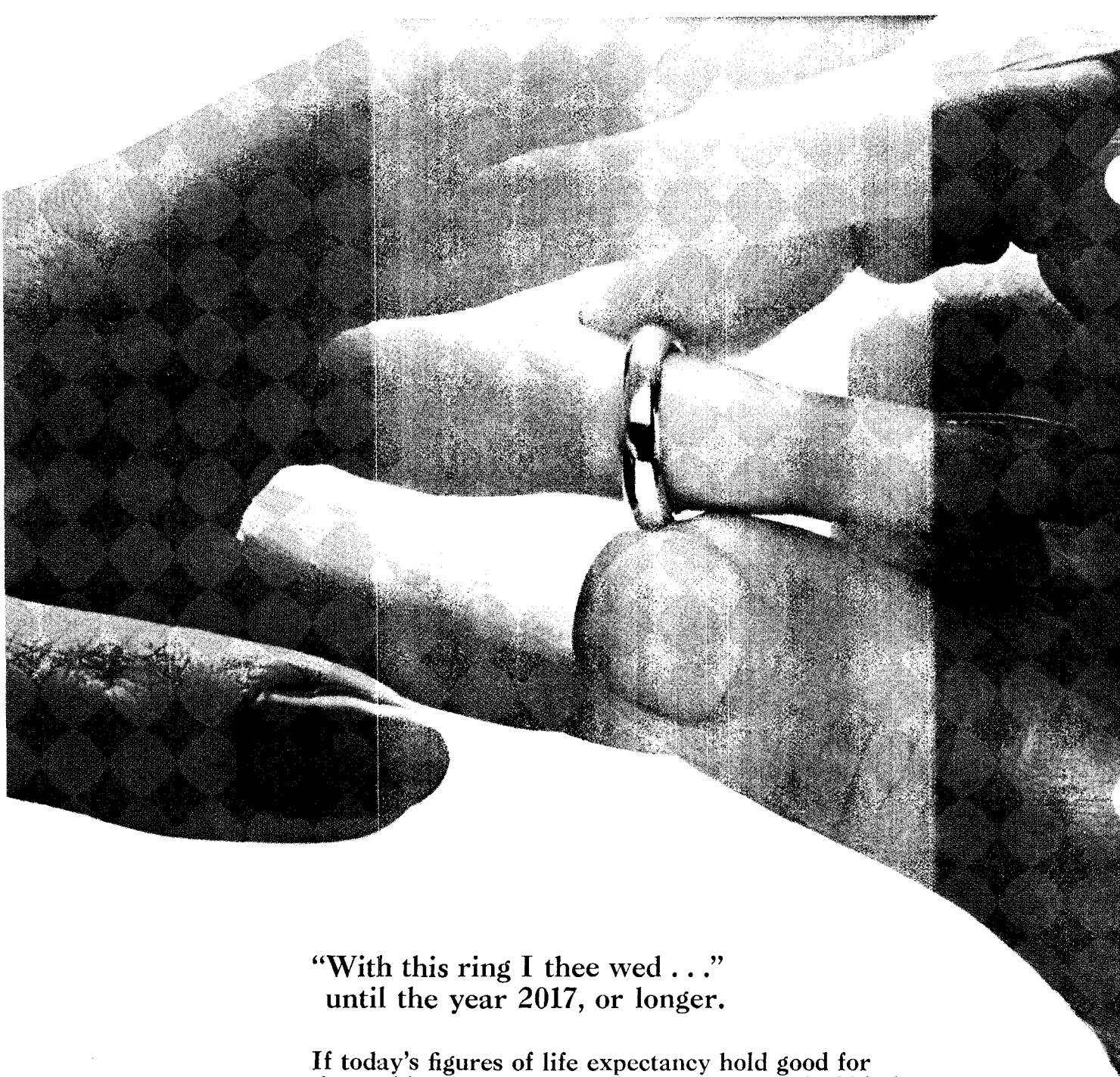
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Tanzania

cupied the President since independence. He has had other concerns. Although outsiders saw Tanzania making solid and steady progress, for Nyerere the past five years have brought a dragging feeling of disillusion. He has watched the gap between the few "haves" and the many "have-nots" grow larger instead of smaller as the number of educated Africans in well-paying government jobs increased. Foreign aid has dwindled. Increased production of primary products has brought few benefits because of lower prices on world markets for Tanzania's exports and higher prices for its imports.

Across the continent, Nyerere saw one African government after another topple and turn to military rule, the foundations of civilian authority eaten away by corruption. And he had to accept the impotence of Africans to help the black Rhodesians against Smith. "There is," he said glumly after an unsuccessful OAU meeting at the end of last year, "a devil abroad in Africa."

Down with elitism

Particularly distressing to him was what he felt to be the diminishing idealism of his own people. Nyerere with his conception of an indigenous *Ujamaa* is, on the face of it, a supporter of neither Soviet nor Chinese Communism — Communism, he says, sacrifices the individual to the state in the same way as fascism does. But the fact is that he came back from a visit to China in 1965 bubbling with enthusiasm for Chinese frugality and self-denial, which he may have confused with poverty, and proceeded to translate his impressions of China into a government-run Tanzanian revolution along lines at least superficially Maoist.

"There are hardly any private cars in China," he said in a radio broadcast on his return, "and people go to work by bus or bicycle. Government officials too use cars only when it is really necessary for their job — and then the cars are small and cheap ones. Workers who do not need to spend all their money on food, clothing, and housing do not buy a lot of unnecessary things just because they would be nice to have or because someone else has them; they lend their money to the

government instead so that more investment, more education, and more health facilities can be provided." He added, "This attitude we have to adopt too."

Nevertheless, the trend continued. Almost overnight a governmental middle class seemed to be springing up. Ministers and senior party officials, most of whose illiterate parents scratched for subsistence somewhere up-country, were building houses for rent at exorbitant sums to foreign diplomats, investing in commercial ventures — a favorite was the purchase of oil trucks for the run between Tanzania and Zambia — or accepting directorships in European companies anxious to have an African or two on the board.

What hurt Nyerere most were signs that the younger generation of intellectuals rejected his doctrine that public money spent on their education (secondary and university education are free) must be repaid by a lifetime of dedicated service to the nation. His frustration broke out publicly last October, when university students protested compulsory national service. This, they claimed, was a waste of their talents; national service ought to conscript only the uneducated masses, with whom students ought not to have to mix. They marched in procession to the State House to tell the President so. A furious Nyerere had them taken off the campus under armed guard the following day, and forbade them to return for two years. More than three hundred students were affected, or about two thirds of the university student body — a desperately needed future class of lawyers, economists, or administrators.

The country was stunned; and reeled again when the President announced that in a further bid to halt "elitism" he was cutting his own salary by 10 percent and all civil servants' salaries as well. For good measure, ministers would no longer have cars provided for them by the government, but would have to drive their own.

Two Tanzanias

This was only the beginning. Nyerere set off at Christmas on a tour of the country's regions, deriding farmers who left the work to their wives while they dozed in the sun sodden with "*pombe*," the locally brewed liquor. He told them to build their own roads, dig their own

ditches, and put up their own schools instead of begging for everything from the government. Privately, he was pondering the specter of Tanzania dividing into two countries: that of the rural poor, still steeped in witchcraft, unable to read or write, not yet part of a cash economy; and the indifferent, relatively affluent educated minority who were taking over not only the jobs but the mental attitudes of their former colonial masters.

At the end of his six-week tour the President revealed his new hard line to a National Executive meeting of TANU in the town of Arusha, and on February 5 the Arusha Declaration was made known to the nation. It reiterated that Tanzania was pledged to socialism and self-reliance. Only socialism could lead to a society where "there are no exploiters and no exploited," and only through self-reliance could real independence be won: "There is no country in the world which has progressed and developed by relying on foreign aid," said Nyerere. "Indeed, those countries which have pinned their hopes on foreign aid are sinking lower and lower in development."

In theory this was nothing new, and it had in fact become tedious through repetition; but this time Nyerere proceeded to act on his rhetoric quickly. The Arusha Declaration announced that "no TANU or Government leader was henceforth to be associated with the practice of capitalism or feudalism," that he was not to hold shares in any company or be a director of any company, or receive more than one salary, or own a house in which he did not live. Twenty-four hours later came an announcement of nationalization of the banks, and there began a whirlwind week of crisis at the end of which eight major flour mills as well as the most important export-import firms and some large industrial concerns had all been taken over by the government.

Nor was Nyerere's revolution finished even then. He turned next to a radical revision of the educational system. Although the curriculum had been made more relevant to local needs than it was under British rule, education in Tanzania was still geared to the achievement of as high an academic standard as possible. Children in Tanzania who fail to get into secondary school, as the

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Tanzania

vast majority do, have very little choice but to scratch a living from the land. Nyerere's new proposals call for the complete reorientation of the school curriculum toward the needs of these children who will not be going on to secondary school and for whom an agricultural training is the only realistic one. Schools, he said, should become self-sufficient communities growing their own food and cultivating their own land; and while the bright child would still have every opportunity to go on to a higher education, the less bright would learn to be a useful member of an agricultural community.

Revolution or standstill?

Nyerere has risked the pace of his country's development before — by his attitude toward offers of aid, by his dismissal of the university students — but this time it is possible that he may have brought development to a standstill. The immediate result of the nationalization measures has been a complete stagnation of business. Asians, disturbed by a xenophobic campaign by the Minister of Home Affairs to round up and deport all noncitizens, feel no confidence in their future and are putting very little money into their businesses. So stocks are running down.

Equally serious in the long run may be the shamed resentment felt by government and party officials at the President's austerity campaign. They have struggled hard for their education, and are thrilled with the material benefits it has brought them. They don't see why their enjoyment of their new way of life does any harm to the peasants. Nor do they relish Nyerere's new habit of haranguing against "intellectuals" as potential traitors whom the "imperialists will attempt to use to topple progressive governments."

As for reaction abroad, the hasty and totally unprepared manner in which nationalization was rushed through wrecked business confidence in Tanzania. There is little money in Dar es Salaam to pay those whose companies have been nationalized, whatever the President may in all sincerity say about intending compensation to be "full and fair." And while Nyerere's personal honesty and integrity are not doubted,

his declining sense of realism is viewed with alarm.

Moreover, no amount of self-help, admirable in itself, can make up for the capital investment needed for development. It is now questionable whether much at all will be forthcoming. Tanzania may therefore be moving into a period of stagnant if righteous isolation — driven back on itself not only as a consequence of the reaction to its policies abroad, but equally as much because Nyerere does not believe contact with the wicked world can solve any of his country's problems.

He said in an address to the F.A.O. in 1963: "Disparities between the rich and the poor nations are bound to get bigger just as the runt of the litter always goes hungry." The solution he tentatively proposed then was the withdrawal of the underdeveloped countries from contact with the rest of the world, although he admitted that any such action would be "a backward step . . . which might lead to the deliberate development of a jingoistic hostility towards the wealthy minority." Nevertheless, he felt the cost might one day have to be met "to defeat the poverty, both objective and relative, which now oppresses us." A continuation of the present combination of "aid" and "free international competition," he said, would never do that.

It looks today as if Nyerere is preparing for his prophecies to come true, at least in his own country. For the rest of East Africa, nervously watching Tanzania, Nyerere's ideas seem to have little appeal. And there is always the possibility that Nyerere may himself fail, as a result of asking too much of his own people. But it is hard for any challenger to oppose a man who never, morally, puts a foot wrong.

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Kiker, the ATLANTIC's Washington correspondent, is also on NBC's capital staff. James McC. Truitt is Tokyo bureau chief for NEWSWEEK. Martin Arnold is on the metropolitan staff of the New York TIMES. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.



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the chili and the salad bowl."

We'd know you either way,
Mr. Gavin.

Chili and a salad bowl are
just two of the dishes you can
reserve with us if you aren't an
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You can even reserve a salt-
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letters

The Catholic bishops

SIR: The noted Catholic historian Henri Daniel-Rops has suggested that two characteristics may mark the passage of this turbulent second half of the twentieth century. First, a sense of social sin, and second, a crisis in authority. The former hints of promise, while the latter is indicative of decline.

Mr. Callahan's article ("America's Catholic Bishops," April *Atlantic*) reflects these two critical developments which envelop the whole of the Christian Church and of Roman Catholicism in particular.

One example drawn from the American hierarchy reveals the nature of Mr. Callahan's vexations. Richard Cardinal Cushing, no theologian to be sure, once confessed in candor to an intimate that what he knew best was the task of raising monies for the Church, and this he would do to the best of his ability. In the final analysis, this is what the hierarchy and the body of the faithful are all about: people doing the best they can.

NORMAND W. DUFRESNE
Lowell, Mass.

SIR: How can Daniel Callahan offer a picture of America's Catholic bishops without mentioning Lawrence Cardinal Shehan? His leadership has been superb, and we are proud of the progress in our diocese.

The cardinal has pressed integration of schools and parishes. Ecumenism is flourishing, as evidenced by a number of interfaith forums, interfaith cooperation in charitable projects, and a warm, growing spirit of goodwill among the various churches. His priests have led civil rights efforts without censure — perhaps even with encouragement. Not only has Cardinal Shehan allowed liturgical reform and experimentation, but he is participating; the

Easter vigil service, over which he presided, included folk hymns, guitars, trumpets, and trombones.

Most significantly, Cardinal Shehan speaks out in concrete terms on important, controversial issues. Last year he testified (amid raucous boos) before the Baltimore City Council for an open-housing bill.

MRS. WILLIAM J. ROGAN
Baltimore, Md.

SIR: Within hours of reading Daniel Callahan's excellent article, I came upon the following description of a bishop's duty as given by St. Isidore, archbishop of Seville in the seventh century and one of the most read doctors of the Church during the Middle Ages:

"To fulfill his function, a bishop must before all else read Holy Scripture and study the laws of the Church; he must imitate the example of the saints, must constantly watch, fast and pray; his authority must be exercised with humility, and he must make charity the guard of his chastity, for without charity no other virtue is of any worth."

CATHARENE GREEN ARAPOFF
Wollaston, Mass.

SIR: Daniel Callahan is a clever writer, but as a Catholic I am saddened that he slides so easily over virtues and rankles so discontentedly at things which displease him.

Ignored is the fact that on two different occasions about a century ago, the American bishops, meeting in Baltimore, issued definite statements on the needs of Negroes in this country. Their statements fell on such deaf ears that it required mission societies such as Mill Hill, Josephite, Holy Ghost, and Divine Word to champion the work with schools and hospitals, as well as churches. Certainly no mission society sets up shop in any diocese without the permission of the bishop, and frequently it is at his request.

Too often, despite the reported authority bishops have over the American people, the laity has turned its back on suggested work and attitudes. Cardinal Shehan of Baltimore has given eloquent directives on civil rights; Archbishop Rummel fought diligently and fearlessly on this score for years.

While bishops are pictured as clutching strongly to wealth and power, no mention is made of the late Bishop James J. Navagh, who

started every year with a clean slate, giving away all his funds to those in need. He received no salary, had no bank account, investments, or insurance policy, owned no automobile, and when he died in Rome in October, 1965, money was taken from the Paterson diocesan charity fund to pay for his funeral, which he specified was not to exceed \$450.

I am sure that Mr. Callahan can see the love of Christ in the intellectuals, in the poor and the oppressed. This is commendable. But this same Christ exists in the millions of other "average" Catholics and other people whom he so readily scorns — and also in the bishops and archbishops.

CAROLEE MICHENER
Franklin, Penn.

SIR: Mr. Callahan's remarkably blunt article is also applicable to the Episcopal Church, although our safeguard is that bishops are elected by priests and lay delegates rather than appointed by a foreign sovereign.

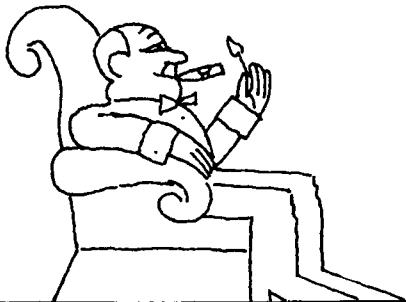
I can imagine the quiet disturbance his incisive article will have in the offices of many ecclesiastical superiors, but the total impact will have wider implications than just within chancelleries and the Roman Church.

The most recent seminary graduate knows what he must do to reach high office. He also knows what he must not do. "How do I know he was a good minister; he was elected a bishop, wasn't he?" There is no more generally accepted mark of ascendancy in the mind of the laity than for a priest to be elected to the third order, and with that election comes the mantle of God's anointed. In non-Roman denominations the ministers and laity select their superiors, and they most always get whom they want to conserve, preserve, and perpetuate the institution. Unfortunately, our standards and God's may be only coincidental.

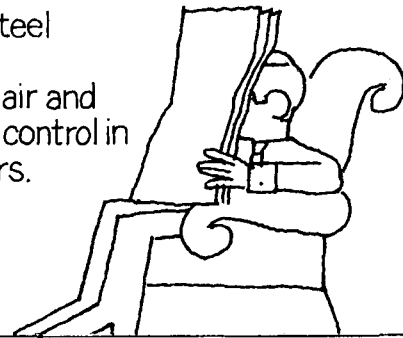
THE REV. CANON HUGH G. CARMICHAEL
Buffalo, N. Y.

May Day sermons department

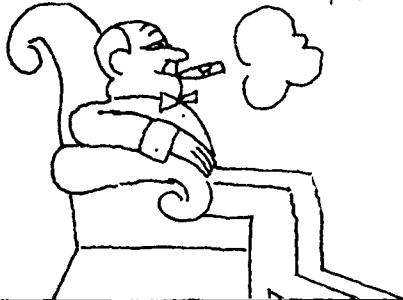
SIR: Of all the TRIPE- Sac Relig- Blasphemy and foolishness combined I have never seen the equal of your May Day Sermon to the Women of Gilmer County by JAMES DICKEY in April issue of *Atlantic*.



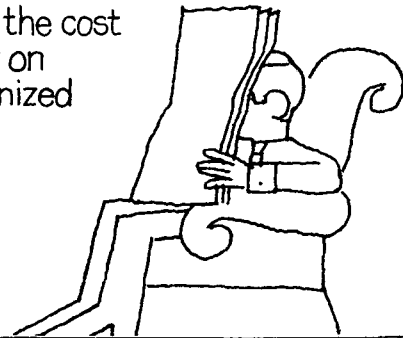
Says here U.S. Steel
has spent over
\$200 million on air and
water pollution control in
the last 15 years.



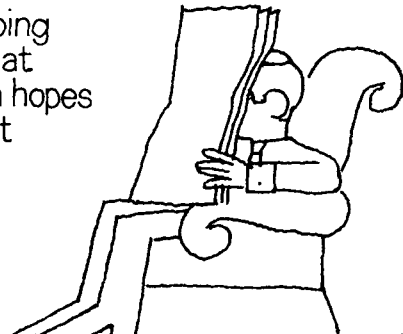
Splendid!



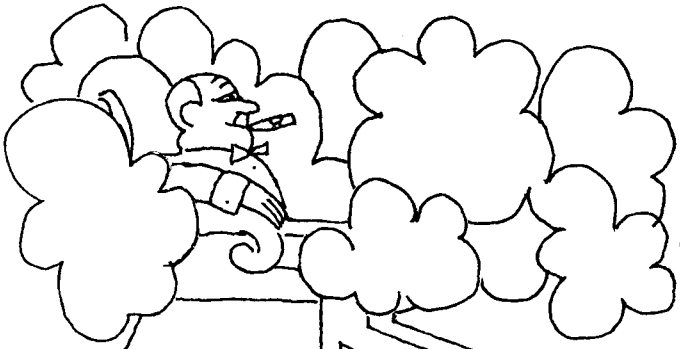
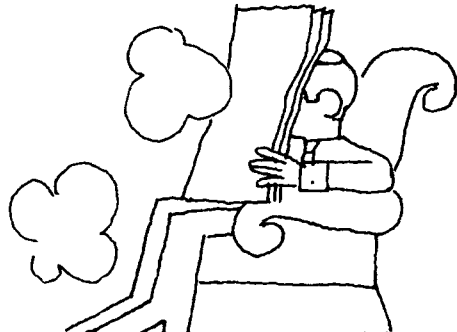
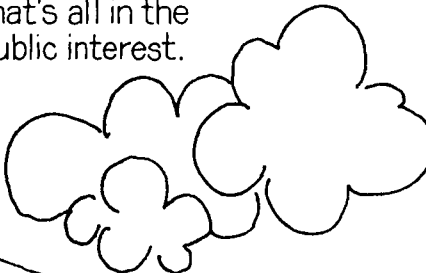
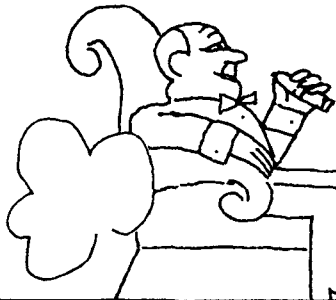
Matter of fact, the cost
is going higher on
new and modernized
facilities.



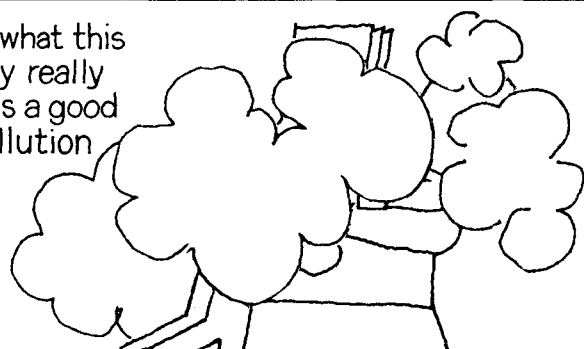
They're even doing
research on what
makes smoke in hopes
of eliminating it
at its source.



If you ask me,
that's all in the
public interest.



Maybe what this
country really
needs is a good
anti-pollution
cigar.



USS United States Steel

Coming in the *Atlantic*

As they begin their summer plans, *Atlantic* readers are hereby advised to save time and luggage room for such forthcoming events as

■ ***A Literary Excursion*** during which Alfred Kazin will discuss the remarkable career of Edmund Wilson, Elizabeth Janeway will oblige by doing the same for Vladimir Nabokov, Theodore Morrison for Robert Frost, and John Hollander for W. H. Auden, and Louis Kronenberger for Manners and Morals in the Age of Optimism. An irresistible trip.

■ ***A Flight in the Phabulous Phantom***, during which Captain Gerald G. O'Rourke, a veteran Navy pilot, will demonstrate the powers of the jet fighter bomber that is playing a major role in the Vietnamese war. Faster than sound.

■ ***Vietnam: The New American Tragedy*** inspires D. W. Brogan, the distinguished British historian, to write an eloquent "call on the American people, on its leaders, on its pastors and masters for candor, self-control, self-criticism."

■ ***A Guided Tour of the FCC***, in which Elizabeth Brenner Drew, an experienced explorer of the Washington labyrinth, will explain how and why the agency that is supposed to regulate the public's airwaves is failing us.

■ ***A Variety of Fascinating Side Trips***. These will include Patricia Lynden's intimate study of an American Gypsy family, ***The Last Holdouts***; a discussion of the tremendous potential and perplexing moral problems raised by medicine's newfound achievements in the transplanting of human organs, by Dr. Roy L. Walford, professor of pathology at UCLA; ***Crime and the News***, a hard-hitting study of the conflict between the press and the law, by Robert Cipes; a firsthand study of ***The Negro Student in Private Schools*** by Charles Merrill, founder and headmaster of Boston's Commonwealth School.

I do not know who is the bigger FOOL, Dickey for writing it or YOU for publishing it.

R. B. THOMAS
Fort Payne, Ala.

SIR: I am not a subscriber of *Atlantic Monthly*, but seeing one on a newsstand I happened to notice that degrading item about Gilmer County, Georgia. Disguised as poetry, it was nothing but chopped-up prose of low grade sold to you by an ex-soap-salesman from Georgia out peddling his new wares, and you gobbled it up because of your gluttony for gore about the South.

Nobody but a fake soap salesman and a witch burner from New England could have collaborated on so disgusting a production.

SALLY FARIBAN
Atlanta, Ga.

SIR: Your magazine in general evidences too much preoccupation with the more crass biological aspects of humanity to suit me.

In particular, any fool can roll in a barn in May, and, thank God, most writers do not feel impelled to immortalize it.

ALISON M. NYE
St. Augustine, Fla.

SIR: You do have some good things in your magazine that I am going to miss, but please drop my subscription. I do not choose to be a party to corrupting the minds and the morals of the young, already confused by modern concepts of life in a difficult age.

MRS. BERTHA BOLES
Mertzon, Tex.

SIR: I was immensely pleased to see another one of James Dickey's poems appear in the *Atlantic* since "The Sheep-Child" (August). There is surely much adverse criticism coming to you now, as you might expect from such an unusual effort. I am concerned with expressing my approval wholeheartedly for your publication of such a starkly beautiful poem. I hope to see more of Mr. Dickey's poetry in the *Atlantic*. Thank you for printing the Gilmer County poem.

MARY BOOKWALTER
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR: Mr. Dickey's poem is one of the major poems of the decade. Its imagery fairly crackles, is shot with

surprise, and sustains a rapturous mood from first to last. Every poet I know is bowled over by the piece. Eric Barker called Mr. Dickey "America's finest poet today." Jean Burden described "Gilmer County" s "absolutely fantastic!" And others have referred to the poem with reverence, jealousy, love, and excitement over Mr. Dickey's obvious influence on the future of poetry.

W. A. MATHEWSON
Carmel, Calif.

SIR: James Dickey's "May Day Sermon" is such a splendid celebration of the joyous pain of being either a man or a woman, individual, separate, especially the irreplaceable grief of this being unjoined in spring, of all times when we feel most fully the *felix culpa!* of our humanity, our being beast as well as dreamer, angry Birchers as well as lovers, beautiful groaners all, on the rack of our common mortality. Thank you for it.

PATRICK D. HAZARD
Chairman, Department of English
Beaver College
Glenside, Penn.

SIR: The *Atlantic* is to be congratulated for publishing James Dickey's "May Day Sermon," a work which, in its searing vision of self-liberation of a farm girl from her savagely self-righteous father in the Bible Belt, is surely destined to become one of the most memorable poems of our time.

LAURENCE LIEBERMAN
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands

The planned society

SIR: When commenting on the idea of the competitive economic world where profit is the incentive and losses the "spur," John Kenneth Galbraith ("Planning and the Modern Corporation," April *Atlantic*) claims that "this is not true of that part of the economy in which the firm is able to protect its profits by planning. It isn't true of the United States Steel Corporation . . . which has not had losses for a quarter of a century." Again, it is not planning but market power that makes life so wonderful for most of our large corporations.

JOHN J. PHELAN
Bloomington, Ind.

SIR: Two points Mr. Galbraith made on effects of changing technology were difficult to follow: First,

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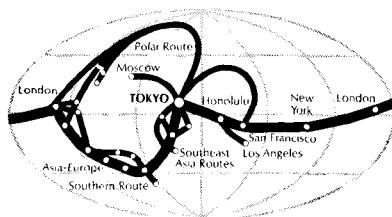
Notice the graceful way she pours a tiny cup of warmed sake. And offers *tsumami mono* appetizers before JAL's superb Continental cuisine. As she attends every wish you experience 1,200 years in the art of pleasing others.



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he said that it now takes longer to complete a task than it used to. As evidence he cites only a single example — that of the production time of a Ford in 1903, a matter of months, as opposed to the several years it took to produce a Mustang. It strikes me that for many other products — pianos, watches, and houses, for instance — production time is less today than in 1903.

Second, Mr. Galbraith noted that Ford's capitalization increased from \$150,000 to \$6 billion, but he didn't bother to convert that \$6 billion to 1903 dollars. And he failed to note that Ford now turns out several million cars per year for its \$6 billion capitalization. Mr. Galbraith's point that "there is a great increase in the amount of capital that is committed to production" may be correct, but he might have taken greater pains to prove it.

RICHARD J. SCHONBERGER
Davenport, Iowa

SIR: The experience of England during the Industrial Revolution belies Mr. Galbraith's argument that technological development tends to destroy the viability of the market economy. The outpouring of technological innovation in eighteenth-century England was accommodated by the market and served as the basis for later economic growth. To be sure, the abrupt changes caused severe dislocations, but these proved transitory. The longevity of the market as a method of organizing economic activity is proof positive of its flexibility in the face of advancing technology.

JOHN R. HANSON II
Chicago, Ill.

Handlin on Vietnam

SIR: In his review of *The United States in Vietnam* (March *Atlantic*) Oscar Handlin dismisses our book with the statement that we view the North Vietnamese Communists as "high-minded agrarian reformers." We neither stated nor implied any such thing.

The "double set of notes" Mr. Handlin decries were not marshaled in order to confuse, but because the matters discussed are sufficiently complex and controversial to require exploration of all possible sources.

It is a clear distortion to state that we refer to the bishop of Phat Diem as "a simple ally of the French regime." We do not. We explain in a

footnote why the Catholics in his bishopric fled south in 1954: "The bishoprics of Phat Diem and Bui Chu . . . organized an autonomous Vietnamese militia against the Vietminh. The precipitate flight of the Apostolic Vicar of Phat Diem Mgr. Le Huu Tu, from his bishopric, probably reflected the fact that he had already been sentenced to death on five separate occasions by the Vietminh for collaboration with the French."

In suggesting that we misrepresent the 1956 reign of terror in the province of Nghe An, Handlin provides only this partial quote from our book: "Hastily trained political cadres . . . were overzealous in their interpretation of the agrarian laws." The next three sentences, which he does not quote, state the following: "In the resultant confusion, 'middle' and 'rich' peasants frequently were classified erroneously as landlords and indiscriminately brought to trial and condemned. Many of them were killed. Peasant resentment erupted into full-fledged uprisings in the fall of 1956, and the repression of the rebellion in at least one province required the use of armed forces." To the best of our knowledge these are statements of fact, and surely more meaningful than a statement that Ho uses violence in reigns of terror.

Finally, Handlin states that we interpreted "Ho's instructions to his southern henchmen to go underground . . . as signs of his peaceful intentions." We did not. Rather, we interpreted Ho's policies in the years immediately after the Geneva Conference as indicative of his confidence that under its terms he could win South Vietnam on the basis of a political struggle rather than a military one. Whether Ho was right or wrong in this calculation is a matter of judgment. That he made the calculation we believe to be a matter of fact — one that governed his policies for several years and without reference to which one cannot understand this crucial period of Vietnamese history.

GEORGE MCT. KAHIN
JOHN W. LEWIS
Cornell University
Ithaca, N. Y.

Professor Handlin replies:

Professors Kahin and Lewis still don't get the point: 1. By mentioning only the charge of collaboration

with the French, they fail to give any sense of Le Huu Tu's complex position. 2. They insist that Ho's terror was accidental or incidental rather than deliberate policy. Bodard and Tongas, among others, who do not appear in their bibliography, supply evidence that the use of terror was deliberate. 3. They do not realize that withdrawal underground was a tactic Ho used before as well as after Geneva and not for peaceful purposes.

Advice and consent

SIR: Perhaps no one can read Henry Adams for long without feeling irritated by his cynicism, egotism, and other obvious flaws. I feel, though, that Louis Kronenberger, in his essay on Adams ("The Letters — and Life — of Henry Adams," April *Atlantic*), is too irritated to be completely just.

Adams' correspondents could see, behind the ironic poses, his intense efforts to comprehend the world and tell them about it. For the unwary reader, the irony obscures the moralist and the teacher, and creates a distorted picture of Adams as a "sentimental nihilist," which Mr. Kronenberger accepts, I think, too uncritically. Perverse old Henry Adams probably would want it that way.

DAVID BARBER
Ann Arbor, Mich.

A Correction

On page 63 of the February *ATLANTIC*, Seattle architect Paul Thiry was identified as a member of a Washington, D. C., firm formed to act as a clearing-house for various federal architectural projects. It was also stated that Mr. Thiry had been an active member of a group of consultants to the Architect of the Capitol since the east front extension plan was inaugurated. Both of these statements were in error. Mr. Thiry is not a member of any architectural firm in Washington, D. C., and his retention as a consultant to the Architect of the Capitol dates only from April, 1964, when the west front extension plan was under consideration. Mr. Thiry has rendered consulting services in this capacity only with respect to the west central portion of the Capitol, and has had no professional responsibilities in connection with any of the earlier construction mentioned in Hunter Lewis' article.

The editors regret that such misstatements of fact were inadvertently printed, and are glad to set the record straight.

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on your husband's vacation,
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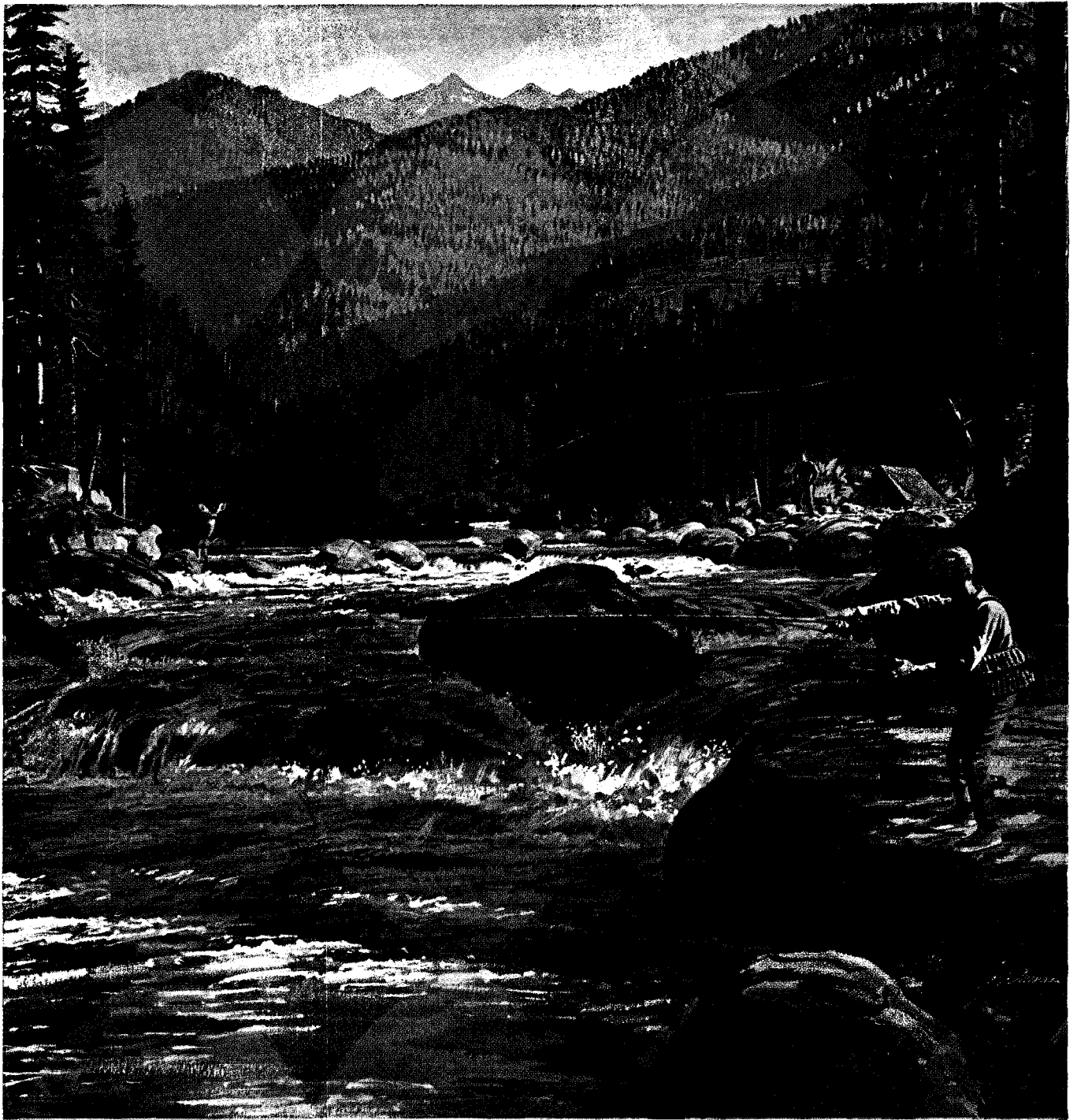
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A MINORITY NOBODY KNOWS

BY HELEN ROWAN

Those who think about them at all tend to think of Mexican-Americans who squat in the fields of the Southwest or labor in the vineyards of California. But there are scores who live in urban ghettos under conditions that are worse in every respect than those of nonwhites in America. This long-neglected minority is beginning to stir, and in this report on the biggest of the Mexican-American communities, a penetrating observer tells why. Miss Rowan grew up in southern California and now lives in San Francisco. Among other activities, she writes the Carnegie Foundation's Quarterly.

THERE are some five million Americans of Mexican descent or birth. About four and a half million live in five Southwestern states: Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico, and Texas. Between them, California and Texas account for 82 percent of the Southwest's total, with California holding the edge.

Census statistics and other studies show the Mexican-Americans in the Southwest to be worse off in every respect than the nonwhites (Negroes, Indians, and Orientals), not to mention the dominant Anglos (everybody else). They are poorer, their housing is more crowded and more dilapidated, their unemployment rate is higher, their average educational level is lower (two years below nonwhite, four below Anglo).

What is extraordinary about the situation is not so much that it exists as that it is so little known. In California, Mexican-Americans outnumber Negroes by almost two to one, but probably not one Californian in ten thousand knows that simple fact. It is an easy one to overlook if you measure a minority's importance by the obvious signs: poverty programs, education, and job-training activities geared to its situation, the elected and appointed officials it can number, the attention directed to it by the press, politicians, and even textbooks, and the help given it by do-good or-

ganizations. By all these measures, the Mexican-Americans have been slighted.

The Johnson Administration is beginning to pay them some attention, though in a fitful and nervous manner. Mexican-Americans have been demanding such baubles as jobs, federal appointments, and Great Society programs tailored to their needs. Since they justifiably consider themselves to be the nation's best-kept secret, they would like some national visibility, preferably through the lens of a White House Conference focused on their many problems. This the Administration has been loath to give them, though it has tried to appease them for a couple of years by holding out the possibility of such a meeting. Still, there are signs that the *federales* are thinking of some programs specifically designed for Mexican-Americans. While their first needs are the same as those of a lot of other people — money and jobs — there are certain issues which clearly affect them in a special way.

The Mexican-American birthrate is 50 percent higher than that of the general population; the community's average age is already ten years younger than that of the total population. The school dropout rate is higher than that of any other group, and very few of those who do graduate from high school move on to college. Even in California, with its vaunted and supposedly inclusive

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system of higher education, only about 2 percent of the four-year college enrollment is Mexican-American, while Mexican-Americans constitute about 10 percent of the total population and a much higher percentage of the school-age population. Delinquency and drug addiction rates are high. Residential segregation is increasing. As far as jobs go, the old devil, overt discrimination, has been largely replaced by the new devil, automation, and by more subtle "cultural discrimination" in the form of tests which penalize the Mexican-American first as a student and then as a prospective employee. Finally, there are signs of increasing family change. In the Spanish-speaking ghetto of east Los Angeles, for instance, 26 percent of all children under eighteen are not living with both parents (the figure is only 13 percent for Los Angeles as a whole). This is a particularly serious development for the Mexican-American community, which springs from a culture in which the family is the strongest of all institutions.

If they think of them at all, Easterners are likely to think of Mexican-Americans in terms of wetbacks who cross the border to fester in farm shacks for the miserly wages paid to migratory workers. In fact, Mexican-Americans are heavily urbanized. Almost 80 percent in the Southwest live in cities and towns, a proportion fully as high as the Anglo concentration and considerably higher than the nonwhite. For every Mexican-American picking fruit in California's Central Valley there are scores working as hod carriers and busboys in Los Angeles. For every stereotypical migrant who follows the crops, there are dozens crowded into the *colonias* and *barrios* that cling to the fringes of innumerable Southwest towns. The recent urbanization of such a group, given its low educational level and other characteristics, must represent social, economic, educational — and potentially political — significance of a high order.

But the Mexican-Americans' few successes in bringing themselves to national attention have had to do with the farm-labor issue, which is appropriate yet somewhat ironic. The farm workers, with an average annual income of about \$1500 and generally unspeakable living and working conditions, are worse off than anybody else. In the past two years, Cesar Chavez managed to organize and sustain a successful strike of grape pickers. The strike was dramatic, colorful, and immensely appealing, and it drew the support of activist Anglos from all over. Pilgrimages to the Central Valley were undertaken by Bobby Kennedy and youngsters from SNCC, by correspondents of the New York Times and television crews from national networks. Bay area liberals who had never set foot in San Francisco's Mission District or in east San Jose made the 550-mile round trip to Delano, the

strike headquarters, carrying money, food, and clothing. And many middle-of-the-road Californians did not eat so much as one grape for months, so as not to risk patronizing a struck vineyard.

The condition of the farm workers is obvious and desperate. But Chavez himself is said to have urged urban leaders not to allow the farm-labor issue to deflect their attention from the more complex problems of the *barrios*, which are bound to grow worse as the ghettos continue to receive steady influxes of Mexican immigrants (almost a thousand a week) and displaced domestic farm workers.

East Los Angeles is one of those areas that Eastern eyes would never recognize as being poor. The low dwellings (though there may be as many as three on a tiny lot) have yards around them, and flowers, and on smogless days the nearby mountains stand out beautifully. There is a color that is heightened by the leftover symbols of other peoples for whom the area earlier served as a port of entry: Orientals, Italians, and then Russian Jews. Mexicatessens offer kosher *burritos* and Okie *frijoles*, and Winchell's Do-Nut House features a Taco Fiesta. Youngsters cruise around in beat-up cars for which they buy gas by the quarter's worth. An "Operator Wanted" sign in a curtained storefront window signifies that yet another small sweatshop has opened where the illiterate (and perhaps illegal) immigrant or school dropout may find a few days' work sewing blouses or shirts.

Following the riots in nearby Watts, a special census was made of that area and east L.A. What attention the survey got was mainly directed to the part on Watts, but those who read the rest of the report could find that in east L.A., too, between 1960 and 1965 real income slipped by 8 to 10 percent, housing deteriorated, home ownership declined.

OF THE two courses that Mexican-Americans might follow to bring themselves helpful attention, one they have been unable to take and the other they have been unwilling to take. They have not been able to organize into an effective political bloc, and they have not been willing to riot and burn. One federal official describes them as "the most disorganized ethnic group in the country." The federal establishment, according to some officials, is so desperate to find a real leader to treat with that it would even welcome the emergence of a Mexican-American Stokely Carmichael.

There are good reasons for the Mexican-Americans' lack of political clout, but they escape anyone who tries to understand the Mexican-American experience in terms of other ethnic groups. Ernesto Galarza, a distinguished scholar and writer,

points out that historically Mexican-Americans have not been seen as a great constitutional and moral issue, as were the Negroes, nor as an ordinary immigrant group to be acculturated or assimilated. They have been looked on simply as an ever replenishing supply of cheap and docile labor.

The Mexican-Americans do have in common with the Negroes a long history of discrimination, but they were never enslaved and no war was ever fought over them, though one was fought over their land. Harsh as the discrimination was, including lynchings and segregation in schools and other public facilities, it was spotty (you could get into a swimming pool if you weren't too swarthy) and varied from place to place and from time to time.

The somewhat nebulous quality of the discrimination — and the concomitant fact that a lucky Mexican-American could “make it” into the middle class — helps explain why the Mexican-Americans have not yet produced the spontaneous leadership or found the unifying force of the civil rights movement. And the very institutions which might have been expected to recognize the condition and champion the cause of the Mexican-Americans — the Roman Catholic Church, labor, the Democratic Party, liberal groups, educational institutions, and the Eastern philanthropic and press establishment — have been by and large deaf, dumb, and blind on the subject. “For the Mexican-American,” says a college professor, “there are no liberals.”

This is not literally true, of course. Some individuals such as Carey McWilliams have for years written and spoken vigorously on the problem, and twenty years ago Fred Ross, supported by Saul Alinsky's Industrial Areas Foundation, began community organization efforts in Mexican-American sections of California. Other individuals and groups have done effective work on a small scale, and a few priests (though often at the cost of being silenced or sent away by their superiors) have been fairly militant spokesmen for the Mexican-Americans.

But there has been no wide-scale involvement. The white liberals who at one time helped to lead and to bankroll the Negro movement had few Anglo counterparts working with and speaking out on behalf of the Mexican-Americans. Many Southwestern Anglos supported the Negro movement, however, and even some Mexican-American college students confessed to me that they became active in the Negro cause before they caught on that there was work to be done closer to home.

The lack of outside interest and help (spelled m-o-n-e-y), combined with the fact that until recently the group was overwhelmingly rural and had very few educated members, has given the Mexican-Americans of today very little political leverage. Social, fraternal, and thinly disguised political organizations appear and disappear with

startling rapidity, but there has never been a Mexican-American equivalent of the NAACP or Urban League, let alone SNCC or CORE. Even the sturdiest and longest-lived of the organizations have very little in the way of paid staffs. If you want to see the head of some group, you phone his place of business or his house, because it is quite likely that there isn't any headquarters. There is no effective clearinghouse or information center, and communications within the community are weak — among the leaders, and also between them and the poverty-stricken of town and country.

Chavez is the most authentic leader in the traditional sense: a charismatic man sprung from a rural proletariat whose understanding and loyalty he commands. What is questionable is whether the basis of his appeal — a combination of religious pageantry, evocation of the heroes of the Mexican Revolution, and nonviolent civil rights techniques — could successfully be transferred from the fields to the city streets.

“There are dozens of Chavezes hidden in the *barrios*,” a city spokesman said sadly, but presumably these buried Chavezes will have to find new ways to rally the new urban proletariat. For whatever the culture of the *barrios* may be, it is certainly a hybrid one, neither classical Mexican nor traditional Anglo urban.

“It's always my parents telling me to be proud I'm Mexican and the school telling me to be American,” a junior high school student cried out. For the city youngsters (50 percent of the Mexican-American population is under twenty), the goodies offered by the industrialized society are all too visible and unavailable. “The thing to do is learn how the *gringos* keep you down,” they say. And the residents of the *barrios* are sophisticated enough to recognize that it is the future they have to fear more than the present.

“They are teaching my boy nothing in that school, *nothing*,” a mother said to me with a despair that is impossible to convey in writing. “What will happen to him? What will he do?”

CONSIDERING their numbers in California (now estimated at nearly two million), the Mexican-Americans have a singular dearth of elected representation. There is one congressman of Mexican descent, Edward R. Roybal, a Democrat from Los Angeles. No Mexican-American sits in either house of the California legislature, or on the city council, or elected board of education in L.A. Roybal became the first of his community since 1881 to serve on the city council when he was elected in 1949, but when he left for Congress in 1962 his seat was contested by four Mexican-Americans

and one Negro, with the result one might expect.

What the Mexican-Americans have lacked in elective political muscle they have tried to make up for by extracting promises and appointments from Anglo politicians. Here again they are handicapped: the Democrats have taken them for granted (traditionally, about 90 percent of the relatively small registration votes Democratic), and the Republicans haven't bothered much until recently. Most Mexican-Americans agree that Democratic Governor Pat Brown did more for the group than any previous governor. Still, it wasn't enough.

During the last campaign the Reagan forces made some successful overtures to the community, and the Republicans made some electoral inroads, notably around Los Angeles, but the Democrats believe that overall they managed to hold on to about 75 percent of the Mexican-American vote. The defections in California and the rest of the Southwest, however, apparently worried the Democrats (they hastily appointed a Mexican-American to the National Committee), and they should be worried; while they may have no place else to go now, the Mexican-Americans are looking around. A mutually satisfactory political marriage will not easily be achieved. The one thing that Anglos and Mexican-Americans do most certainly for each other is to provide inexhaustible sources of frustration. The Anglo litany of complaints about Mexican-American political behavior, to abbreviate it drastically, runs like this:

They can't get organized, they can't agree among themselves, there aren't any real leaders, and the so-called leaders can't deliver. ("They'd come to us with talk about 400,000 votes," one of Governor Brown's campaign managers said aggrievedly, "but some of those guys couldn't deliver their own families.") The community is uninvolved, and it is difficult to find out what it wants. An assistant to a southern California congressman says that when he sends out invitations to a meeting with the congressman — say 250 to the Negro community and 250 to the Mexican-American — about 150 Negroes usually turn up, and about 30 Mexican-Americans. "And the first question, sometimes the only question, they ask is: 'How many Mexican-Americans on your staff?' If it was 100 percent it still wouldn't be enough," he adds glumly.

This leads to another Anglo complaint: that many Mexican-Americans view the American political process with an eye to appointments and that politics for them becomes a superficial numbers game, with little attention paid either to the potential importance of the jobs or the ability and effectiveness of the appointees.

Finally, Anglos complain that many Mexican-American spokesmen prefer to compete among themselves for elective or appointive jobs instead

of working out ways and means for achieving at least a show of unity, a drive for a cause. All too often four or five Mexican-Americans insist on running for an office, thus dividing the vote.

Beyond the Anglo politicians, who have special and self-centered interests in view, others who are highly sympathetic and have no political axes to grind are appalled by the amount and ferocity of infighting that goes on and the fact that it is so often caused not by ideological but by purely personal differences. So strong is the role of *personalismo* in Mexican-American politics that, as one sympathetic observer commented: "They wouldn't even vote to establish a postal system unless they knew who would be the mailman on the block."

Although there is much evidence to support these complaints, they do not take into account a number of relevant factors, including the Anglo role in perpetuating disunity and ineffectiveness within the group, whether intentionally or heedlessly. The Anglo politicians who criticize the lack of Mexican-American political organization make the very decisions that render such organization nearly impossible. In California, the Democrats, apparently thinking they knew a safe thing when they saw it, gerrymandered the Spanish surname sections of Los Angeles and San Francisco so as to make Spanish-speaking voters the pivotal but never the controlling factors in their various districts. This makes it difficult for Mexican-Americans to vote as a bloc and cuts off incipient leadership.

While the Democrats complain that they have to deal with leaders who have no followers, they have not financed the kind of block-to-block canvassing and voter registration that would produce organized constituencies. In search of votes, they woo the heads of the Mexican-American organizations and other community leaders in the hope that the leaders can exert personal influence over the community; it has to be personal, since the organizations themselves lack the money or manpower to organize real constituencies.

In making appointments, too, Anglos seem to set up situations which inevitably cause trouble in and for the Mexican-American community. Because they want to get the maximum political mileage from the few appointments they are willing to make, Anglo officials undertake elaborate though clandestine efforts to procure the perfect all-purpose Mexican-American, then assert that no man can be found to meet the wildly unrealistic qualifications established for the job.

Anglo officials make incessant demands for unity among Mexican-Americans, the implication being that the Anglos are unable to do anything until they can discern an unmistakably clear picture of exactly what the community wants. While there are real frustrations involved in dealing with a group

as fragmented as the Mexican-Americans, there is also real cynicism involved in the way so many Anglo officials in positions of power at all levels seize on the condition as an excuse to do nothing. It should not be necessary to identify genuine leaders or take a poll of the grass roots to guess, for instance, that no group "wants" to have urban renewal accomplished at the price of its own removal (in at least one border town the Mexican-Americans were renewed right over into Mexico); that no community "wants" to be slashed into chunks by hideous freeways (as has happened in east Los Angeles); that few people "want" their children to attend a school run by someone who could remark, as the former principal of an east Los Angeles high school did in the presence of an Anglo friend of mine, "We couldn't run this school without the dropout rate. They don't belong here anyway — they belong in the fields."

The truth is that the endless jockeying, delaying, rumormongering, and playing of the cat-and-mouse game simply elicit and intensify the very kind of behavior the Anglos deplore: dissension and a flying off in all directions. The entire protracted handling of the on-again, off-again White House Conference is a perfect case in point.

In the fall of 1965, some Mexican-Americans, having heard of plans for a major civil rights conference in Washington, asked to be included. They were given to understand, in writing, that a separate conference would be held for Mexican-Americans or possibly all Spanish-speaking Americans. From then on there were unanswered telegrams from this group, unanswered letters from that one, understandings and misunderstandings, and joint attempts by the leaders of Mexican-American groups to apply pressure. A year ago the President had a few spokesmen to dinner and left them with the impression that there would be a conference. Others of a group that considered itself the prime negotiating committee were not invited. Their exclusion, of course, strained relations among the Mexican-Americans as well as between them and the *federales*.

No more was heard of the much-wanted conference until late October of 1966, when high officials of the Administration found time, despite, or because of, the imminence of the elections, to meet with about sixty Mexican-American spokesmen in "preplanning" discussions of the real conference. Since then official silence has been accompanied by comic-opera goings-on. A small group with Labor Department leadership and the use of White House stationery — but with offices in neither place — is known to be "doing something" about Mexican-Americans and other Spanish-speaking Americans. A receptionist answers its phone "National Conference" but is unable to say

on what, or where, or when, or for whom any conferring is being or is going to be done. So rumors fly, consternation and frustration increase among the Mexican-Americans, and much of their attention, time, and energy, and that of a number of federal officials, is diverted from the real problems, which continue to grow more malignant.

THE school systems of the Southwest have totally failed the Mexican-American community," says Dr. Miguel Montes of California's state board of education. The cold statistics alone make his case.

What is striking is that so little has been done or said until recently, despite the fact that a few educators such as Dr. George Sanchez of the University of Texas have for years been urging bilingual instruction, a revision of the curriculum and textbooks to appeal to the interests and to strengthen the sense of cultural identity of Mexican-American students, decent counseling and guidance, and teacher training that might produce instructors capable of reaching and educating Mexican-American children.

In most of the states, among them California, it is against the law to use any language but English as the medium of instruction, though the law is openly flouted by the few teachers who can speak Spanish. The psychological and educational implications of such a policy are clear. By denying the child the right to speak his own language (in some places children are still punished for speaking Spanish even on the playground), the system is telling him, in effect, that his language, his culture, and by extension he himself, are inferior. And he rapidly becomes truly inferior in achievement, since the teachers must perforce water down the subject matter, such as arithmetic or social studies, for use as a vehicle for teaching English rather than the subject itself.

Counseling in the schools is notoriously bad, and constitutes a special source of bitterness for the Mexican-Americans who have survived it — that is, defied it. "Realistic" counselors say, in effect: college costs too much; besides, you couldn't make it anyway; besides, you couldn't get a good job when you finished. Congressman Roybal was advised to become an electrician on the strength of an A in his ninth-grade algebra class (he was lucky to get into algebra; "general math" is usually considered sufficient). Julian Nava, a young professor at San Fernando Valley State College with a Ph.D. in history from Harvard, was advised to take, and did take, body and fender courses in high school in east Los Angeles. There are plenty of current stories of this sort.

The inadequacy of ability tests when applied to

many groups is also notorious; the question is how, when the fact is so well known, school officials can summon the arrogance to brand young children as mentally deficient when it is the tests and the schools that are deficient. In California, Negro and Mexican-American children are overwhelmingly overrepresented proportionally in classes for the "mentally retarded." A former education official (an angry Anglo) told me of visiting a school in the San Joaquin Valley where he saw records listing one child as having an I.Q. of 46. Wanting to learn more about how such a mental basket case could function at all, he inquired around and found that the child, a boy of eleven, has a paper route, takes care of his four younger brothers and sisters after school, and prepares the evening meal for the family. He also speaks no English.

Many Anglo educators claim that they cannot make headway against the problems of language, culture, and parents. The stereotype has it that Mexican-Americans are not interested in having their children get an education, though every bit of evidence I found suggested just the reverse. In fact, many Mexican-American adults have an entirely unwarranted respect for the wisdom of teachers and principals, which is one reason why they have allowed their children to be pushed around for so long. There are problems, but they are by no means insurmountable. Actually, they have been used as a mask, and not a very effective one at that, for the real attitudes of the Anglo community at large.

"The schools are the places where Anglos and Mexican-Americans come to learn and act out the roles they will later play," says Theodore W. Parsons, an anthropologist at the University of California. He recently spent months studying the schools in a California town where the population is about 57 percent Mexican-American; practices similar to the ones he observed there are followed in many schools all over the feudal Southwest. The children — Anglos are called "Americans" and Mexican-Americans are called "Mexicans" — are conditioned for their respective roles in the adult world from their first day in school to their final one, when at graduation the Mexicans march in last and sit at the back of the platform. "This makes for a better-looking stage," a teacher explained to Parsons, adding that it allows the Americans, who have all the parts in the program, to get to the front more easily.

"Once we did let a Mexican girl give a little

talk of some kind," Parsons was told, "and all she did was mumble around. She had quite an accent, too. Afterwards we had several complaints from other parents, so we haven't done anything like that since. That was about twelve years ago."

THE Negro revolution has stimulated, but by its great drama has also obscured, already existing ferment within the Mexican-American community. Spokesmen have had increasingly stormy sessions (and nonsessions — the walkout is becoming something of a fad) with federal, state, and local officials.

Many Anglos seem to dismiss the volubly expressed anger of Mexican-American leaders as not being "representative" of the feelings of the masses, but it is foolish to do so. No Mexican-American I know of has ever threatened that blood will run in the streets if conditions continue to grow worse, but thoughtful spokesmen acknowledge that no one can predict what outlet the growing hostility will find, a hostility that may be the more malignant because it has been so long suppressed.

"Man, if east L.A. ever blows, it will *really* blow," one said, and Herman Gallegos of San Francisco, a highly responsible leader, reports that some Mexican-Americans decline to join picket lines or other peaceful demonstrations because they fear they could not remain nonviolent. There is undeniable resentment of not only Anglos but Negroes: "If they don't move over, they're going to find footprints on their backs," one temperate Mexican-American said. He and other sophisticated Mexican-Americans realize that it is not the Negroes' "fault" that they are getting a little bit more of not enough, but there is the dangerous tension that always exists when poor people are set to scrambling for the few crumbs tossed out by the affluent society.

The fuel that could set off a Watts-type explosion is present in ample supply. Perhaps one day it will be ignited by some incident. Or perhaps the youthful population will simply retreat into increasing withdrawal, alienation, and addiction.

There is also, of course, a third possibility: that Anglos will give up their cynical game of divide and rule, listen to the growing number of articulate Mexican-American spokesmen as they define the community's problems, and allow Mexican-Americans the tools they can use to carry themselves into the mainstream of American life.

MY BROTHER EVELYN

by ALEC WAUGH

"Now we'll have a wicketkeep," exclaimed Alec Waugh when his brother was born in 1903. But for reasons here recalled by the late Evelyn Waugh's older brother, that never came to be. Glimpses of the Waugh family, Evelyn's early years, his Oxford days, and the brief span of his first marriage to She-Evelyn are conveyed only as a member of the family could convey them. Alec Waugh, five years older than Evelyn, has written more than forty books, among them ISLAND IN THE SUN (1956) and A FAMILY OF ISLANDS (1964). His latest, from which this memoir is drawn, will be published in September by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

I WROTE in my partial autobiography, *The Early Years of Alec Waugh*, in explanation of the fact that it contained so little about my brother, "I lack the key to Evelyn. I cannot enter imaginatively into the mind of a person for whom religion is the dominant force in his life, for whom religion is a crusade. . . . You cannot appraise a stained-glass window if you look at it from the outside and not possessing that key to Evelyn's nature, I might give in a full length essay . . . a misleading picture of him. I might lay the wrong emphasis on certain episodes and mislead rather than guide his readers."

But when I wrote that, I could not have foreseen that Evelyn would never finish his own autobiography; and though for those same reasons I do not feel myself competent to draw a full-length portrait of him, I do feel that I owe it to his memory to sketch, for the benefit of his readers, a picture of his early days, up till his conversion.

The only period when we were really close was the decade between his going up to Oxford and my second marriage — January, 1922, to October, 1932. I saw little of him during his childhood. He was by five and a quarter years my junior. Two thirds of the year I was away at a boarding school. He took no interest in athletics. When my father announced his birth, I said, "Good, now we'll have a wicketkeep." But my attempts to teach him

cricket inculcated in him a permanent repugnance for the game.

He was, inevitably, something of a nuisance to me. Presumably I was to him. In our first home, in West Hampstead, my nursery cricket, a game I played by myself, was restricted by the danger of hitting a ball into his cot. When we moved to Underhill, a larger house, I at first left the nursery to him, and spent the winter daytime reading in my father's book room. But after a while I became interested in billiards, and a small table was installed in the nursery. Evelyn must have regarded this as an invasion of his territorial rights.

It is probable that he realized that I considered him a nuisance and that he resented it. He made friends soon after we moved to Underhill with a family that lived a quarter of a mile away in a house called Wyldesmead. He has described how he and this family organized the "Pistol troop," to resist the German invasion which at that early day was to them obviously imminent. A clay heap in a builder's plot was fortified, and provisions for a siege were buried. The parents of the family, who had not yet met my parents, were for a time under the impression that Evelyn was an only child. "Oh, no," said one of the children, "he has a brother whom he hates."

It is possible that I was not very kind to Evelyn:

I can still visualize the occasion when my mother lectured me on this point. We were spending an August with my father's family, where I had to see rather more than usual of my brother. My mother said, "I don't like hearing your aunts complain that you aren't kind to Evelyn."

I fancy that I, an indulged child, very much my father's favorite, grew up with a superiority complex. I was confident that I was going to make a considerable mark in the world. Evelyn may well have felt relegated to a second place. He once said to his mother, "Daddy loves Alec more than me. But you love me more than you love Alec."

This was indeed true, but my mother felt that she should not show favoritism. "No," she said, "I love you both the same."

"Then I am lacking in love," he said.

Evelyn has described his childhood as being blissfully happy. He adored his mother and his nurse. He resented his father's intrusion on their life together. His day ended with the click of his father's latchkey in the lock, and the shout from the hall, "Where is K., where is my wife." My life, on the other hand, started with my father's return from work. I do not really know how I spent my Christmas and Easter holidays. I did not have a single friend in the neighborhood until, during my second year at Sherbourne, another boy from Hampstead came to the schoolhouse. I was never lonely, but I certainly led a solitary life.

As a child, Evelyn had a sunny nature. He was always happily, busily occupied. He indulged in "different arrangements," which meant moving around all the nursery furniture to see if it looked better with the wicker chair beside the door and the Peter Pan picture over the fireplace. He was the center of his own group of children, the spokesman, the organizer.

Evelyn has described his preparatory school — Heathmount, a day school in Hampstead — where Cecil Beaton was a junior contemporary of his. He was sent there instead of to Fernden because his mother thought he had too gentle a nature for Fernden's Spartan discipline. Fernden was extremely tough, so tough that everything that has happened to me since has in comparison seemed tame. It may seem surprising, in view of the reputation for toughness which Evelyn acquired in after-years, that anything could have seemed too tough for him at the age of nine, but it must never be forgotten that he had a very tender heart. The toughness was superimposed, in self-defense. Beneath it he was highly vulnerable.

Evelyn's *A Little Learning* contains an amusing description of Heathmount, but it does not mention a schoolmaster, Aubrey Ensor, who can be seen in retrospect as a formative influence in Evelyn's development. Ensor, who became a good friend

of mine and very much a family friend of my parents, was that not uncommon type, a young preparatory school master with literary ambitions, who regarded his hours in the classroom as a prelude to a substantial career as a dramatist. He did not realize his ambitions, but he had a real gift for writing stage dialogue; with a little luck he might have brought it off, and even so, he has had a not unsuccessful life, spent in congenial occupations. He was at one time connected with the Everyman Theatre, and at another supervised the Inveagh bequest in Kenwood. For nearly every artist there is someone outside the family, a schoolmaster, a parson, who at a very early age lengthens his horizon, opening windows on new landscapes. Aubrey Ensor did that for Evelyn. He introduced him to Saki. In the letter that he wrote to me after Evelyn's death, he told me how surprised and amused he had been when Evelyn, as an eleven-year-old schoolboy, had remarked, "Terrible man, my father. He likes Kipling."

HAD Evelyn cared for cricket, he and I would have had many companionable times together at Lord's and at the Oval. But as it was, there was nothing except the cinema that we could share until he was old enough to go to adult parties. That did not happen till he went up to Oxford, in January, 1922, when he was eighteen and a quarter. In that month my first marriage broke up; I did not take a flat of my own until January, 1924. For most of Evelyn's time at Oxford, we were, during his vacs, living under the same roof. I did not start traveling until June, 1926, so that for four and a half years we were constantly in each other's company.

During Evelyn's first two years at Oxford, we had a number of good times together. I introduced him to my friends, I took him to parties and invited him to my own. I felt very proud of him. He was excellent company: witty, lively, hopeful. He was good-looking in a faunish way. Everybody liked him. It is pleasant to be the initiator, to show to the inexperienced places with which one is familiar, and it was pleasant to have someone with whom I could talk over the parties afterwards. My father's sisters always gave him a Stilton cheese for Christmas, and I can remember many occasions when Evelyn and I, returning late, would raid the larder and pick away at the dwindling cheese, discussing various aspects of the party.

A few weeks before his death, Evelyn told an interviewer that after an idle year, he was again at work upon his autobiography, the second volume of which was to be called *A Little Hope*. He left only seven or eight pages. I was very touched that one of them should have paid a tribute to those times.

He wrote of me as “a host who introduced me to the best restaurants of London, on whom I sponged, bringing my friends to his flat and when short of money, sleeping on his floor, until the tubes opened when I would at dawn sway home to Hampstead, in crumpled evening dress among the navvies setting out for their day’s work.” In return he immensely enlarged my life by introducing me to men like Harold Acton, Hugh Molson, Christopher Hollis, Robert Byron, Peter Quennell, Brian Howard, and Terence Greenidge.

Evelyn wrote at length about his three years at Oxford, both in *Brideshead Revisited* and in *A Little Learning*. Like Charles Ryder, he was studiously industrious for his first two terms; he then had a year of abounding happiness, but suddenly the magic faded. Ryder decided that he had got the best out of Oxford and that he would be better employed studying art in Paris. Evelyn also thought he had got the best out of Oxford and asked his father if he could come down. But unlike Ryder, Evelyn had nothing to come down to. Our father, as most fathers would, told him that it would be foolish for him to leave before he had taken a degree. It was only a matter of another year, then they could review the situation. Evelyn stayed on and took a third. Because he had gone up a term late, he would have had to stay on another term before he could take his degree; as he had had his scholarship taken away, because of his third, there seemed no point in delaying his start on life for six months in order to be able to put B.A. after his name.

From the summer of 1924 to the summer of 1928, when *Decline and Fall* was in the press, Evelyn was, though casually employed for the most part of the time, definitely not engaged on a career. He entitled the chapter describing this period as one “In which our hero finds himself in very low water.” The book ends in July, 1925, and the low-water period had another three years to run. Four years may not seem a long time in the retrospect of sixty years and as a prelude to an unbroken series of successes, but at the time those four years were interminable in their passing, a constant source of anxiety; after all, there was no means of knowing that they were a prelude.

At Oxford Evelyn had been one of the most prominent of a brilliant group. The highest achievement had been predicted for him, yet he alone of all that group seemed now to be headed nowhere. He must have been conscious of his own latent powers. He must have known that potentially he was more gifted than those who had passed him in the race. Yet at the same time he must have had torturing moments of self-doubt. He explained publicly his failure in schools with the excuse that he had not really tried, but actually he had worked much harder than he had let his friends suspect. It was



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not surprising that he should have in self-defense disparaged the successes of his contemporaries. What did what they were doing amount to? Were they not trivial timeservers, accepting the standards of the marketplace? He looked for their weak points and then attacked them. His quick tongue was like a snake’s.

It was unlucky that he should have fallen in love with the last person equipped to restore his self-confidence and self-esteem. Evelyn has written in *A Little Learning* about Olivia Plunkett Greene. I met her only a few times. She was pretty, gracious, and well mannered. She was not negative, since on several points she held strong opinions; but she was profoundly indifferent to the forces that activate most creative lives. She was without personal ambition, and could not understand the hold ambition takes on others. She was supremely un-Balzacian. The need “to be famous and to be loved” was incomprehensible to her. One values the women who make one feel better about oneself. Olivia invariably diminished Evelyn’s self-esteem, not willingly, not consciously — she was basically good-natured — but through her indifference to his problems. He would come up to London from his exile as a schoolmaster especially to lunch with her, and would return in heavy gloom. He

was loyal to her and chivalrous. "Down there at my school I see her as the symbol of everything from which I am cut off," he said to me. "I expect too much; it isn't fair to her."

Her apathy toward ambition increased his contempt for his friends' complacency over their small successes. They might think themselves terrific figures, but their posturing cut no ice with Olivia Greene. Perhaps in this respect, her indifference was a bond between them. I never saw her after 1927. I have no idea how she reacted to Evelyn's subsequent success. I question if she was much impressed by it. She was consistent.

It may surprise many that it was not apparent to Evelyn and to his friends that a career as a novelist awaited him. But he did not seem at this time to have any inclination to write, and what little he did write did not seem exceptional. He had not revealed his capacity for satiric comedy. On the other hand his drawings had a very definite individuality. At Oxford he designed book jackets, letter headings, and bookplates. The illustrations to the first edition of *Decline and Fall* surely show a very special talent. It seemed to all of us that it was in this direction that his true bent lay. It was also what he most liked doing.

Evelyn was, in fact — at any rate, until 1945 — almost the only writer I know who did not like writing. In those early days he resisted his fate. He was, perhaps, subconsciously aware of the demands that it would make on him. He was reluctant to yield himself. "My ambition," he wrote, "was to decorate, design and illustrate. I worked with the brush and was entirely happy in my employment of it, as I was not when reading or writing. Later in this chronicle, I shall note various attempts to escape from my literary destiny into pleasanter but less appropriate work with my hands."

Yet he was doing some writing. Early in 1926 he wrote a long avant-garde short story, "The Balance" — which I included in *Georgian Stories* 1926, of which I was the editor. Several writers, G. B. Stern in particular, recognized its originality, and Michael Sadleir asked him to contribute to his story anthology *The New Decameron*. I have not read "The Balance" for forty years. Evelyn did not think it worth including in *Mr. Loveday's Outing*. But I hope that it will appear in the eventual canon of his writings. It gives me pleasure to be able to boast that I was his first editor.

IN June, 1926, I started on a tour around the world. I was away nine months, and when I returned to England in mid-March it was to find Evelyn in high spirits. Tom Balston, one of the partners in

Duckworth's publishing house, had decided to invest a certain amount of capital in "Young Oxford." He published Harold Acton's poetry, and he gave Evelyn an advance of £50 on an unwritten book about Rossetti. My father, who as a publisher never made an advance without a manuscript, shook his head gloomily. "Balston will never see that book. I suppose I'll have to make it good." But rarely has £50 been invested more profitably. Duckworth got not only the book on Rossetti, but all of Evelyn's subsequent travel books. They would have got his novels too, had not Duckworth in Balston's absence been scared of the audacities of *Decline and Fall*. Evelyn was very loyal. As Father Caraman pointed out in his Requiem address, he had the same publishers and the same agent all his life.

In addition to this commission to write a book, Evelyn had been taken on the staff of the *Daily Express* as a probationary reporter, and he was in funds. "I am so glad that you came back now," he said, "when I don't need you: I can welcome you without any thought of self-advantage." London in that early summer of 1927 was very gay. A year earlier the general strike had been defeated. The political climate was encouraging, and though there was no equivalent in London to the stock market boom in New York, a lot of money was being made and spent. Florence Mills and her "blackbirds" were being courted by Mayfair and Belgravia hostesses. "The Bright Young Things" were news, and Evelyn joined the rout. He seemed to be seeing less of Olivia and more of Evelyn Gardner, a daughter of the late Lord Burghclere.

For him the rout did not last very long. Toward the end of May he invited me to dinner at the Gargoyle Club. He said when I joined him there, "We had better make this a good dinner. It is probably the last one I shall be able to give you for quite a while. I was fired from the *Express* this morning."

It was at that time the practice of the large dailies to hire university graduates as probationers at less than union rates. If they retained them after six months, they had to pay them the minimum union salary. It was a satisfactory system for everyone. The newspapers got good work cheap, they might make a discovery; the young men got valuable experience. Evelyn's period was up. Not one line that he wrote during it was printed. Fifteen months later the same editor who had fired him was offering the author of *Decline and Fall* twenty-five guineas a thousand words to write on anything he liked. But at the moment our hero was once again in exceedingly low water.

I was due to catch in mid-June, at Marseilles, a slow French steamer for Tahiti. I was to spend a few days on the way with my parents, who were taking a holiday in Nîmes. I suggested to Evelyn

that he should come along with me. On my last evening in London, I gave a good-bye cocktail party. It was composed, as my larger parties tended to be at that time, partly of bohemians, partly of athletes and their attendant nymphs. Evelyn and I were seen off at Waterloo Station by a group of football hearties. One of them was to serve later as a partial model for Rex Mottram. In the train afterwards, Evelyn said of him, "I feel awkward with men like that, but I wonder whether he wouldn't be right for Olivia. Vulgar but not common."

It was a very happy few days that we spent together. We traveled south by daylight; between Dijon and Beaune we rose and bowed reverently to the sacred vineyards, Chambertin, Clos de Vougeot, Corton. We changed trains at Tarascon, and with an hour to wait, drank Tavel, I for the first time, with our sandwiches. In Nîmes we watched in the arena the film of Conan Doyle's *The Lost World*. Evelyn found it "appropriately inappropriate." Later he went on with our parents to Les Baux, with which Evelyn was delighted. Both parents agreed that their five days there were among the very happiest they had spent with him.

It was to a very different atmosphere that I returned early in November. I was myself involved in a love affair with an American married woman, which I have described in my *Early Years*. I knew inside myself that it could have no future, but I had to act as though it had. I had to make quickly enough money to be able to finance the start of a joint life if she elected to clope with me. I did not want to spend money on a flat in London, so I decided to go down into the country, to a small inn, during the week and work upon a novel, spending the weekends at Underhill. I was no doubt in an edgy mood.

My father had lost during the autumn a dearly loved sister; he was becoming increasingly worried about the future of Chapman & Hall. Evelyn, also, was living at Underhill with his fortunes at their lowest. During the autumn, he had been knocking on innumerable doors. He had letters of introduction to a few London editors. They all said the same thing: "The market's crowded; not a glimmer of an opening, old boy; fix up something with the provincial press, then worm your way in from there." I have not known a single prospective journalist who has not been given that advice. I have not known one who has taken it. Either they have crashed Fleet Street on their own, as buccaneers, or they have failed and sought some other source of livelihood.

Evelyn was receiving from his father a dole of four pounds a week, which he preferred to call an annual allowance of two hundred pounds, and he was a part-time instructor at a third-rate day school

in Golders Green. I learned of this from my mother: he was himself too ashamed to mention it. It is not surprising that he was fractious. I would not care to relive the November and early December of 1927. Eventually it was agreed that Evelyn should be apprenticed to a carpenter. A premium was paid, and he was to enter into residence with a master of the craft in January. But before that could happen he announced his engagement to Evelyn Gardner.

I WAS very curious to know what Evelyn would say in *A Little Hope* of his first marriage. It may well have been that doubt of how to deal with it contributed to the writing block that held him inoperative during his last year. He must by then inevitably have held harsh feelings for Evelyn Gardner, but he must have known that nearly everyone found her a delightful person; certainly I did. She was pretty, neat, and gracious; she had winning ways; she had "race" but unobtrusively. She was friendly, welcoming, and cozy. She spent Christmas at Underhill. It was a modest house, compared with the many grand ones with which she was familiar. But she was appreciative of everything that was done for her. She made herself very pleasant to my parents. Recognizing that Evelyn and I were "at outs," she put herself at once "to set that straight." And she succeeded.

She and Evelyn were a delightful team: they were so at ease, so affectionate together, their having the same Christian name was an amusing bond. They were called "He-Evelyn" and "She-Evelyn." But of course from every worldly point of view, it was a ridiculous engagement.

Lord Burghclere, a man of great distinction, was from one point of view a self-made man. His widow, who had adored him and was bitterly disappointed at not having had a son who could carry on the title, was one of the Carnavon Herberts, so that when at a later date Evelyn became engaged to Laura Herbert, the same great-aunt, Lady Victoria Herbert, who had protested against his marriage to her niece was able to exclaim, "What, this young man again; I thought we'd seen the last of him."

She was far from being the only relative who objected. Lady Burghclere was not rich. She had two other daughters; no doubt the family could have rallied to a deserving cause, a hundred from this uncle, three hundred from that aunt. But my brother did not seem a deserving cause. My father and Lady Burghclere met: there was, as politicians say, "a frank exchange of views." Evelyn remarked on how useful it was at such a time to have a father with an unblemished reputation. But there was

no public announcement of the betrothal in the *Times*. One thing was certain, if He-Evelyn was to marry She-Evelyn, the union could not be supported by cabinets and chairs from Sussex. Evelyn could evade his literary destiny no longer. As P. G. Wodehouse would have said, "He bit the bullet," and went to a small country inn to write *Decline and Fall*.

AT THE end of January, 1928, I went to California. I was not back until early May. This time I found Evelyn in high good humor. *Decline and Fall* was finished, and his book on Rossetti had either just been or was shortly to be published. A critical study of Rossetti cannot expect a large sale, but it was well reviewed: the *Times Literary Supplement*, noticing it at length, referred to its author as Miss Waugh, which gave Evelyn the opportunity of making an amusing riposte, and he was delighted to receive a letter of congratulation from Rebecca West, in which she praised in particular his flashes of wit, recognizing in advance of anyone else the eventual direction of his writing. The two Evelyns were as delightful a team as ever, and though there was still no definite engagement, there was a general understanding that if *Decline and Fall* was a success, family opposition would be relaxed.

I read *Decline and Fall* while it was under consideration at Duckworth's. I had no doubt of its quality. I found it hilariously funny, and was astonished at the ridiculous corrections that Duckworth's wanted him to make in it. They were shocked, for instance, at a "debugged" undergraduate running around the quad without his trousers. Tom Balston was, as I have said, away on a holiday, and Gerald Duckworth, who was a considerable friend of Lady Burghclere's, was nervous about her reaction to the book. Evelyn could not accept their emendations. He knew that the book was good, though he wondered whether he should publish it under a different name, on the principle that a poet publishes his detective stories under a pseudonym. Could a serious literary critic sponsor Captain Grimes?

I do not keep a diary and cannot recall the exact sequence of events. My parents went for a holiday in early June, and it is my belief that my father left his fellow directors to decide whether or not Chapman & Hall should publish *Decline and Fall*. He admired the book immensely, but he was hypersensitive on the use of the firm's money to finance his family. Ironically enough, the decisive vote in Evelyn's favor was cast by a scientist who three years earlier had been voted onto the board, after a stormy shareholders' meeting, to ensure that the firm's money was not wasted on avant-garde belles lettres when such sound profits could be made on

mathematics for engineers. When the final acceptance letter was sent I do not know; but it was certainly while my parents were still away on a holiday that Harold Acton and Evelyn came around to my flat to announce that the Evelyns were being married clandestinely in two days' time, and to invite me to the ceremony at St. Paul's Church, Baker Street, and to luncheon afterward at Boulestin's.

In *Memoirs of an Aesthete* Harold Acton has given a charming account of the occasion. There were only six of us there in all, Lady Pansy Pakenham (later Lamb) and Robert Byron being the other two. It was all very sweet and touching. She-Evelyn appeared to giggle when He-Evelyn promised to endow her with all his worldly goods. They looked so young, so innocent, and so defenseless to be launched upon such rough seas. One prayed for charitable tides.

Five months later it seemed that our prayers had been amply granted. London mantelpieces were adorned with cards of invitation to the Evelyns' housewarming cocktail party at 17a Cannonbury Square. This was in Islington, a section of London that had been occupied by city merchants in the middle of the nineteenth century. The houses were solid, well built, in the Georgian style. You would imagine yourself in Bloomsbury. For fifty years it had been occupied by humble families, and Evelyn got a spacious first-floor flat, unfurnished, for a pound a week.

The party was also in celebration of *Decline and Fall*. It had been published a few weeks earlier. It was not a best seller, but it was a seller, and it was being talked about. It was recognized that a new and exciting figure had appeared upon the stage. The road to success ran broad and clear. The large flat was crowded, with new friends and old. I have seldom been to such a genial party. Everyone was so happy for the Evelyns' sake. They had gambled on one another — a hundred-to-one chance — and they had brought it off.

On the first Monday in December, I sailed for the West Indies. On the Sunday evening, I had a very small good-bye party at the Gargoyle to which the Evelyns came. They were in high spirits. The company that owned the luxury cruising liner the *Meteor* had offered them a free holiday in the Mediterranean in return for publicity in a travel book. They were to sail directly after Christmas. It was to be their real honeymoon. In June they had only been able to afford a fortnight in a country inn. I looked back a year to that grim December when Evelyn, unemployed and seemingly unemployable, had been so cantankerous. What a miracle She-Evelyn had achieved. But for her he would never have written *Decline and Fall*; he would still be fiddling with fretsaws; and was there any reason to

believe that he would have been any more resolute as a carpenter than he had been as an art student at Heatherley's? How much could happen in a year!

I WAS away for five and a half months. Once again I frequently changed my plans; interisland travel was not easy then; mail accumulated in ports I failed to reach when I was expected, so that I did not learn of the drama of the Evelyns' trip till its drama was at an end. The year 1929 provided one of the worst Januarys within record. It snowed in Monte Carlo, and She-Evelyn caught pneumonia. She was dangerously ill, and Evelyn had to spend several weeks in a hotel in Port Said, visiting his wife in hospital, a stay that gave him unique copy for one of his most amusing travel chapters. It was an anxious time, but by the time I learned of it, she had recovered.

Climatically, the summer of 1929 offered a full, rich recompense for the appalling winter. On the vineyards of the Medoc, grapes ripened to a lovely vintage. Socially there was a general heightening of tempo. There was, as I have said, no equivalent in Europe to the boom on the New York stock market, but a great many Americans in Paris and London were living in terms of Wall Street. They helped to set the pace.

The pace was so keen that Evelyn, who had to get the back of his new novel broken, decided to go into the country for three weeks, to the cenobitic refuge of a small hotel bedroom. She-Evelyn had two sisters in London and innumerable friends. She would be all right. On the third day of his retreat, he telegraphed, "Novel moving fast all characters seasick." The novel was *Vile Bodies*. A novelist is at his most serene when he is working in a small hotel bedroom, for the sake of somebody he loves, thinking at the end of each day's work, "I'm two thousand words nearer to her." I imagine that those three weeks must have been very happy ones for Evelyn. He must have been well aware of how supremely excellent those first chapters were.

To myself, not working at the time and caught up by the movement of a crowded season, it seemed only half a week later when at Underhill my mother said, "Did you know that Evelyn was back?"

"Already? I must ring him up."

I called directly after dinner. She-Evelyn answered. Her voice sounded strange. A sentence or two, and I realized that she was crying. "It's terrible, it's terrible. I can't talk on the telephone. Can I meet you somewhere?" We arranged to have supper at the Gargoyle.

There my sister-in-law told me that she had fallen in love with John Heygate, a young man on the fringe of authorship, and who was currently

employed on the BBC. I had met him once or twice. He was a perfectly pleasant fellow. There was nothing against him: most people liked him, mildly. He was not particularly good-looking. He was not particularly anything.

"How long has this been going on?" I asked.

"It's only just begun."

We were together for close upon two hours. It was one of those long, wandering discussions that keep returning on their tracks.

"How is Evelyn taking it?" I asked.

"It's terrible. He's drinking much too much. It makes him feel ill. And he thinks I'm trying to poison him."

Poor, poor Evelyn, racked by a belladonna hallucination.

"You always seemed so happy together," I said.

"Yes, I suppose I was" — then, after a pause — "but never as happy as I've been with my sisters."

That seemed an extraordinary thing for a wife to say about a husband.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"That's what we've not decided yet."

They did not take long deciding. Within a week Evelyn telephoned to ask if he could come around to see me. He told me that he was going to divorce his wife, and asked me to tell our parents.

"It's going to be a great blow to them," I said.

He laughed wryly. "What about me?" At the end of our talk, he said, "The trouble with the world today is that there's not enough religion in it. There's nothing to stop young people doing whatever they feel like doing at the moment."

I have no doubt that the breakup of his marriage hastened his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith. Recently I wrote and asked Christopher Hollis whether Evelyn had ever discussed the matter with him previously. Hollis replied that he had not, and that when *Vile Bodies* was published in January, 1930, he made, in a letter of congratulation, a lighthearted reference to Father Rothschild. To his surprise Evelyn told him that he was taking a course of instruction. Evelyn was received into the Church that summer.

The divorce was a great shock to my parents, particularly to my mother. My father was distressed primarily on her account. "Your poor mother," he said, "your poor, poor mother." Everyone who discussed it talked of it in terms of her. Only she thought of it in terms of Evelyn.

It was a blow that left a permanent scar on Evelyn. He had given himself to She-Evelyn, and to his marriage, without reservations. He had trusted her completely: he was vulnerable from every angle. He had no armor against her betrayal of his trust. He was too much an artist to indulge a personal resentment in his novels, yet the characters of Tony Last and Charles Ryder show how in-

cessantly the old wound throbbed. His tongue would not have been so sharp, his ripostes so acid, had not that throbbing needed to be assuaged.

The whole thing was tragic, yet even so, it is impossible to doubt that "the divinity that shapes our ends" was serving its own purposes in bringing Evelyn Gardner into Evelyn's life. But for her he might never have begun to write. My mother, who was distrustful of the written word, said more than once, "If it hadn't been for She-Evelyn, he might have designed lovely furniture."

"But Mother dear," I would protest, "think of the books he's written."

"I know, Alec dear, I know, but furniture is so useful; besides, he would have been happier designing furniture."

There she was no doubt right, but the implacable destiny, whose slave he had become, is unconcerned with the individual's happiness. "Half a beast is the great god Pan." Maugham would not have been the writer he became had his marriage been a success. Nor would Evelyn. He made his first trip to Abyssinia in the autumn of 1930; for six years he was on the move. Until his marriage had

been annulled he could not remarry. Those six years of travel gave him the material he needed. He could not have taken a wife upon those travels, certainly not She-Evelyn, who was delicate in health. A novelist to get the material he needs must travel alone or with another man. Had the Evelyns' marriage been a success, he would, with his absorption in the world of fashion, have concentrated on social satires that might well have become brittle and superficial.

Did She-Evelyn subconsciously realize that? Her marriage to John Heygate was short-lived, but she was genuinely in love with him at the beginning. Would she, though, have been prepared to let herself fall in love with him — there is always a point at which one can draw back — had she not felt that since the success of *Decline and Fall* she was cast in the wrong role? The "he-Evelyn, she-Evelyn, 'Orphans of the Storm' Idyll" had been one thing; it was quite another to be the wife, companion, confidante, counselor, and bastion of a great man of letters — the role that Laura Herbert was to fill later, so gladly, so proudly, so lovingly, and with so triumphant a success.

WIGS AND BEARDS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

In the bad old days a bewigged country squire
Would never pay his debts, unless at cards:
Shot, angled, urged his pack through standing grain,
Horsewhipped his tenantry, snorted at the arts,
Topped himself under the table every night,
Blasphemed God with a cropful of Goddamns,
Aired whorehouse French or lame Italian,
Set fashions of pluperfect slovenliness
And claimed seigneurial rights over all women
Who slept, imprudently, under the same roof.

Taxes and wars long ago plowed them under —
"And serve the bastards right" the Beards agree,
Hurling their empties through the café window
And belching loud as they proceed downstairs.
Latter-day bastards of that famous stock,
They never rode a nag, nor gaffed a trout,
Nor winged a pheasant, nor went soldiering,
But remain true to the same hellfire code
In all available particulars
And scorn to pay their debts even at cards.
Moreunder (which is to subtract, not add),
Their ancestors called themselves gentlemen
As they, in the same sense, call themselves artists.

CAPITALISM, SOCIALISM, and the Future of the INDUSTRIAL STATE

by JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

"If we continue to believe that the goals of the modern industrial system and the public policies that serve these goals are coordinate with all of life, then all of our lives will be in the service of these goals," Professor Galbraith warns in this last of three articles based on his forthcoming book THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE, being published this month by Houghton Mifflin. The essays end with a call for energetic political action to assure that society asserts the superior claims of aesthetic over economic goals and of environment over cost.

By its nature the direction of the modern large corporation is a collective, not an individual, function. Decisions are made by groups, not by individuals. That is because technology, planning, and organization all require specialized knowledge. The knowledge of specialists must be combined, and the result is collective authority. It is the authority of amorphous and changing combinations of specialized talent. In this article I want to look a little more broadly at this group authority, to show how it manifests itself not in the firm with capitalist antecedents but in the socialist enterprise. Is it inevitable there? And does it mean that under socialism or Communism one will tend to find the same general structure of organization as in the United States and Western Europe? And where, in this industrial development, are we headed?

We may agree at the outset that since technology and planning and organization are what accord power to the group as distinct from the individual, the group will have a decisive authority wherever technology, planning, and organization are features of the productive process. This is a technical matter; ideology is not involved. If decisions require the information of several or many people, power will pass to the several or many, whatever the proclaimed form of the system.

In the nonsocialist economies, as the firm develops, it becomes necessary to exclude uninformed authority. This, as I have shown in earlier articles, includes the owners. In the 1920s and 1930s and on into the war years, the first Henry Ford insisted on exercising his authority as the sole owner of the Ford Motor Company. It was disastrous. Losses

were enormous; the firm very nearly failed. During the war there was discussion in Washington of having Ford taken over and managed by Studebaker. In the same period, Montgomery Ward suffered somewhat less severely from the similar effort of its chairman, Mr. Sewell Avery. And the creditors of TWA a few years ago made it a condition of their loans that Howard Hughes, the then owner, not exercise his prerogatives as owner. Ford, Avery, and Hughes were not notably stupid men; it was rather that all of these firms had reached the size and technical complexity where group decision-making had to be protected from such interference. Capitalism at its highest development requires there be no capitalist interference. One would expect that a public corporation of similar size and complexity would suffer from similar intervention by cabinet members, politicians, or bureaucrats. But if the latter must be excluded, it means that socialism, similarly, must be without social control. Experience bears out this expectation.

The British, who have a superior instinct for administration, have recognized the need for autonomy for the nationalized industries. These were considerably expanded in number by the Attlee government following World War II. A decisive issue was that of parliamentary questions and comment. If these were allowed on the decisions of nationalized industries, ministers would have to be informed of such decisions in advance. Otherwise they would confess ignorance and imply neglect of duty. But important decisions, those which Parliament would be most likely to be concerned with, turn on complex and technical information. So,

if the minister were to exercise informed judgment, he would need the help of a technical staff. All this being so, responsibility would be removed from the nationalized firm to the ministry. The cost in delayed decision would also be high. So, only if parliamentary intervention were excluded could the firm, and therein the decision-making specialists, act responsibly on questions requiring specialized information. All important questions do. Coal, electricity, gas, road transport, the airlines, and the other publicly owned industries were, in consequence, all accorded such autonomy.

This autonomy is even more necessary for large decisions than for small. And it is large decisions that we call policy decisions. The choice between molecular and atomic reactions for the generation of electricity is a policy decision. It is also grounded in a variety of scientific, technical, economic, and planning judgments. Only a committee, or more precisely, a complex of committees, can combine the knowledge, training, and experience that such a decision requires. So also with the question of whether the North Atlantic should be flown by American or British aircraft. So, in only slightly less measure, the question of how wage scales are to be revised or the railways rationalized. These are the questions on which Parliament would most expect to be consulted. They are among the ones from which it is most decisively excluded. Some years ago Mr. C. A. R. Crosland, the economist and present Minister of Education in the Wilson government, observed that "the public corporation in Britain has not up to the present been in any real sense accountable to Parliament, whose function has been limited to fitful, fragmentary, and largely ineffective *ex post facto* criticism." This is as one would expect.

For most socialists the purpose of socialism is control of productive enterprise by the society. And for democratic socialists this means the legislature. None, or not many, seek socialism so that power can be exercised by an autonomous and untouchable corporation, and yet this is as it must be. It does not matter that the capitalist, the ancient target of the socialist, suffers from the same exclusion and must, like the Rockefellers, Kennedys, and Harrimans, go into politics in order to have power. Not all admit to this change in capitalism. They observe only how little difference nationalization of an industry seems to mean. As A. M. F. Palmer, a socialist commentator, referring to Britain put it a few years ago, "If an intelligent observer from Mars or Venus should come and examine all large contemporary industrial concerns — public or private — as *working enterprises*, he would notice, I suspect, only their overwhelming sameness."

One result is that a large number of socialists have come to feel that public corporations are, by

their nature, and again in Mr. Crosland's words, "remote, irresponsible bodies, immune from public scrutiny or democratic control." And in further consequence, a considerable number have given up the fight for public ownership or accord it only lip service. They have agreed, though few have yet recognized it, that democratic socialism, like vintage capitalism, is the natural victim of modern technology and associated organization and planning.

THERE have been experiments with more aggressive public control which serve to show that this is not an alternative. In India and Ceylon, and also in some of the new African countries, public enterprises have not, as in Britain, been accorded autonomy. Here the democratic socialist prerogative has, in effect, been fully asserted. The right to examine budgets and expenditures, to review policies, and in particular, to question management through the responsible minister on all actions of the public corporation has been reserved to the legislature.

And here, as elsewhere, if the minister is to be questioned, he must have knowledge. He cannot plead that he is uninformed without admitting to being a nonentity, a common enough condition in the politics of all countries but one which can never be treated with candor. Technical personnel in these countries are less experienced than in the countries which were industrialized earlier. Organization is less mature. This leads to error, and it further suggests to parliamentarians and civil servants the need for careful review of decisions by higher and presumably wiser authority. India, in particular, as a legacy of colonial administration has an illusion of official omnipotence which extends to highly technical decisions. Moreover, poverty makes nepotism and favoritism in letting contracts both more tempting and more culpable than in the rich country where jobs are more plentiful and business is easier to come by. This also seems to call for further review. Rigid personnel and civil service requirements may prevent the easy constitution and reconstitution of groups with information relevant to changing problems.

The effect in these countries of this denial of autonomy has been exceedingly inefficient operations by the public firms. Delay occasioned by review of decisions has added its special dimensions of cost. In business operations a wrong decision can often be reversed at little cost when the error becomes evident. But the cost of a delayed decision — in terms of men and capital that stand idle awaiting the decision — can never be retrieved.

Social control naturally bears with particular effect on two decisions which are of great popular interest — on the prices to be charged to the public

and the wages to be paid to workers. Its effect is to keep prices lower and wages higher than the more authoritarian corporations in the advanced countries would ever allow. This is no good fortune. It eliminates net earnings and therewith this source of savings. The poor country, which most needs capital, is thus denied the source of capital on which the rich countries most rely. In India and Ceylon nearly all publicly owned corporations operate at a loss. The situation is similar in other new countries. (One of the sometime exceptions, it is interesting to notice, is the publicly owned airline. It usually claims for itself an autonomy that other public corporations do not have. One possible reason is that public officials are among the principal clients and sense the personal danger in denying airline management the requisite autonomy.)

The poor showing of democratic socialism has, on the whole, been one of the great disappointments of these last years in countries where there has been a concern for industrial development. And the reason rests not with socialism as such, but with the effort to combine socialist industrial management with democracy. It is part of the modern faith that democracy is both good and omnipotent. Like the family, truth, and sound personal hygiene, it is always above doubt. But it cannot be brought to bear on the decisions of the modern large-scale industrial enterprise. By its nature, this is an autarchy of its managers and technicians.

IF AUTONOMY is necessary for the effective performance by the firm, it should be needed also in the Soviet-type economies. The requirement begins with the need to combine the specialized information of different men. This need, to repeat, cannot be dispensed with by any ideology.

The need for autonomy in the Soviet firm could, however, be somewhat less, for its functions are far fewer than those of an American enterprise of comparable size in a similar industry. That is because many of the planning functions performed by the American or European firm are, in the Soviet-type economy, performed by the state. The large American corporation sets its prices, organizes the demand for its products, establishes or negotiates prices for its raw materials and components, takes steps to ensure supply, and establishes or negotiates rates for various categories of trained and specialized employees. In the U.S.S.R. these tasks are all performed by the state planning apparatus. Production and investment targets, which are established by the American firm for itself, are also given to the Soviet firm, though with some flexibility in application, by the state.

In consequence, the organization of the Soviet

firm is far simpler than that of its American or British counterpart. There are no comparable sales, merchandising, dealer relations, product planning, procurement planning, or industrial relations departments. Most of the top positions are held by engineers. This is in keeping with the much greater preoccupation of the Soviet Union with technical as distinct from planning functions.

Nonetheless, the Soviet firm sets considerable and increasing store by its autonomy. There are two major sources of outside interference in the Soviet Union — the state planning apparatus and the Communist Party.¹ Soviet economic literature recurrently warns against bureaucratic interference with the operations of the firm. As Professor Ely Devons, a noted British authority, concluded in an article in *The Listener* in 1957:

The Russians have learnt by experience that you cannot have responsible and efficient action at the level of the firm with continuous intervention and instruction from numerous outside authorities. Conflicting instructions from outside give the manager innumerable excuses for failure; waste and inefficiency may result from a serious attempt to run the firm from a distance. Every argument for delegation, decentralization, and devolution used in discussions about business administration in the West is echoed, although in a different jargon, in Russia. And the case for such devolution has been pressed with increasing emphasis as Russian industry has grown and become more complex.

Soviet plant managers, from my own experience, do not hesitate to stress both their need for autonomy and also their past difficulties in this regard. And on the other side, managements, especially those of large firms, have often been condemned for excessive independence — for behaving as “feudal lords” above the law. In the Soviet Union the most important medium of social comment after poetry is the novel; one of the half dozen most discussed works since World War II has been Vladimir Dudintsev’s defense of the small, independent inventor against the mindless bureaucracy of the great metal *combinat* in his book *Not by Bread Alone*. The author’s affections are in close harmony with those of the American who, in the tradition of Brandeis, argues for the genius of the small entrepreneur as against the stolid, unimaginative behavior of the great corporation. Both have more support from humane instinct than reality. Neither sees that modern technology makes essential the machinery for mobilizing specialized knowledge. It might also be added that Dudintsev’s inventor

¹ I have drawn here not only on the vast literature of Soviet planning but on fairly extensive firsthand observation, in the spring of 1959 and more briefly in the summer of 1964. I am extensively grateful to Soviet economists and plant managers for help and hospitality.

would never have got the Soviet astronauts into space.

The position of the Communist Party Secretary — the second source of interference — is also predictably difficult. This man enters the plant hierarchy horizontally, as a member of the staff or working force, and is still subject to the external authority of the Party. If he participates as a member of the decision-making group, he naturally becomes responsible for its decisions, and therefore he is no longer the independent agent of the Party. If he does not participate, he no longer knows what is going on. If he is too good a source of information, and here I quote from a distinguished authority, Professor Joseph S. Berliner, "He may be raised in party rank but . . . then he will not be able to find out what is going on in the plant. Nobody will have any confidence in him." Professor David Granick, another authority, concludes that the relationship of the party official is "an uneasy compromise." Given the imperatives of group decision and the group's need to protect itself from outside intervention, we see that this is the plausible result.

So, it seems likely that the Soviet resolution of the problem of authority in the industrial enterprise is not so different from that in the West. Like that of the shareholder in the United States or Britain, the authority of the people and party is celebrated in public ritual. They are pictured as paramount, as the stockholder is with us. But in practice, as with us, extensive and increasing power of final decision is vested in the enterprise.

The trend to decentralization, so called, in the Soviet and other Eastern European countries reflects this growing autonomy. It accords to the firm greater authority over prices, individual wage rates, production targets, investment, and other uses of its earnings. Among the more eager or anxious friends of the price system in the United States, this trend has been widely hailed as reflecting a return to the market. The celebration is premature. The large Soviet firm is not being made subject to uncontrolled prices, unmanaged demand, or to the market prices for its labor or raw materials. Given the level of technology, the related commitment of time and capital, this would no more be possible in the U.S.S.R. than in the United States. The Soviet firm through decentralization is being given some of the planning functions that Western corporations have long performed. This reflects the need of the Soviet firm to have more of the instruments for successful operation under its own authority. There is no tendency for the Soviet and the Western systems to converge under the authority of the market. Both have outgrown that. What exists is a very important convergence to the same form of planning under the authority of the business firm. I want now to reflect on the meaning of

this development — on the question, Where does all this lead?

For some of these consequences — the effect on government, education, urban life, the prospect for leisure and toil, the future of the unions, the evolution of what I have called the educational and scientific estate, and the effect of fewer workers and more educators on politics — I must refer the reader to *The New Industrial State*, to be published this month. But though I cannot be exhaustive, I must sketch some broad conclusions here.

In the latter part of the last century and the early decades of this, no subject was more discussed than the future of capitalism. Economists, men of unspecific wisdom, political philosophers, knowledgeable ecclesiastics, and George Bernard Shaw all contributed their personal revelation. All agreed that the economic system was in a state of development and in time would transform itself into something hopefully better but certainly different. Socialists drew strength from the belief that theirs was the plausible next step in the natural process of change.

Now the future of the modern industrial economy is not much discussed. The prospect for agriculture is still subject to debate; it is assumed to be in a process of transition. So are the chances for the small businessman. But General Motors is an ultimate achievement. One does not wonder where he is going if he has already arrived. That there will be no further change in institutions that are themselves a result of such vast change is highly implausible. The future of the modern industrial system is not discussed, partly because of the influence it exercises over our belief. We agree that unions, the churches, airplanes, and the Congress lack absolute perfection. The modern corporation, however, is a perfected structure. So it has won exemption from speculation as to how it might be improved.

Additionally, to consider its future is to fix attention on where it already is. Among the least attractive phrases in the American business lexicon are planning, government control, and socialism. To consider the chance for these in the future is to bring home the extent to which they are already a fact. The government influences industrial prices and wages, regulates demand, supplies the decisive factor of production, which is trained manpower, underwrites much technology, and provides the markets for products of highest technical sophistication. In the formally planned economies of Eastern Europe, the role of the state is not startlingly different. And these things have arrived, at a minimum with the acquiescence, and at a maximum at the demand, of private enterprise itself.

The next step will be a general recognition of the convergent tendencies of modern industrial systems, even though differently billed as socialism or capitalism. And we must also assume that this is a good

thing. In time it will dispose of the notion of inevitable conflict based on irreconcilable difference. This difference is still cherished by the ideologists on both sides. To Marxists, the evolution here described, and most notably the replacement of capitalist power by that of technical organization, is unacceptable. Marx did not foresee it, and Marx has always been required by his disciples to have had the supernatural power of foreseeing everything for all time — although some alterations are allowed on occasion in what he is thought to have seen. And ideologists in the West who speak for the unbridgeable gulf that divides the free from the Communist world are protected by a similar theology, supported in many cases by a rather proud immunity to intellectual influences. But these positions can survive the evidence only for a time. Men lose their resistance when they realize that they are coming to look retarded or old-fashioned. Vanity is a great force for intellectual modernization.

The modern planned economy requires that the state underwrite its more sophisticated and risky technology. The weapons competition provides the rationale for much of this underwriting at the present time. This competition depends, in its turn, on the notion of irreconcilable hostility based on irreconcilable difference between economic systems. But the fact is convergence. The conclusion follows and by no especially elaborate chain of reasoning. The difference between economic systems, from which the assumption of hostility and conflict derives, does not exist. What exists is an image adhered to on both sides that serves the underwriting of technology. And very obviously, there are other ways of underwriting technology.

To bring the weapons competition to an end will not be easy. But it contributes to this goal, one trusts, to realize that the economic premises on which it rests are not real. None of this disposes of different attitudes on intellectual and cultural freedom and the First Amendment. I set rather high store by these. But these have been thought to be partially derivative of the economic systems.

PRIVATE enterprise has anciently been so described because it was subordinate to the market and those in command derived their power from the ownership of private property. The modern corporation is no longer subordinate to the market; those who guide it no longer depend on ownership for their authority. They must have autonomy within a framework of goals. But this allows them to work intimately with the public bureaucracy and, indeed, to perform tasks for the bureaucracy that it cannot do, or cannot do as well, for itself. In consequence, for tasks of technical sophistication, there is

a close fusion, as we have seen, of the modern industrial system with the state. As I have earlier observed, the line that now divides public from so-called private organization in military procurement, space exploration, and atomic energy is so indistinct as to be nearly imperceptible. Men move easily across the line. Technicians from government and corporations work constantly together. On retirement, admirals and generals and high civil servants go more or less automatically to government-related industries. One close and experienced observer, Professor Murray L. Weidenbaum, a former employee of Boeing, has called this the “seminationalized” branch of the economy.

He is speaking of firms which do all or a large share of their business with the government. But most large firms do a substantial share of their business with the state. And they are as dependent on the state as the weapons firms for the other supports to their planning. It requires no great exercise of imagination to suppose that the mature corporation, as it develops, will eventually become a part of the larger administrative complex with the state. In time the line between the two will largely disappear. Men will marvel at the thin line that once caused people to refer to General Electric, Westinghouse, or Boeing as *private* business.

Although this recognition will not be universally welcomed, it will be healthy. And if the mature corporation is recognized to be part of the state or some penumbra of the state, it cannot plead its inherently private character, or its subordination to the market, as cover for the pursuit of goals of primary interest to its own guiding organization. It can be expected to accept public goals in matters of aesthetics, health and safety, and general social tranquillity that are not inconsistent with its survival. The public bureaucracy has an unquestioned tendency to pursue its own goals and reflect its own interest and convenience. But it cannot plead this as a right. So with the corporation as its essentially public character comes to be accepted.

Other changes can be imagined. As the public character of the mature corporation comes to be recognized, attention will doubtless focus on the position of the shareholder. This is already anomalous. A shareholder is a passive and functionless figure, remarkable only in his capacity to participate, without effort or even, given the planning, without risk, in the gains of the growth by which the directing organization now measures its success. No grant of feudal privilege in history ever equaled, for effortless return, that of the American grandparent who thoughtfully endowed his descendants with a thousand shares each of General Motors and IBM. But I do not need to pursue these matters here. Questions of equity as between the accidentally rich have their own special expertise.

Some will insist that the world of the modern large firm is not the whole economy. At the opposite pole from General Motors and Standard Oil is the world of the independent shopkeeper, farmer, shoe repairman, bookmaker, narcotics peddler, pizza merchant, streetwalker, and owner of the car and dog laundry. Here prices are not controlled. Here the consumer is sovereign. Here pecuniary motivation is unimpaired. Here technology is simple, and there is no research or development to make it otherwise. Here there are no government contracts; independence from the state, the narcotics trade and prostitution possibly apart, is a reality. But one should cherish his critics and protect them where possible from foolish error. The tendency of the great corporation in the modern industrial system to become part of the administrative complex of the state cannot be refuted by appeal to the contrary tendencies of the miniscule enterprise.

THE two questions most asked about an economic system are whether it serves man's physical needs and whether it is consistent with his liberty and general happiness. There is little doubt as to the ability of the modern industrial system to supply man with goods — it is able to manage consumer demand only because it supplies it so abundantly. Wants would not be subject to management or manipulation had they not been first dulled by sufficiency. In the United States, as in other advanced countries, there are many poor people. But they are not to be found within the part of the economy with which we are here concerned. That these articles do not deal with poverty does not mean, incidentally, that I am unaware of its existence.

The prospect for liberty is far more interesting. It has always been imagined, especially by conservatives, that to associate all, or a large part, of economic activity with the state is to endanger freedom. The individual in one way or another will be sacrificed to the convenience of the political and economic power so conjoined. As the modern industrial system evolves into a penumbra of the state, the question of its relation to liberty thus arises in urgent form. In recent years in the Soviet Union and in the Soviet-type economies, there has been a poorly concealed conflict between the state and the intellectuals. It has been between those who speak for the needs of the state and its disciplines, as economic planner and producer of goods, and those who assert the higher claims of intellectual and artistic expression. Is this a warning to us?

The instinct which warns of dangers in this association of economic and public power is quite sound. Unhappily, those who warn look in the wrong place. They have feared that the state might

reach out and destroy the vigorous moneymaking entrepreneur. They have not noticed that, all the while, the successors to this vintage hero have been uniting themselves ever more closely with the state and rejoicing in the result. With equal enthusiasm, they have been accepting drastic abridgement of their own freedom. This is partly the price of organized activity. But they were also losing freedom in the precise pattern of classical expectation. The officers of Republic Aviation, which does all of its business with the United States government, are no more likely in public to speak critically of some nonsense perpetrated by the Air Force than is the head of a Soviet *combinat* of the ministry to which he reports. No Ford executive will ever fight Washington as did Henry I. No head of Montgomery Ward will ever again breathe defiance of a President as did Sewell Avery in the age of Roosevelt. Manners may be involved here. But most would state the truth: "Too much is now at stake!"

But the problem is not the freedom of the businessman. It can be laid down as a general rule that those who speak most of liberty least use what they have. The businessman who praises it most is a disciplined organization man. The retired general who now lectures on the threat of Communist regimentation was invariably a martinet who relished an existence in accordance with military regulations. The Secretary of State who speaks most feelingly of the free world most admires the fine conformity of his own thought.

The greater danger is in the subordination of belief to the needs of the modern industrial system. As this persuades us on the goods we buy, and as it persuades us on the public policies that are necessary for its planning, so it also accommodates us to its goals and values. These are that technology is always good; that economic growth is always good; that firms must always expand; that consumption of goods is the principal source of happiness; that idleness is wicked; and that nothing should interfere with the priority we accord to technology, growth, and increased consumption.

If we continue to believe that the goals of the modern industrial system and the public policies that serve these goals are coordinate with all of life, then all of our lives will be in the service of these goals. What is consistent with these ends we shall have or be allowed; all else will be off limits. Our wants will be managed in accordance with the needs of the industrial system; the state in civilian and military policy will be heavily influenced by industrial need; education will be adapted to similar need; the discipline required by the industrial system will be the conventional morality of the community. All other goals will be made to seem precious, unimportant, or antisocial. We will be the mentally indentured servants of the industrial

system. This will be the benign servitude of the household retainer who is taught to love her master and mistress and believe that their interests are her own. But it is not exactly freedom.

If, on the other hand, the industrial system is seen to be only a part, and as we grow wealthier, a diminishing part, of life, there is much less occasion for concern. Aesthetic goals will have pride of place; those who serve them will not be subject to the goals of the industrial system; the industrial system itself will be subordinate to the claims of larger dimensions of life. Intellectual preparation will be for its own sake and not merely for the better service to the industrial system. Men will not be entrapped by the belief that apart from the production of goods and income by progressively more advanced technical methods there is nothing much in life. Then, over time, we may come to see industrial society as a technical arrangement for providing convenient goods and services in adequate volume. Those who rise through its hierarchy will so see themselves. And the public consequences will be in keeping. For if economic goals are the only goals of the society, the goals of the industrial system will dominate the state. If industrial goals are not the only goals, other purposes will be pursued.

Central among these other purposes is the aesthetic dimension of life. It is outside the scope of the modern industrial system. And that is why the industrial system tends to dismiss aesthetic considerations as precious and impractical and to condemn their proponents as "aesthetes."

The conflict arises in three forms. First and simply, there is the conflict between beauty and industrial efficiency. It is cheaper to have power lines march across the fields; to have highways take the most direct route through countryside or villages or towns or cities; or to allow jet aircraft to ignore the tranquillity of those below; or to pour industrial refuse into the air or into the water.

Next, there is a conflict between the artist and organization. Scientists and engineers can specialize; artists cannot. Accordingly, the organization which accommodates the specialist, though right for the engineer or scientist, is wrong for the artist. The artist does badly as an organization man; the organization does badly by the artist. So the artist tends to stand outside the modern industrial system; and it responds, naturally enough, by minimizing the importance of the aesthetic concerns it cannot easily embrace.

Finally, some important forms of artistic expression require a framework of order. This is notably

true of structural and landscape architecture and urban design. It is order rather than the intrinsic merit of their buildings which accounts for the charm of Georgetown or Bloomsbury or Haussman's boulevards. Not even the Taj Mahal would be terribly attractive between two gasoline stations and surrounded by neon signs. Individuals, nevertheless, could have served better their economic interest by rejecting Haussman's designs or by getting a Shell franchise adjacent to the Taj.

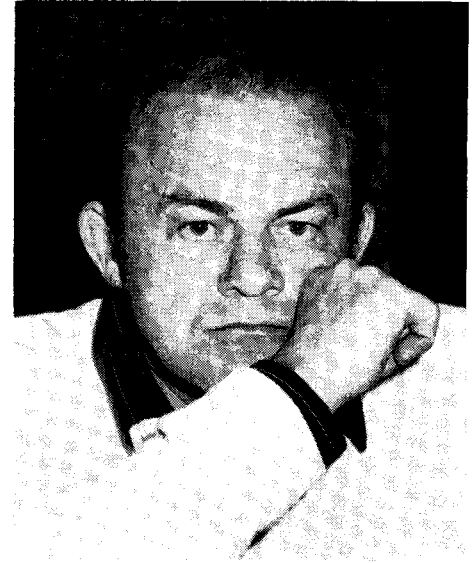
The need is to subordinate economic to aesthetic goals — to sacrifice efficiency, including the efficiency of organization, to beauty. Nor must there be any nonsense about beauty paying in the long run. It need not pay. The requisite order will also require strong action by the state. Because of the abdication of this function in the interest of economic goals, no city, some noncommercial capitals apart, built since the Industrial Revolution attracts any particular admiration. And millions flock to admire ancient and medieval cities where, as a matter of course, such order was provided. The liberalism which allowed every individual and every entrepreneur to build as he wished was faster, more adaptable, and more efficient, and accommodated site better to need, than anything that could be provided under a "controlled" environment. But the aesthetic effect was at best undistinguished, and more often it was ghastly.

The change in goals and values which is here required is aided by the fact that the modern industrial system is intellectually demanding. It brings into existence, to serve its technical and scientific and other intellectual needs, a very large community of educated men and women. Hopefully this community will, in turn, reject the monopoly of social purpose by the industrial system.

But the rewards of time and understanding can also be hastened and enlarged by energetic political action. It is through the state that the society must assert the superior claims of aesthetic over economic goals and particularly of environment over cost. It is to the state that we must look for freedom of individual choice as to toil; for a balance between liberal education and the technical training that primarily serves the industrial system; and it is for the state to reject images of international politics that underwrite technology but at the price of unacceptable danger. If the state is to serve these ends, the scientific and educational estate and the larger intellectual community must be aware of their power and their opportunity and they must use them. There is no one else.

The three ATLANTIC essays on THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE by Professor John Kenneth Galbraith have been combined into a single reprint. For an individual free copy or the price of bulk copies, write to the Reprint Department, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass., 02116.

BOOKS and MEN *A lot happens in James Jones's new book in many places, including numerous beds, but the healthiest things happen underwater. So decided Mr. Sheed in reading the latest novel of the author of FROM HERE TO ETERNITY and relating it to the rest of Jones's work. Mr. Sheed, London-born and Oxford-educated, is both a critic and author of several novels, the latest of which is OFFICE POLITICS. He lives in New Jersey.*



THE JONES BOY FOREVER

by WILFRID SHEED

WITH most writers, once you've said the book is bad you've said all there is to say; but with James Jones, you have barely begun at that point. For Jones is the king of the good-bad writers, those writers who seem to be interesting by mistake and in spite of themselves, and whose motto might well be E. B. White's advice to James Thurber concerning his drawings — to wit: "if you become any good, you'll be mediocre."

Technically, there is little danger of Jones's ever becoming any good. His prose, struggle manfully with it though he may, remains a sneer-and-grin, pulp-fiction prose. His philosophical disquisitions sound like second-drawer reform-school bull sessions. His dialogue is wooden and undifferentiated, to the point where you can scarcely tell the girls from the boys. And to make assurance doubly sure, he seems to have passed beyond the reach of normal editorial protection against himself.

His new book, *Go to the Widow-Maker*, contains easily his worst writing to date. "He listened to the radio picking his teeth" might happen to anybody. But how about three "agitatedlys" and one "agitated" in the course of a page and a half ("Agitatedly, Bonham motioned . . . agitatedly he motioned . . . motioned Grant violently . . . agitated finger")? Or the four "roars" in a space of eleven lines? His people are never allowed to laugh; they must always "roar with laughter." And, sure sign of second-class matter, each must carry an identifying phrase wherever he goes, like a dog tag: the girl with the "champagne-colored hair," the man with the "dirty cop's grin." One

Photograph of James Jones by Torrini.

poor wight, clearly in the author's bad books, is forever saying things "in his brutal fashion," even when he is only asking for the salt. And so on — enough to make any agitated reader roar violently. Or, to use another Jonesism, "the irrationality of it was insane."

It has always been easy to make fun of Jones on this level, especially when his publisher allows him to go out with his buttons undone like this. Jones is a real literary primitive (unlike Norman Mailer, who can turn it on and off), and as such he is a natural butt for the smoothies; he has also made a rather tasteless amount of money, which is an offense to all pious people.

Yet the body of his work amounts to something, and this very fact thrusts him ahead of his betters and earns him at least some of his money. Even his new book amounts to something, within this corpus (by itself it is almost worthless). His vulnerability includes a vulnerability to experience, which many of his tight-faced competitors lack, but that by itself would not be enough — we have had our fill of absorbent writers over the years. What Jones adds to it (besides impressive and easy-to-miss gifts for construction and process descriptions) is that rarest of blessings or curses, a private obsession that picks up echoes elsewhere, an obsession of public value.

This quasi-prophetic gift enabled him to write a first-rate book about World War II which was not even about World War II: *From Here to Eternity* was concerned with small-time brutality in the peacetime army, yet it said more about the war

than all the painstaking combat novels put together. Then when Jones got on to the war itself, in *The Thin Red Line*, his crazy gift produced a universal book about the texture of war everywhere.

Thus, any book he writes, even an apparently trashy one, must be approached with respectful caution. We want to know if his obsession is still in working order, and whether it can ever be harnessed to peaceful use. So far, his peace-writing has kept one foot stubbornly in the war, but in this perhaps he still carries his generation with him. In any event, his books must be read all of a piece.

GO TO THE WIDOW-MAKER only makes sense if we read it as the further adventures of the Jones enlisted man who began life in *From Here to Eternity* and was forged and twisted into adulthood in *The Thin Red Line*. Let us suppose that one of these worthies, sprawled on his bunk at Pearl, has just been handed his discharge papers and a check for a million dollars — possibly for a best-selling novel that he has pecked out in his spare time.

What does he do first? Well, he drinks and screws himself insensible, of course, this being his professional reaction to money. But when he comes to, there is the million dollars still standing there with hardly a dent in it. The money is banked, he is chained to it. So the Jones man starts on his travels. Hung over and neurasthenic from combat, he makes a stern effort to pull himself together. What do you *do* with civilian life anyway? What is it for? The trouble is that his chief experience of it up to now has been in the form of military leave — anonymous hell-raising with faceless girls in nameless hotels. This he will keep slipping back into with relief, treating whatever town he happens to be in like occupied territory; but there is no army to return to now, no frame to his debauchery, and no justification for it. An endless shore leave is a pretty fair version of hell. But what else is there to do?

The Jones man is essentially a vagrant, which means that his life has been a compound of freedom and feckless dependency. The army is the ideal nest for him, a place where he can wave his finger at authority and lean on it at the same time. In civilian life, he can still wave a finger at “them,” and there is a lot of vague talk in the later Jones about the statesmen and politicians and the people who are running everything, but it is just talk now. His problem is too much freedom, not too little, and how to get through the day on his own devices.

In the turgid pages of *Some Came Running* he manages to find fault with every segment of society that might possibly help him to pass the time, in-

cluding the writing fraternity and the returned-enlisted-man fraternity, his two natural sanctuaries. He also despises the bourgeois ascendancy, which leaves him no place much to go except the local saloon. He doesn’t need a job, and for reasons which may become clear as we go along, he isn’t looking for a wife and family. So those obvious points of connection are also bypassed.

In fact, the only social unit of any use to him is the local schoolteacher, Miss Guinevere French, a thirty-five-year-old virgin, whom he characteristically takes for a nymphomaniac. Guinevere represents “class” and authority, and it becomes his ambition to debauch her and master the civilian community that way; rather like Sergeant Warden, evening scores with the officer class via cuckoldry, in *From Here to Eternity*.

In the end, the mother-virgin eludes him, and his problem goes unsolved. He doesn’t get rolled, he gets himself arbitrarily shot — a classic release from the toils of freedom. But the Jones man doesn’t really die: the death is a fake, a stage shooting. He turns up again immediately in the form of one of Guinevere’s pupils named Wally Dennis, who finds his way into a Korean foxhole. Yet even this doesn’t quite satisfy: because we sense that with a million dollars in his pocket, the Jones man wasn’t going to join no war and have his ass shot off.

Go to the Widow-Maker, his second civilian novel, offers a more likely solution. In this, the Jones man has reconstructed a military situation for himself which permits him to remain a vagrant. He has put himself in the hands of a patroness called Carol Abernathy, who runs his life for him, browbeating him like a sergeant and permitting him the occasional severely limited spree, or leave: performing, by the by, the part of the traditional American wife and mother, steering her boy through the complexities of civilian life and giving him something to rail at impotently.

As *Go to the Widow-Maker* opens, the Jones man is attempting to get his discharge from this woman, and thus indirectly to rid himself of the last vestiges of the war, for which Carol Abernathy has been surrogate. He is now Ron Grant, America’s greatest living playwright, but he has never engaged society firsthand. Mrs. Abernathy runs a tight little seminary for celebrity-writers, celebrity-clerics, and Ron Grant has been a model pupil. Mrs. Abernathy’s hold on Grant would be quite incomprehensible if we had nothing to go on but this book. She is presented as a hysterical shrew with failing powers, too repulsive even for pity. After fourteen years, Grant has found nothing to like about her; in fact, he has found out nothing about her at all. For a great playwright, his reading of this woman’s character is astoundingly superficial.

Hence, the drama of his break with her is no drama at all. He seems to be writhing in invisible chains — why doesn't he just walk out? Jones throws in some movie-nightmare stuff about Carol Abernathy dressed as death, visiting him in sleep, but this doesn't seem to help; like so much in the book, it is half-baked, arbitrary. Or — Jones's new vice — literary.

The real bones of the novel must be dug for in the earlier books. Grant doesn't just walk out on his patroness any more than Prewitt just walked out on the army. One of the dominant themes in *From Here to Eternity* is the horrid fascination with re-enlistment, with becoming a thirty-year man. The characters hate the army with every ounce of their strength, and yet contrive ways to be trapped by it — like Grant tying up his money with Mrs. Abernathy. The Jones man does not change his style easily.

And was Carol Abernathy, the authority-woman, always such a bitch? There is reason to guess that she once showed a fair face like a recruiting poster; for surely she is related to Gwen French, the virginal schoolteacher in *S.C.R.*, who attracted the Jones man so powerfully when he first got back to America. Carol Abernathy has gone the Fiedler route from virgin to bitch, and Grant can, of course, no longer remember the virgin part at all. Yet even here he shows his old tendency to re-enlist: for his escape from Carol Abernathy is taken in the *Widow-Maker* by way of a new girl who shows, by her moodiness and incipient hysteria, every sign of becoming another Carol Abernathy herself.

If there were any sign at all that Jones knew what he was doing, this might be quite a useful theme. But the book is written in a spirit of misguided triumphalism, as if the Jones man had really come to the end of his travels. The new girl, one Lucky Vivendi, is apotheosized in the text as something between Sophia Loren and Bernard Shaw — her "sophisticated wit" always has the table in a roar (although the few samples sound more like Marjorie Main than anyone else); her beauty is inventoried endlessly, and everyone she meets is reduced to a simpering pulp by it.

Jones says in an introductory note that he is trying to tell a beautiful love story. But the Jones man has as much trouble with women as with any aspect of civilian life. Outside of an ecstatic enumeration of ruttings, and hoarse exclamations of pride over her peerless beauty, he doesn't know what to do with his prize. As in *A Farewell to Arms*, the love affair is essentially static, as far advanced on the first page as the last. It can only progress, like a P. G. Wodehouse romance, by way of outer mechanisms, the most obvious being jealousy, of which there is a surfeit. The Jones man must always be fretting about whether he

has got hold of a whore, partly because, as a foreign soldier on leave, he simply doesn't know, and partly because he hasn't learned anything else to judge a woman by. Does she or doesn't she? is the only question you learn in the barracks, or have time to apply outside. And we know that the void between them will be filled with trouble when, fourteen years on, he understands his new woman as little as he understood his old one.

Part of Lucky's attractiveness to him is an indefinable "classiness" (totally indefinable to the reader), and this is another old theme of Jones's which emerges more muddled than ever in this book. Ron Grant is variously described as coming from a good old family and as being a coarse-grained oaf. But what significance Jones attaches to these revelations it is hard to say. A vague and meaningless note of snobbery is struck from time to time as the author addresses himself to the cruder characters. But with what object? The Jones man is now presented as an aristocratic plebeian who has it both ways and neither way. Class is another aspect of the civilian scene that the Jones man doesn't know what to do with — though, as with marriage and work, he feels he ought to do *something*.

Again, all this is meaningless outside the larger context. But if we remember that the Jones man was lowered a class by being a soldier and then raised a class by being a celebrity (as it were, by joining the clergy), we understand his concern with the question. One day a bum, the next a lord; but both the demotion and the promotion have occurred outside the normal social structure, so he never really knows what has happened. He only knows that it seems to be important.

To gauge the hero's complete alienation from social forms, meditate a moment on the following passage. The setting is a party of allegedly sophisticated people which the sophisticated Lucky has graced with her regal attendance: "Now dressed to the teeth with full make-up and a simple sheath dress, and those magnificent tits and that high, back-switching ass below the champagne hair, Lucky had every man in the house breathing hot through his nose and with one hand in his pocket to finger himself tentatively through the cloth." That must have been some fancy party, boss.

The truth is that the Jones man never stays in one place long enough to get the customs down right. His nonexistent regiment is always leaving, and besides, it always turns out he was too drunk to notice much. To make matters worse, he now goes everywhere as a celebrity, and has grown inured to rather special treatment. When his diving instructor (the occasion for the book is skin diving, and we'll get around to that in a moment) tells him what a superb, brave pupil he is, he accepts it as his

simple due, just as the Emperor Nero might in taking bows at the Olympic Games. When he stays at a hotel whose owner caters only to celebrities, he becomes swiftly smitten by this sleazy little sycophant and regards him at once as a deep true friend. It is not for nothing that Jones is called the Hemingway of the fifties and sixties. In this world of the phony compliment and the padded bill, it would take a sharper or colder eye than the Jones man's to sort things out.

The parasitic celebrity-world might have made a good theme too (though we've been there before) if Jones had known that that was his subject. But as Buckminster Fuller says, a fish is the last one to notice water, and most of these revelations are inadvertent.

WHAT Jones apparently thinks he is writing about is a man's search for courage in the blue waters of the Caribbean. And this is where the book goes seriously wrong. Not simply because the courage business is once again "literary," a standard OK "theme," although it is all of that, but because it leads him at last to a false and uncharacteristic position vis-à-vis his own material.

That Grant is a coward, in the first place, is something we simply have to take on faith. The author keeps telling us that he is one, but is so loath to admit anything really bad about his hero that the cowardice has no moral soil to grow in: it is an isolated freak. Once again, Jones tries to get by with that creaking device, the bad dream—in this case a dream about a *big fish!*—which he exorcises, of course, by going fishing.

To find what is really eating Grant we must return one last time to *The Thin Red Line*, where he catalogued every last variety of fear, possibly before closing the book on it forever. Grant's special brand no doubt reposes there. But by now, he has forgotten all he knew: that courage is accidental, circumstantial, glandular; that you may have it in the morning and lose it in the afternoon; that it may share all the same symptoms as fear, and the same neurotic base—all this exquisite sophistication in the field has been planed down to a simple pop psychology assertion. Q. Why does a man have to prove his courage? A. Because as a boy he was impressed by the size of his father's member. That, for a 600-page book about courage, would have to be called a pretty flat conclusion.

But Grant is beside himself about it and carries on as follows: "I think the whole world is all like that. Russians, Chinese, Americans; Presidents, Prime Ministers, everybody. All of them trying so hard to grow up to Dad's, Dad's thing." So far, barrack-room spitballing. But it gets worse. "So they take refuge in bravery. It becomes important

to be brave. It is more important to them to be brave than to be anything. Only by being brave can they be what they think—hope—is manly, a man. *No other way.* Bravery. That proves they're men. [Got that?] So they make up games . . . Politics, war, football, polo, explorers. Skindiving. Shark-shooting. All to be brave. All to be men." Over and out.

As a survey of world events, this pretty much defies comment. As I get it, if Daddy had only looked more shrewdly to his buttons, we wouldn't need politics, exploration, or even polo. Well, OK. You don't argue with a man like that, you just find another bar.

What is serious in terms of Jones's development is this sudden about-face regarding the active life in general. The lumping together of war and skin diving might be acceptable from a city-bred intellectual who can't see without his glasses. But Jones is a sportsman who understands and enjoys the world of violence. He would not write about it so well otherwise. And he knows enough to make distinctions. He knows, for openers, the difference between war and skin diving. He knows in his bones that it is no bad thing for a man to test his courage against nature. He knows also that the pleasure of danger-sports, from skin diving to mountain climbing, is much more subtle and various than a simple testing and retesting of manhood. One might add that the desire to prove one's courage is far from the universal phenomenon that Jones suggests—most of us would be delighted to escape such tests indefinitely, and can only be forced or goaded into them; Jones knew this when he wrote the *T.R.L.*

"It's like they're [the skin divers] not men. *Any* of them. They're small boys playing that they're men." This is the schoolmarm talking, not the real Jones man. He has been sold a bill of goods about sports, maturity, and so forth, but it sits ill with him. After all, his creator has just written a long book glorifying the hunting of fish, and it is morally phony for him to disown this pastime completely on the last few pages. Jones himself must know that he doesn't write so well about gentler pursuits: he owes some loyalty to his best material. So Grant just mumbles this stuff about polo—it isn't a Jones truth, and there isn't much he can do with it, but he does the best he can.

Actually, the healthiest things that happen in the book are the ones that take place underwater. Jones tries to draw a ham-handed parallel between the killing of fish and the predatoriness of people on land, but it doesn't work. The sea behavior may be disapproved on principle, but in execution it is brave, cooperative, a full use of one's powers; the land behavior is idle, mischievous, degenerative.

The trouble is that Lucky Vivendi disapproves

of the sea behavior; and in submitting his soul to a new authority, the Jones man has no recourse but to bend his will on the point, for the time being at least. Lucky, however, is not altogether a real person; she is also a well-thumbed copy of *Love and Death in the American Novel* by Leslie Fiedler or some other psycholiterary text.

For Jones has always been the quintessential specimen of Fiedler's thesis: he is lyrical about male companionship and always sourly grateful to escape to it; his women are whores or saints, and in neither case is a real relationship with them possible; and violence and death still constitute the best lay of all. The suspended sexuality and banked-up sadism of the soldier make the perfect paradigm of Fiedler's American novelist. In *Go to the Widow-Maker*, Jones is trying most energetically to shake this role.

He may or may not have read Fiedler's intimidating book; but he can hardly have escaped its influence, any more than any other American novelist can. At least Lucky Vivendi seems to have read it, for she calls Grant a half-fag every time he goes out with the boys, until she has him saying it too, and she is suitably baleful about violence and death as rivals.

She herself could have been constructed with half an eye on Fiedler, for she is neither a virgin nor a whore, but a good-bad girl, or adult. Jones seems unaware as yet that an adult relationship can transcend these categories altogether. But he is aware of all too many other things. Jones is what Fiedler calls a mythopoeic writer, and the era of self-consciousness has played hob with mythopoeic writers. Jones cannot be himself right now. His natural story, the one that he tells in spite of himself, would play right into the Fiedlerians' hands: so he has to tell it "knowingly" and twist it when necessary.

Essentially Carol Abernathy is the virgin gone rancid on a pedestal, and Lucky Vivendi is her replacement. The Jones man is more at home with the boys, and he *does* equate sex with death. Jones knows this — he even has Grant's courage increase after a sexual falling out with Lucky — but he keeps trying to manipulate his story to make it look like a cure. He makes Lucky into a grown-up woman who will rescue Grant; he turns "the boys" into bisexual birds of prey, the easier for Grant to become disenchanted with them; and finally, falsest note of all, he has Grant himself denounce fishing, war, and polo!

In all this, Jones seems to be trying to accommodate himself to alien values, and to ignore his own insights into things like courage and violence and comradeship, concerning which he probably still

has something to tell us — although possibly not through the mouth of a celebrity skin diver. (It would help if he would learn to be less suggestible.) The things that the Jones man learned in his earlier adventures are not without value, and should not be overturned by every schoolmarm, real or imaginary, who comes along. We certainly don't look to him for a rehash of popular Freudianism.

It is tempting to equate Jones himself with the Jones man, and his slovenliness in leaving similarities lying about adds to the temptation. (But there is no law against making metaphors out of your own experience to see how they work, and there is also no reason to suppose that Jones hasn't done just this.) But at the moment he seems to have lost a grip on what is really happening to his hero, seems not to realize the implications of what he is saying. The result is a noxious kind of wish-thinking which, combined with that prose and his embryonic powers of social observation, makes a pretty rich mess.

With any other writer, such a book would constitute an unpromising set of entrails for next time. But with Jones, who knows? It seems a miracle any time he writes a good book; and yet, he has already written two of them, and how many post-war writers can match that claim? The Jones man remains a valid creation, a child of the thirties and of the war fumbling through the fifties and sixties, and Jones can't help telling a certain amount of truth about him.

The danger right now is that the Jones man finds himself with less to say and to fewer people. His vagrant romanticism and his bulging wallet make him rather a special case anyway, but not without interest: what hurts is that his roots in World War II are beginning to look quaint. His abstention from regular civil life, from child-rearing and job promotions on the one hand, or relevant opposition to these on the other, has kept him stuck in the past, and this cuts him off finally even from his own generation. He doesn't belong in the American sixties either in the role of parent or of rebel.

Readers cannot be asked to trace his behavior to the battlefield indefinitely, or to mope around the Caribbean with him solving problems that they themselves haven't the time or inclination to cultivate. Those fourteen arrested years in Carol Abernathy's seminary have made him something of a museum piece, a Pierce Arrow among contemporary fiction characters. So unless James Jones wants to go back to straight war novels (and I can't see his ambition settling for that), his present task must be to drag his boy all the way into the post-war world and find him something useful, or usefully useless, to do.

viewpoint

In Defense of the Multiversity

by Roger Rapoport

Mr. Rapoport, a junior and a journalism major at the University of Michigan, is editor in chief of the Michigan DAILY. His blunt criticism of university officials led to an unsuccessful campus administration attempt earlier this year, to prevent his nomination to that post.

For the past three years I have been eagerly swallowing and spouting a torrent of criticism against the bureaucratic, government-dominated, impersonalized tool of the American middle-class establishment, the multiversity.

I have grown up in absurdity with Paul Goodman, who convinced me that "at present students are the major exploited class . . . in the United States." I have sensed the academic loneliness Mario Savio found at Berkeley's "depersonalized unresponsive bureaucracy," where it is "impossible usually to meet with anyone but secretaries." And I have eagerly quoted other student activists who contend that "the multiversity is not an education center, but a highly efficient industry; it produces war machines, a few token peaceful machines and enormous numbers of safe, highly skilled, and respectable automatons to meet the immediate needs of business and government."

Yet in spite of all the drawbacks, I and many of my friends actually find ourselves enjoying rewarding and productive lives at the multiversity. What the critics fail to recognize is that the multiversity works best for a certain kind of student — one who will recognize and tap the extraordinary resources of a major university. For the multiversity can never really work for a student unless he is willing to exploit the school. Encouragingly, more and more students appear to be shunning the anti-multiversity clichés and are busy carving out meaningful curricular and extracurricular lives for themselves.

I do not want to minimize the fact that there is validity to the activist view of the school as a government-dominated dictatorship ruled from the administration building. It is not hard to see how one can grow to believe he is trapped into a system where education is the opiate of the student, who is only being groomed for a slot at Dow Chemical, where he will build a better napalm.

Still, the multiversity can work for the student willing to bend his IBM card. For a university bureaucracy is surprisingly vulnerable to enterprising students. In fact, any student willing to extend himself can walk all over the clumsy university establishment. Many bright and confident students make bigness work in their own interests.

Bucking the establishment

Precisely how does one go around the entrenched academic system that one Berkeley Free Speech Movement leader described as "spir-

itual brutality inflicted by a faculty of well-meaning and nice men who give you forty courses, one hundred twenty units, fifteen hundred to two thousand impersonal lectures and over three hundred over-sized discussions"? About the only prerequisites needed are a bit of determination and willingness to tangle with the multiversity establishment. Instead of listening to academic counselors, many students have learned how to scout around and find the best courses on their own. After all, the numerical prospects for stimulating instruction are reasonable when a student can choose among 3000 teachers offering thousands of courses. When one accidentally falls into the wrong course, the solution is simply to transfer out. For example, I dropped a frightful 100-student economics lecture in favor of a 15-man seminar with author Allan Seager last semester. All it took was a few minutes of paper work.

Faculty attention is largely a function of student initiative. An English teacher aptly summed up the situation in class here recently when he complained, "No one ever comes up to the office to talk. I guess the students don't have the time — they're too busy protesting alienation and anomie." Even in those dreadful 600-student introductory lectures (everyone gets trapped into one no matter how smart he thinks he is), I've found instructors surprisingly available for conferences. They are usually willing to talk as long as you're willing to listen.

There are other solutions to the academic deficiencies at the multiversity. Many students take independent-study courses, which

amount to tutorials, where the student and professor work out the curriculum jointly. There are also mechanisms to reduce academic pressure. For example, I'm taking two reading courses this summer so I can carry a reduced academic load in the fall. My teachers and I drew up a joint reading list. I'll get credit after taking an exam and submitting papers in the fall.

Subverting the system

Still the critics will argue convincingly that it makes no difference how good the classes are — they're all plugged into the system. "The university is well structured, well tooled to turn out people with the sharp edges worn off," claims Mario Savio. The view is that students are mere programs to be shoved into the computer.

The thinking is misleading, however, because it assumes students are naïve, ready and willing to be duped into the materialistic American way by the university establishment. It's the same argument voiced by the House Un-American Activities Committee — naïve students will be duped into Communism by mere exposure to it.

But students aren't as gullible as Savio or Joe Pool might think. Not only do many make the school work for themselves, some have even discovered ways of using the system to subvert itself. For example, one group of graduate students here is actively engaged in a research project to study the interlocking directorates of major American corporate executives. The study will be done via computer, with programs written from official records.

Similarly, students have used official university-sanctioned student organizations in their own interests despite the Students for a Democratic Society view that "the extra-curricular life is ordered according to *in loco parentis* theory, which ratifies the administration as the moral guardian of the young."

For example, a Michigan *Daily* story several years ago about a dean of women who was notifying

parents of students dating interracially prompted the dean's resignation. Activists who justifiably complain about the cozy business relationships of Regents to the school had reason for encouragement when the paper published a story about the business relationship of Regent Eugene Power, chairman (then president) of University Microfilms Incorporated, a Xerox subsidiary, to the university library system.

A Michigan attorney general's investigation ensued, and Power was found in "substantial conflict of interest." The Regent resigned immediately. In the aftermath the furor spurred passage of a tight state conflict-of-interest law. This spring Michigan college presidents and other top administrators were told to give up their cozy directorships with various banking, utility, and commercial enterprises.

Similarly, the paper recently uncovered and printed a confidential Defense Department equal-employment study charging that the school was "basically for rich white students." (All that the university administration could reply was that "the report should not have been made public.")

Pressure by competition

Students have also learned how to combat aggressively other aspects of the university establishment. One is a steadfast school refusal to build a bookstore that would compete with the "list price" commercial bookstores in Ann Arbor. As a result, a professor of nuclear engineering and a group of hardworking students opened a new book service that sells texts at a 10 percent discount. Veteran book merchants have suddenly been discounting some of their wares in an effort to woo back old customers.

Similarly, there are signs that a new student rental union will begin to combat effectively the local real estate establishment that gets upwards of \$250 a month for a small (two bedrooms, bath, kitchenette, living room) apartment.

It appears that some of the student

efforts are beginning to pay off. After repeated student urging, the school has begun building a self-contained 1200-man residential college. The students have helped to develop the curriculum for the Oxford-style unit, which will emphasize seminars and regular faculty contact. Seen as a prototype for all future undergraduate education, the venture is luring some teachers formerly preoccupied with graduate instruction into doing more undergraduate teaching. The school has also initiated a pass-fail grading system and is liberalizing course and distribution requirements to take some of the academic heat off.

Too soon to give up

There are those who argue that given the conflicting interests of students, faculty, administrators, and Regents, the multiversity can never really work. Even if some students can flourish in the environment, the multiversity system itself is doomed. Witness the fate of ousted University of California president Clark Kerr, the mediator who tried to keep everyone happy.

Many students who accept this argument have, ironically, fallen into their own trap. They have dropped their activist efforts to rock the system and become totally alienated. Since "school is hopeless," they turn to rock 'n' roll bands, drugs, film-making, bartending, postal work, or other pursuits. Instead of trying to change the multiversity system, they end up joining the passive ranks and giving the multiversity "ogre" more room to perpetuate itself.

I can't share their pessimism. It's been too exciting tangling with the multiversity establishment to give up so early in the game. What I've seen during three years in Ann Arbor has convinced me that there is plenty of room in the multiversity for the student willing to grapple with it. And the hope is that the innovations rebellious students are now prompting will lead to humanizing the multiversity into a place where any student would feel welcome.

VANISHING TIDELANDS

by Polly Redford

A new system of property management is needed if the nation's tidelands are to be saved, says the author of this discussion of the values of — and threat to — “the low, drowned country where fresh waters merge with salt.” She makes a strong case for passage of H.R. 25, a bill sponsored by Michigan Representative John D. Dingell and scheduled to come before the House of Representatives this month. Mrs. Redford is active in Miami's Tropical Audubon Society, and her husband is president of the Florida Izaak Walton League. Her next book, CHRISTMAS BOWER, will be published by Dutton in September.

ALONG the Gulf coast and most of our seaboard from Florida to Massachusetts, a long green and brown cushion lies between solid ground and open ocean. Without it, the land would be gnawed away by the sea. This cushion is made of soft, yielding materials, mostly sand and mud held together by huge mats of tough, resilient rushes and grasses. Endless amounts of water can be hurled upon it; each grain of sand, each blade of grass, acts as a tiny baffle catching and holding the water back. And twice a day, like a sponge, it slowly soaks up the flooding tide, impounding the water until it subsides.

No one word includes the whole of this spongy natural barrier: we speak instead of bays, basins, lagoons, sounds, creeks, deltas, sandbanks, marshes, mangroves, mud flats, and oyster bars. But whether they are covered twice a day or only twice a year, it is the tides that shape them and give them life.

Tidelands, then, are all of that long, low, drowned country where fresh waters merge with salt. Most people, seeing only a monotony of mud and grass, sand and silence, think of them as desolate wastes, uninhabitable, therefore worthless. Besides, they are buggy. The bugs themselves are a sign of life. So are the millions of birds that live in the marshes, and the millions more that migrate from northern

to southern tidelands every year. So, too, are the clams and crabs, the oysters and lobsters that are now such luxuries, and the myriad fish — salmon, sturgeon, shad, flounder, weakfish, pompano, snapper, striped bass, redfish, bluefish, tautog, anchovy, sand lance, herring, alewife, mackerel, menhaden, silversides, smelt, and others — that are found there.

But even if tidelands were lifeless, we would need them as safety valves against major storms. Without them, storm tides pile higher and higher upon the shore, overflowing harbors, sucking away beaches and roads. After a storm, engineers survey the damage and draw plans for massive piers and dikes to hold back the tides as a fortress repels an enemy. Like all armaments, these fortifications are expensive. And once begun, they lead inevitably to more and more piers, groins, seawalls, and jetties, which may be fine for engineers and contractors; taxpayers are not amused.

Perhaps it is the Army Engineers (under whose aegis most of these projects fall) who have persuaded us to wage war against the sea. Certainly, tidelands do just the opposite. By meeting the ocean and impounding its overflow, they gather many of its riches, since the richest part of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico is the shallow, sloping Continental Shelf that lies just seaward of

our tidelands. Only recently have marine scientists learned how the wealth of the two are tied together; and only recently have the rest of us begun to realize that instead of fighting the sea, we have much more to gain by farming it.

Our Continental Shelf and tidelands combine to make our south and east coasts the largest, most productive in the world. In the swamps and marshes alone, biologists have discovered an annual growth of living matter equal to that of the most fertile farmlands. For tidelands trap the silt and organic matter that rivers wash down from the land, holding them to be fertilized again and again by new loads of minerals and salts carried in from the sea. Among the shallow bays and creeks, the ebbing, flowing tide spreads all these ingredients out in the sun and blends them. What follows is an extraordinary bloom of life. It blooms in the surface water, where microscopic vegetables called phytoplankton grow in fantastic numbers; and on the bottom, where marine algae and grasses also draw substance from the water and energy from the sun; and in the marshes, where thick mats of decaying grasses make a compost of proteins, vitamins, and carbohydrates.

And on the flats there's an algal scum, just enough to give the top of the mud the faintest tinge of green. Ten years ago, someone thought of taking a section of mud and measuring the life there, only to find that one pound of mud may yield more food each year than many pounds of grass.

All this is only plant life, so-called "primary production." It does not include protozoans, copepods, or the countless tiny wiggling things that only scientists can name; nor does it include the worms and oysters, shrimp and clams that filter this rich broth and add their own proteins to the mixture. These, in turn, are eaten by crustaceans and small fish, which themselves become food for larger fish and birds and mammals, whose wastes add still more proteins, vitamins, oils, and amino acids to what is now called the ecosystem.

At any rate, so much lives and grows and breeds in our tidelands that over half the United States's harvest of saltwater fish and shellfish is called "estuarine dependent"; which means that most of our commercial fish, and almost all our sport fish, either spawn or hatch here, or spend some vital stage of their lives here, or feed upon the life that flows from here out over our Continental Shelf, where 90 percent of our offshore seafoods are taken. Thus tidelands represent the livelihood of about 90,000 American fishermen, whose catch of more than three billion pounds of estuarine dependent fish on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts paid them \$250 million in 1965. And this, of course, is only a fraction of the catch; large fleets from Russia and Japan have been fishing there in such numbers that

last October, U.S. fishing rights were extended from the traditional three miles to twelve.

Still, we Americans go right on treating our tidelands as sewers and garbage dumps. Whenever possible we drain them, dredge them, and fill them with rubble and rubbish which we then call improvements and enter on our tax rolls. Recently some of our shores have become biological disaster areas. On Long Island, for instance, fish and wildlife surveys show that 29 percent of the coastal wetlands existing in 1954 were obliterated ten years later. Of the remainder, only 12 percent seemed at all safe; the other 88 percent were "vulnerable to destruction" — for housing, roads, airports, parking lots, factories, dumps — as are all wetlands and estuaries wherever population pressure swells the need for land near America's great harbor cities.

Last June, many Long Islanders appeared before the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries to testify on what had happened in Hempstead and South Oyster Bay, a story that is just as true of Boston, Norfolk, Miami, Tampa, Mobile, Houston, or San Francisco as it is of New York. Town officials, many of whom thought they were putting useless swamps to work, sold publicly owned bay bottom for 10 cents to 35 cents a cubic yard to developers, who dredged it up onto the salt meadows. Since the fill cost so little, this made-land was cheaper than upland acreage, and so was the housing that was built there. Dredging not only destroyed the marshes but dropped the bay bottom thirty feet in places, too low for light to reach marine plants.

"Areas of our bays which were once highly productive of marine life became rapidly transformed into deep polluted cesspools," said one witness. A second described "navigation" channels dug twenty feet deeper than necessary to accommodate the yachts that used them, while nearby, private housing developments covered areas of brand-new fill.

The Long Island crisis brought a number of related bills to the 89th Congress. Representative Tenzer and Senator Kennedy of New York proposed a National Wetlands Recreation Area on Long Island, while Senator Edward Kennedy and Representative John Dingell of Michigan introduced a National System of Estuarine Areas authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to "preserve, protect, develop, restore, and make accessible" any endangered tidelands in the nation.

All the House bills were finally blended into one, which Congressman Dingell brought to the floor late in October during the last rush before adjournment. When it fell just three votes short of a needed two-thirds majority, he promised to try again in January.

Dingell's bill aroused a good deal of opposition,

not for what it tried to do, but because so much authority was given the Secretary of the Interior. At times, even the most ardent conservationists have misgivings about our sprawling, many-sided Department of the Interior. Nevertheless, a whole new system of property management must be found if tidelands are to be protected, developed, and restored, because our traditional system of ownership and control no longer fits the facts of life. The dilemma is a typically modern one: though the problem is biological, science cannot solve it because its causes are political.

How very political they are becomes obvious when you consider who owns what in the tidelands. Marshes and salt meadows, probably because they seem like dry land, are often privately owned by people who are extremely sophisticated in matters of riparian rights. However, their rights stop somewhere in the creeks and smaller bays that are neither walkable nor truly navigable. These are usually owned in common by the town, or the county, which has rights, too, some of them going back to colonial days. (Clam Constables and Worm Wardens are still taken seriously in parts of New England.) But further offshore, in navigable waters, the Constitution gives the states control of the bottom and any fish, shellfish, fuels, minerals, sunken treasure, or building materials found therein or thereon, though the water above is jealously guarded by the U.S. Army, whose Engineers lay claim to everything in the name of navigation.

In this comic opera of conflicting interests, there never has been, and never can be, the overall policy we must have to use our tidelands sensibly. What makes it even more confusing is the fact that tideland owners seldom get any direct return on their property. No matter how many taxes a marsh owner pays on his patch of *Spartina alterniflora*, it is the fisherman miles away at the mouth of the river who reaps the reward.

The answer may eventually lie in a "TVA of estuaries," proposed by the distinguished ecologist Eugene P. Odum. Another of Odum's political solutions to what is essentially an ecological problem is estuarine conservation districts similar to soil conservation districts. For, as he says, "We must consider the entire estuary — sounds, creeks, mud and sand flats, the marshes — as *one unit*, regardless of whether it is one or one hundred miles wide."

ONE of the best-studied, best-documented estuaries in America, and one that is small enough to be seen as a unit, is Newburyport Harbor and the mouth of the Merrimack River forty miles north of Boston. It is simple as estuaries go, because there are only 4000 acres under water at high tide and

another 4200 acres of adjoining salt marsh. All of them lie within three towns — Newbury, Newburyport, and Salisbury, Massachusetts. These towns share a common problem, for the Merrimack is probably the most continuously polluted industrial river in the Western Hemisphere.

Even in Thoreau's time, the salmon, sturgeon, shad, and herring fisheries that had made the Merrimack famous for two hundred years were already on the decline. During the rest of his century and the beginning of ours, fish disappeared as textile mills poured dyes and wool rinsings into the river. The water turned septic in summer months until the old-fashioned red-brick mills, some of them a mile long, fell into disuse.

No longer were the riverbanks dyed red one week and blue the next; all that remained were the purple flowers of the swamp loosestrife, an English plant whose seeds had been washed from raw imported wool. Industrial pollution dropped 70 percent. Still the water grew no cleaner, for the cities made up the difference by spewing more untreated sewerage into the river every year.

Yet after a century of abuse, the last six miles of the river remain fertile because eleven feet of cold salt tide pour in and out of Newburyport Harbor twice a day and flush it clean. Enough fin fish were left at the mouth of the river to support a small commercial fishery, and to attract growing numbers of anglers, whose vacation money has become vital to the townspeople. But the shellfish, the soft-shelled clams that Newburyport formerly sent to Boston at a rate of 100,000 bushels a year, were contaminated. By 1964, when the Massachusetts Department of Natural Resources arrived on the scene, 80 percent of the shellfish acreage in the Merrimack estuary was condemned for human consumption, 11 percent usable only if the clams were purified. That year the city of Newburyport built a sewerage treatment plant.

This year every state in the union is required by the 1965 Water Quality Act to set standards for its rivers and streams by June 30. If they don't, the Department of the Interior will do it for them. But, alas, even here there's a double standard. The human race is not a clean one. People can do with quite dirty water; fish are more fastidious. Shall we make our water only good enough for people? Or spend more and make it clean enough for fish? Let's hope that Massachusetts chooses fish. For when the Merrimack is clean enough for clams, biologists say its salt flats could be worth \$1 million a year.

Polluted as it was in 1964, the Merrimack estuary produced a \$123,000 commercial harvest of fin fish, shellfish, and bait. But its real harvest was sport fishermen, 100,000 of them, who came to Newbury, Newburyport, and Salisbury in 1964 to

spend over a million dollars on food, lodging, gas, beer, bait, boats, and tackle.

A coalition of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, Izaak Walton League, Nature Conservancy, the Fund for Preservation of Wildlife and Natural Areas, and the Massachusetts Conservation Council gave the Commonwealth its Coastal Wetlands Act in 1965. This act, a model of state legislation, forbids anyone to "remove, fill or dredge any bank, flat, marsh, meadow or swamp bordering on coastal waters" without a hearing, and a state license, and a biological investigation. To pass it, these organizations worked five years with the state Department of Natural Resources to study and to publicize the plight of Massachusetts' tidelands. One fifth had already been destroyed, and the public had to be taught what their real value was.

There are in the United States at least 8,200,000 bird watchers, 1,650,000 waterfowl hunters, and 8,305,000 saltwater anglers. These are the people who first understand that when tidelands go, they go forever, and fish and birds and boating and beaches go with them.

MASSACHUSETTS was not the only state to take action; Connecticut passed a similar law, though not until most of its tidelands were beyond repair. In New York, New Jersey, and Maryland, hundreds of thousands of acres of coastal marshes have been bought as state wildfowl and shellfish preserves; but with 70 percent of all tax monies going to the federal government, no state in the union is rich enough to buy back the coastline it so recently, so eagerly sold to get on its tax rolls.

This is particularly true in the South, where tidelands get bigger and state governments poorer. Florida, for example, is not buying tidelands, it is selling them. Over 7000 acres of publicly owned submerged lands were sold between 1962 and 1965, some of them at prices that confirm what cynics have been saying for fifty years: bay and lake bottoms, held inalienably in trust for all Floridians, are a rich source of graft and political payoffs for state politicians.

In January an astounding set of prices for a twenty-seven-acre turtle-grass flat near Miami impelled the state attorney general to call a moratorium on all submerged land sales until the legislature could set some kind of policy. "This range of appraisals — from \$700 per acre to \$2,886 per acre — for the *same tract* of land over the past four years is so broad as to suggest that a new method of setting appraised values must be provided," he told the cabinet. "The implication that submerged lands just offshore from enormously valuable Key Biscayne have *declined* in value in the past four

years strains the credulity of anyone who knows anything at all about waterfront property in Florida."

Florida, which has more tidelands than any state except Alaska, desperately needs a wetlands protection act similar to Massachusetts', but only one bill has been prepared for this session of the legislature, and it applies to future *sales* of public tidelands, not to dredge and fill. Moreover, in Florida, bulkhead lines are not set by the state at all, but by local city and county commissions that can, and do, set them miles from shore. Thus, the same battles must be fought over and over again throughout the state.

The bitter truth is that local action alone has little effect on the forces now controlling the environment. If these forces were only the wicked industries that most people think they are, life would be a lot easier. But we are all at fault: city fathers who cannot pay for sewerage plants, yachtsmen who keep their boats in marinas dredged in marshes, factories and power plants that use bay water for industrial cooling and washing, and all the nice, well-intentioned people who build or buy filled, bulkheaded waterfront estates.

Ironically, the worst offender is usually the government itself. Local, state, or federal, each one has its own plans for tidelands, most of them ruinous. Each agency, acting independently, rules its own part of the landscape like a feudal fief. The system is essentially baronial, as anyone who has been to highway or canal hearings and watched the various department heads and their vassals jockeying for power will tell you.

The largest, most destructive agencies are (1) the Corps of Engineers, whose navigation and flood control projects are often designed without the slightest regard for biological consequences, (2) the Department of Agriculture, whose pesticide and drainage programs poison estuaries and obliterate marshes, (3) state and federal highway systems, which find tidelands make cheaper roadbeds than any other lands.

To see the final result, you must go to the Gulf of Mexico where Brobdingnagian public works programs have combined with pollution and real estate development in a way that threatens not only tidelands but the entire gulf. In the past three years the brown pelican, state bird of Louisiana, has vanished from that state, believed killed by pesticides washed down the Mississippi. There, \$200,000 worth of preliminary research could not prevent the Corps's Gulf Outlet Canal from intruding salt water into the New Orleans area, affecting oyster production for a hundred miles. In addition, the Soil Conservation Service plans to drain thousands of acres of Louisiana marshland for cattle grazing. In Florida, dredging for waterfront es-



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This mathematician
wants to spur creativity
in textile design.

What's she doing at IBM?

Janice Lourie's job at IBM is finding new ways to make computers useful—using her training as a mathematician. In her off hours, she hand-weaves fabrics of her own design.

Because of her knowledge of this ancient craft, she was assigned to see if computers could be used to help in the actual design of textiles.

To find out firsthand, Mrs. Lourie—still working for IBM—spent a year in North Carolina and New York textile plants as an apprentice designer. There she found that a designer often spends a hundred hours of laborious handwork, making the diagram that translates a new design into fabric.

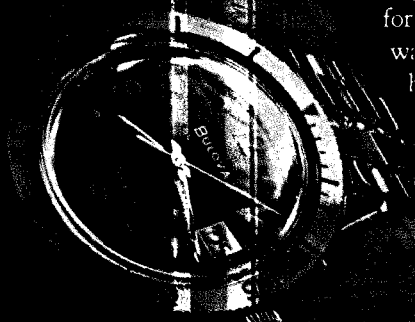
Then she worked out a way to reduce hours of work to minutes. A new design is fed into an IBM System/360 computer, then projected onto the TV-like screen of an IBM graphic display unit. Using a "light-pen" to draw directly on this screen, the designer can experiment with hundreds of different weaves, stored in the computer, in order to interpret the artist's visual concept.

Once having chosen the final combination of weaves that he wants, the designer pushes a button. Instantly, the computer can convert the design directly into instructions that operate the loom.

The designer thus not only has more time to be creative; he has a unique tool to help him create.

Janice Lourie is one of the many people at IBM, who work hard to understand problems—and then find ways to solve them through the use of computers.

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tates has laid ten feet of choking silt over once productive areas of Boca Ciega Bay. In Texas, the Bureau of Land Reclamation proposed an immense system of dikes and levees to divert fresh water from west to east, but the project was delayed when conservationists pointed out that the estuaries of Sabine, Galveston, Matagorda, Aransas, and San Antonio Bays would be destroyed in the process. Offshore, in state waters, are thousands of oil wells whose pipes corrode and often break in spite of oil companies' efforts. One of these accidents can spread crude oil over the gulf in blotches a mile wide.

At a meeting in New Orleans last November, my husband and I listened as marine scientists from Mexico and the Gulf states presented papers that were a catalogue of destruction. Saddest of all were the losses to come, the exact damage these men know in advance but are helpless to prevent because no one listens to them. For after a hundred years of poverty, the Gulf states are enjoying the biggest industrial boom of their history; and when bank deposits are tripling, no one wants to be reminded of industrial valleys like the Merrimack with its contaminated river and empty mills.

"Our estuaries are dissolving in front of us," said one speaker, a thoroughly angry man from Alabama. "But after a thirty-minute movie filled with pictures of shiny new automobiles in the factory parking lots and distribution of payroll incomes by housewives in mink stoles. . . After all this, the state biologist, who is probably covered with mud up to his knees, must stand there and convince those people that the empty marsh on the proposed plant site is worth saving."

Fortunately, these state biologists do not always stand alone. All along our coasts people are working to save what they can. On Cape May, a small but determined chapter of the Izaak Walton League is leading the fight for county action to preserve 35,000 acres of coastal marshes. Another chapter, on Florida's unspoiled Loxahatchee River, recently persuaded their town commission to pass the state's first local bulkheading ordinance, requiring Conservation Department approval of all future dredge and fill. On the Gulf Coast, the Nature Conservancy has bought 1600 acres of flats and mangroves in Rookery Bay and has an option on 1000 more. To protect Mobile Bay, the National Wildlife Federation joined with sportsmen, citizen groups, and the state conservation department to push through a complete revision of fresh and salt water pollution laws. In Carmel, California, garden club ladies turned out en masse to defeat a proposed oil refinery on their bay, while

further north, a Conservation and Development Commission has been empowered by the state legislature to preserve natural shorelines in San Francisco Bay.

Five years ago, my husband and I joined one of these seemingly lost causes to save a unique stretch of tideland, Miami's Biscayne Bay. With the help of almost every civic and conservation group in the county, this fight has been carried from the local level to Congress, where it will be won or lost this year on the vote for H.R. 551. This bill authorizes a Biscayne National Monument — 100,500 acres of tropical lagoon, islands, mangroves, turtle grass, and coral reefs, which have no counterpart anywhere in the nation.

But all tidelands cannot become national parks — or state parks, for that matter. We need other methods, a variety of them, to administer the nation's tidelands as an ecological unit. Last year's Dingell-Kennedy bills marked the beginning of an overall policy for these misunderstood, mismanaged areas. This year, Dingell and Kennedy introduced new estuarine bills in the opening days of Congress. Though the budget and land acquisition are very limited in these bills, they give the Secretary of the Interior the job of studying which of our tidelands need protection the most. More important, they would require his approval of dredging and filling in the tidelands and the Great Lakes.

"There can be a tremendous amount done under my bill with a very modest amount of money," answered Mr. Dingell when I asked him about appropriations. "It can be done with scenic and similar kinds of easements. It can be accomplished by agreements with the states. It can be handled by leasing, and by federal management of state and private property for the maximum protection of fishery resources."

He admitted that to pass even this much in the face of recent budget cuts will take strong popular support — "Not just from people who understand the aesthetics of marshlands and their importance to ducks and game and conservation," he said, "but from those who understand their economic value. Once we get them all filled in, we'll know their value, beyond question, because we'll watch our offshore fisheries vanish."

Of course, some Americans find it profitable to keep tidelands just as they are — divided among hundreds of ineffectual, conflicting jurisdictions; but this is something the rest of us can no longer afford, not if we hope to have fish or birds or open space left on our shores.

No nation, even the richest, is rich enough to throw so much away.

The Spy Who Returned to the Fold

by John F. Campbell

Who is Rosa Kleb? And if she is, what was she doing in East Berlin when the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet fell? For answers to these and other convoluted mysteries of the netherworld of Ian Fleming, John Le Carré, and others, observe the following first published work of Mr. Campbell, a young Californian who lived in Germany when his father was Presiding District Judge in the High Commission Courts for Germany. He studied at Harvard and Berkeley, served as a Foreign Service officer in Bonn and Washington, is now a U.S. consul and economic officer in Ethiopia.



HE's six hours late already. Peter is six hours late." The American colonel in mufti got up from the table, but Withers remained seated, staring into his coffee.

"Think I'll look in on our boys at Checkpoint Charlie and then go off and catch some shut-eye. You should do the same."

"Peter is coming over tonight. He promised to come over tonight. I'll stay here and keep the watch."

The bleary-eyed colonel mumbled farewell as he left the little café in the Bülowstrasse, but Withers, occupied with his own thoughts, did not look up. What if They had got Peter? Damn Them; damn their cold efficiency! Peter was his best agent, and this would make twelve good men They had taken from him in as many weeks.

Withers lost his stomach twice that evening. He had lost his stomach fifteen times in the last month. They had caught Peter in the Bahnhof Friedrichstrasse. How like Peter to try to brazen it out disguised as a subway conductor; but how unaccountably stupid of him to neglect the one small detail which had given him away, the lack of a ticket punch. The girl had gotten safely over the Wall, but had probably given Peter away in the process. Why was there always a woman to muck things up?

Withers lost his stomach a third time. It had been absurd to have those two jellied doughnuts with his coffee. He knew how incongruous he, a grizzled, withered, rotund little man of fifty-five, must have looked wolfing down German pastry before the other patrons of the café. He used to dislike sweets: as an undergraduate at Balliol he had always passed up his elevenses. Then, in his middle years — it was just after Marguerite had left him — he had had a strange craving for pastry. Bismarcks, those round, puffy, sugared pieces of baked dough oozing with jellied sweets, which the Germans with characteristic lack of humor called *Berliner*, were the best of all.

He wondered about Marguerite — "the Honorable Marguerite" she was now — that ravishing memory that still made him ache in the night. She had last written him two years ago from Cannes, asking for money. He had begun to lose his touch, he realized, when she left him. There had been other women since then: Mandy, the bright, pert little thing he had met at Sir George's in Mayfair, and then Olga, the frowsy little bespectacled Russian Jewess who worked at the British Museum and had cried the night he left London for Berlin without saying good-bye. She had sensed that he was going; he didn't have to tell her.

He had lost his touch and lost his nerve just as

surely as he was about once more to lose his stomach. Eleven agents blown in the last three months, Peter makes twelve, and that doesn't count the five defections. The Berlin Organization was breaking up; the structure he had spent two years building had gone rotten at its foundation. And just on the verge of success, just as he was preparing to penetrate the East German *Apparat* at the highest level. Just as a few key agents had been about to move, with some hope of obtaining a majority on the State Security Committee, the project had blown.

That was why Comptroll was calling him back to London. The board of directors had let him play his little game, and he had dropped the wicket. Damn them! Damn the smug directors with their interministerial committee meetings and contingency plans, their petty jealousies and bureaucratic red tape. Intelligence work had changed since the war. The little club of Oxford dons that had penetrated the Wilhelmstrasse in '42 had passed from the scene, replaced by a new breed of cold-war administrators. The Service had increased in size twentyfold. The home office in London had become a labyrinth of cubbyholes, compartments, and specialized bureaus, and they were now building a thirty-story skyscraper in St. Giles's Circus to accommodate an expanded Files and Records Branch.

London was becoming Americanized — he was coming to detest the place. Everyone called you by your first name in the office, and the secretaries and file clerks gossiped over tea or coffee, four times a day, in the basement canteen. To return to home office meant to memorize a new filing system, to "familiarize" oneself with a new procedure for classifying and distributing secret reports, and, inevitably, to discover a plethora of new bureaus and departments, each obscenely proclaiming its newfound existence in the unintelligible ostentation of Americanese: "Division of Sociometric Research and Analysis," "Underdeveloped Areas: Data Processing Sub-Branch," "Office of Biopsychological Planning/Paramilitary Counterinsurgency Operations."

BACK at home office, the talk with Pym-Goodman went much as Withers had expected. Comptroll had, of course, been too busy to see him personally. "Getting off another of those damned briefing papers for the Minister," he had cheerily said over the phone. "Up to the ears in the old paper work, you know, but I do hope we can have that little chat soon. Sending Number Two along to see you . . . throw out some ideas about a new shop we've got in mind for you, don't you know. Keep us briefed."

So Pym-Goodman, the grinning hatchet man,

had come to do his job. Comptroll never had the guts for this kind of thing. There was a new job, all right: "Thinking of putting an experienced man over the motor pool. Just an idea, really, but ADMIN/COMP has put some thoughts together in the form of a memorandum, which I've just brought along. A kind of experiment, actually; you'd be breaking new ground for us all. 'Diversification-in-the-Service' along the lines of the Roberts Report recommendations. Think you're just the man to whip Motor Transport Branch back into shape. Horrible civil service blighter who just retired left things in an awful state, absolute scandal, and with your organizing ability we thought . . . Of course it would mean a promotion, not that *that's* frightfully important, and you'd have a free hand as far as the ADMIN people are concerned."

That final touch was typical Pym-Goodman, Withers reflected, controlling an impulse to lose his stomach on the spot. The insolent cheek — Director of Motor Transport, a staff job on the support side for a man whose experience was all operational, a lower-than-humdrum sinecure with which to pass out his time before retirement age. They had sized him up with their usual cool rationality: he was played out and could be discarded from the deck. They knew in Personnel Branch that all he had in the world was his salary and Aunt Bertha's five hundred a year, so Motor Transport it would be. He tried to accept with as much disinterest as he could muster, but his studied insouciance was unable to deter the ebullient idiocy of Pym-Goodman: "Splendid, chap! Quite a challenge for you, you know. Well, expect you'll want to be getting down to the shop to meet your new people, go through the files, shake a few hands, the old drill — give those dispatchers a little of the old pep: 'grease up the works, meet the schedules, keep the wheels moving,' that sort of thing."

It was six weeks later that Smithies told him what had happened in Berlin. Smithies picked him up on a Saturday morning at his Chelsea flat for a drive out to Lord's. He knew when Smithies called in the middle of the week to make the date that he was going to be told. Comptroll, who did not like loose ends, had probably arranged the whole thing.

In the car the two men talked about Berlin before the war, where they had met again after Oxford and become friends. Smithies had been stuck in Plans and Operations since '46, and had naturally had a hand in the East Berlin business. It was a surprise, though, to learn that Peter had been working for the other side. Smithies cut off doubts and protests with an authoritative frown. Peter's girl, he explained, had been the key to the operation. Her orders came directly from Comptroll, with Peter acting unawares as decoy and cover for her.

"And the eleven others they caught?"

"A sad business, that. Some of them were our own people, but the majority of your operatives, I'm sorry to say, were working full time for the other side. Denouncing the lot, through our man on the Politburo who was the girl's contact, seemed to us at the time a convincing means of covering her activities and at the same time giving Them the illusion of breaking our apparatus."

"Why was I left completely out in the cold through this?" Withers rasped, his mouth gone dry with frustration, anger, and the futility of it all.

"It would have blown the whole thing, old man, can't you see. Your behavior with Peter and the others had to be convincing — that was vital to the success of the operation. We simply couldn't take chances. Don't you see that if you had known, if you had shown the slightest trace of unnaturalness — well, the show would have been up. And that girl was a gold mine: all the production quotas for the major industries, the refraction indices for the optical plants, the new chemical fertilizer formulas, their biggest stuff. And most important, she was our only means of contact with our Number One, the fellow on the Politburo."

"I suppose this was all carefully thought out by you P and O chaps?"

"Down to the smallest detail. Damn it, Charles, I was for letting you in on the thing off the bat, but as things have worked out, don't you see, Comptroll was right to keep you out in the cold, so to speak. I mean, it was your convincing role with Peter and the others that got us home free."

But there were other things, things Smithies did not and could not tell him, half-remembered things that came into sudden focus on the larger field of vision as he looked backward. There had been Olga — a clever plant, that. He saw again those worried brown eyes behind the rimless spectacles on the night he had left London for Berlin, and realized that she, too, had been working for the other side, with the full knowledge and probably with the actual connivance of Comptroll. Olga had served to make his later apparent ineptitude "credible" to the other side. And Number One on the Politburo, the master betrayer of them all, which one of them could it be? Withers could never be certain, but it would surely be most congruous with the gruesome logic of it all were Number One to be Werner Kludt, "the Beast of Brandenburg," the man whose chilling dossier almost upset his stomach the day he came across it in Files and Records. Kludt, Minister for State Security, was

believed by the archivists to have been one of the "beefsteak Nazis" of the thirties, "brown on the outside but red in the inside." Well, what was he now: red, brown, or some kind of hash, or did it really matter in the business of espionage?

It was a hard, grubby, tawdry, messy profession Withers had chosen: down in the political sewers one worked in a muggy, murky underworld, dank and stifling with the garbage of a scummy, rummy age. One tried to get gold out of dung.

Withers, like Comptroll, had always been a romantic at heart. He admired the plaque that hung above the Old Man's desk, a framed quotation from Hobbes's *Leviathan* that summed up the Service in a sentence:

No arts; no letters; no society; . . . continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short.

But for all his bully romanticism, what made a man like Comptroll tick? Was he really quite what he seemed? There was his odd habit of trusting wogs — he always hired Bulgarians for the hardest jobs. And there was his curious wife, Lady Molly, one of the middle-aged but still enthusiastic first wave of the first generation of liberated women who learned Esperanto and knew Nancy Mitford and accepted invitations to Pugwash Conferences. Her father had been in the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet, which was suspicious in itself. She was a busy wife — a rather *too* busy wife — if in fact she was *really* Comptroll's wife at all. Withers surprised himself, but he continued the train of thought and memory, for it occurred to him that he had seen Lady Molly somewhere she should not have been.

He hunched forward with aching head in both hands as Smithies' car made the turn back toward the city. The driver, knowing his colleague, expected one of the famous attacks of car sickness. But Withers was not ill. When he straightened up he was even smiling.

For he remembered now the arched, plucked eyebrows, the Gauloise-stained front teeth, the short-bitten fingernails with quarter moons of the small, humpbacked woman selling postcards in the Pergamon Museum; Mrs. Comptroll, Lady Molly, Rosa Kleb, or whatever she called herself, had been in East Berlin when it all happened.

An hour later, safely alone in his flat, a new Withers softly chuckled a command into the receiver of his "safe circuit" Blue Signal telephone: "Get me the Prime Minister."

YOUNG POETS

The ATLANTIC's door is always open to promising new writers, and twice a year pages are set aside for poets who have come to deserve a hearing. This Young Poets section introduces five fresh talents to ATLANTIC readers.

THE FLOATING BIG SAIL-HIGH SEA BIRDS

(they hunt but are not hunted)

BY BESMILR BRIGHAM

They fly very much
the "boregones";
they fly so high
the wind does not go
so high as they
go high to take them.

The sun so high
also does not
stop because of them
but flakes off;
the sun rays break
and shatter on them
turning their wings
to glass feathers
catching light.

And the high
before-earth rain
sheds over their
floating sails
as it does on a
boatman's sails
nearing home.

They fly very much
the "boregones";
so high the eye is
good that can see them,
and the sounds they make
are lost in the wind.

Their beauty also
is that of sunlight
and a strange sun
loses them to sight.

And when the sky
is tired of them
buoying their bodies afloat
she pours all her buckets
straight down — ! and the
monsoon drives them
with wilted feathers
to sit — as chickens do
too wet to shake out themselves —
on the ocean rocks.

THE STORM

BY WILLIAM PITT ROOT

(For my mother)

1.

My father was a skeptic
but a farmer. He believed
in impossibility —
 waiting
for the Gulf Coast's holocaustal hurricanes,
he'd cut the earth
and seed each fresh wound
with a row of curses,
ram the tractor into gear
and tear his land apart
to put it back together, me beside him
watching, my memory planted
with each violent season's crop, ripening
as each acre ripened.

2.

This was near
the Everglades fifteen years ago,
while I was a boy learning to live
from a man learning to die.
His life: the steady green profusion
of hot leaves devouring air and light,
sucking rain dark under wide steaming fields
with underground acres of tendrilous roots,
a pale brutal ferocity spreading its strength,
unthinking and gradual.

3.

Mondays, coughing
blood

in handkerchiefs he buried in his fields,

he'd disappear, the high-pitched jingle
of a tail-gate chain following
toward Colored 'Town. There he'd bail
his field hands out of jail, tallying
that cost against their wages.
He'd disappear, leaving me to stare
at walls the early darkness hid.

I'd hear
my mother tossing into sleep, and often woke
at dawn from dreaming of her stifled moans
and turned my pillow over to protect her
from my tears. Then, watching palms
fixed against my window dawn,
I'd wonder what was wrong
and sleep again.

4.

There was great preparation
before storms. When forty-eight hour warnings
came
he'd hire triple crews at doubled wages
— Puerto Ricans, Negroes, Whites, men
and their wives, truckloads of workers
laughing at first and singing, then anxious
as the thick sky's clouds bulged downward
through the darkness, truckload after truckload
raising dust from each storm-colored road.
He did what could be done against disaster.
Every crop that could be picked was picked
— tomatoes, eggplants, corn or gladiolus,
watermelons — everything ripe enough
to save.

As I grew old enough
to help, he let me. I bent down
through the hours of song and through the sting
of rain, picked on through the hour of hush
before the wind, excited by the lull
as others whispered, "It's getting time
to stop, it's time to go."

Then the wind
would start, and then the leaves belly-up,

revealing each green bulge left to the storm.
as distant trucks coughed to life,
“It’s time to go!” And large clear drops
like fear fell, chilling our shocked skins.

5.

At home our grass was flattened by the wind.
The ancient palms in front arched and creaked,
fronds flinging like the tails of rushing horses.
The boarded house crouched like a cat.
Wind held my door closed till father helped,
then, pressed against the truck’s cold length
and awkward, we crept past the garage to the
backyard.

Before we hid in the house, we’d take a leak
and watch wind make it spray for twenty feet.

6.

This is the close time of candles, of windows
black with boards, their cracks blackened by the sky,
when windows are opened to keep the house
from exploding, and even his laughter is silence,
rapped in the dim fragile rooms of our home.
In this last longest storm, I am the candle-carrier,
checking every door and window in those rooms
the storm won’t let us use. By candlelight
I see rain flicker on the bedroom floors,
and roll up rugs as coconuts like cannonballs
clatter on the street. I bring us blankets,
pillows, sheets, and secret handkerchiefs
for him.

At night we sleep in the depths
of the house and I dream of my father, coughing.
His crops are ripe around him, tall and still.
Behind his back the sun widens and blinds me
as he coughs and crouches, coughing again.
Trying to scream, I am dumb.

I see his gladiolus
dying, the wreckage of 10,000 blossoms floating,
wide useless blossoms, ripe and flimsy,
drowning in the armpit-deep floodwater
of flower-shining lakes. The storm
has flushed out cottonmouths
and alligators, leaving coons to starve on stumps
and cypress knees or feed from the bobbing carcasses

of rattlesnakes and rabbits, their long black hands
meticulously walking the smooth surface
of a sky pierced, row on row, by phalanxes
of swordlike stalks, the broken harvest
of my father’s curses.

And as these waters sink,

I come with him although he cannot see me
to slit the throats of pigs, bloated and black-snouted
their lips soaked back from white gums
and stained tusks. When the corpses
will not bleed I stand and watch his anger rip
while my blade, thick with gore,
hangs still and helpless. The stench
of vegetables and flesh is rotten all around us.

He crouches against the sun. Above me
his black shoulders heave. One hand is full of light.
The other hand extends toward me from darkness, gently,
turns away my face and lifts my chin.
I cannot scream, my tongue is dead with fear.
I cannot see his face.

Lightning

blinds the room: the storm is over
and I wake.

7.

Father, your farm is in the hands
of strangers now and I, a stranger,
waken in strange rooms filled with your presence
as a sky after lightning is still filled
with the scent of light. Faced with glass,
dismembered by its seams, I see you
gaze at herons on a mud flat at sunset.
For years your shape’s been paralyzed
among palmettos’ silhouettes,
and now you cough. Tossing water
like a shower of fire,
a single heron stretches into flight
and through the burning veil of flashing wings
I see you kneel at last.

The living dark curls up around your back
and you are gone, the dark rising around you
as you bend to plant your blood.

But father, O father,
what silence.

THE EDGE

BY LOUISE GLÜCK

Time and again, time and again I tie
My heart to that headboard
While my quilted cries
Harden against his hand. He's bored —
I see it. Don't I lick his bribes, set his bouquets
In water? Over Mother's lace I watch him drive into the gored
Roasts, deal slivers in his mercy . . . I can feel his thighs
Against me for the children's sakes. Reward?
Mornings, crippled with this house,
I see him toast his toast and test
His coffee, hedgingly. The waste's my breakfast.

HANSCOM

AIR FIELD

BY ROBERT SIEGEL

All day the great planes gingerly descend
an invisible staircase, holding up
their skirts and dignity like great ladies
in technicolor histories, or reascend,
their noses needling upward like a compass
into a wild blue vacuum,
leaving everything in confusion behind:

In some such self-deceiving light as this
we'll view the air force base when moved away
from where its sleepless eye revolves all night.
We'll smile and recollect it conversationally —
tell with what ease the silver planes dropped down
or how they, weightless, rose above
our roof. We'll pass it with the sugar and cream,

forever sheltered from this moment's sick
surprise that we have lived with terror, with pride,
the wounded god circling the globe, never resting,
that in the morning and the evening we have heard
his cry, have seen him drag his silver wings
whining with anguish like a huge
fly seeking to lay its deadly eggs.

MARCH LETTERS

BY GREY RUTHVEN

The year was bitter:
catkin, pussy-willow, had a time of it
to lick the starry
nights and their black woods wired by frost.

Here the sun failed
early, dogwood flowers struck the coppice
later than anyone we knew could remember.
By the last

letter you sent
from England where of course lilacs danced about
and the cuckoo sang in contractions,
I'd say we compared springs.

No coincidence,
your first going came in with the cold.
Love couldn't rise with sap there was so little
of either: my trees were motionless

and frozen, yours
brought on into spring by the mild damp.
Formally, I sent love.
I felt our marriage stiffen.

We'd been happy enough
I thought. You wrote your father had died in Florida
and was coming home by air.
His rich body straddled the ocean between us,

a millionaire migratory ghost
sharpening the distance. My ill nature
knew you'd be "tied at home" a bit longer.
You were thinking me out.

Replying, I still grew hope
in our garden; that bitter year a light touch
beckoned you, as if its phrases were just stepping
delicately as people must in cold weather.

THE CASE FOR THE ELECTRIC AUTOMOBILE

by Donald E. Carr

Can the electric automobile save us all from asphyxiation? The author of this argument thinks so, and that the getting there will be at least as much fun, insurance rates lower, and driving more comfortable. Mr. Carr is a veteran research chemist who has directed research for petroleum companies and has written two books, THE BREATH OF LIFE (on air pollution) and DEATH OF THE SWEET WATERS (on water pollution).

As AN urban-suburban "subcompact" vehicle, the electric automobile is undeniably the only hope for stopping the otherwise inevitable asphyxiation of our cities. Yet only two years ago, when I brought out a book recommending the electric car as a solution to air pollution of the Los Angeles kind, both oil and automobile industries reacted as if I had recommended returning to the surrey with the fringe on top. An oil company spokesman said, "Pollution problems have become aggravated to the point where we cannot afford to spend money and waste time going up blind alleys."

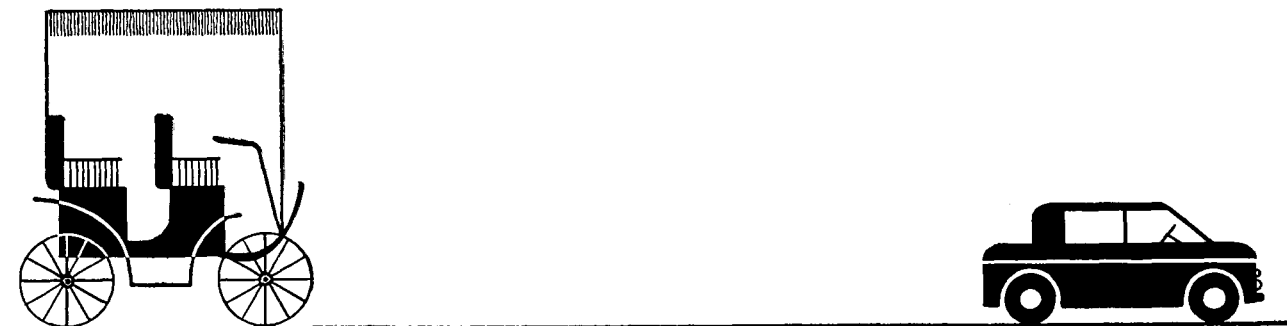
The implication here is that the electric automobile is a blind alley. On the contrary, the darkest of blind alleys is the pathetic attempt to doctor up the internal-combustion engine so that it will stop emitting poisons. Since this attempt is going to be enforced by federal law beginning with all 1968 cars and pickup trucks, it is worthwhile to discuss the present emission-control program.

Two systems now prevail: air-injection in the exhaust manifold to reduce the concentration of unburned fuel and carbon monoxide; and improved piston design to accomplish more complete primary combustion combined with carburetion tuning so that the fuel-air mixture never becomes excessively fuel-rich. The latter is the "Chrysler Clean Air Package" and seems to be gaining ground, since

Ford and American and probably General Motors are switching to it, primarily because it is much less expensive (about \$14 compared with about \$40 extra for air injection, as factory installed). Both of these systems when correctly adjusted in brand-new cars will reduce hydrocarbons in the exhaust to the legal maximum of 275 parts per million and carbon monoxide to the 1.5 percent limit.

As shown by recent tests on 1966 cars in California, where emission control is now required by law, these systems falter, get out of kilter, and after as little as 2000 miles of city driving, no longer can do the job. Pollution control officials in Los Angeles County and elsewhere in the state agree with the car manufacturers that frequent mechanical checks, inspections, and revamps are going to be necessary, yet the checking process is so time-consuming that a car owner must sacrifice his vehicle for twelve hours or at least overnight just to find out whether he is obeying the law. Moreover, there are not enough trained mechanics to go around.

Far worse than the matter of inefficiency or inconvenience is the fact that the 1966 emission control systems, especially the now dominant Chrysler technique, would actually increase the nitrogen oxide content of the exhaust. This result, predicted



by all combustion chemists, including myself, has been borne out by recent surveys which showed an average of 50 percent more nitrogen dioxide. This is the whiskey-brown poison gas that killed 125 people in 1929, when an explosion in a stack of nitrocellulose X-ray films released deadly NO_2 fumes throughout the wards of the Cleveland Clinic Hospital. In experiments it has been possible to convert the nitrogen oxide to inert nitrogen gas with a catalytic muffler. But because this requires a reducing rather than an oxidizing atmosphere, which the present factory-installed systems emit to the exhaust manifold, one is faced with complication piled upon complication. It would be necessary, for example, to inject hydrogen or carbon monoxide into the muffler upstream of the catalyst bed. This would involve a snake pit of pipes, tubes, and control valves that would frighten even the most sophisticated mechanic.

With one rather fantastic but conceivable exception, the electric automobile gives off no pollutants at all. Mr. B. C. Lucas, a professional engineer, has claimed that a city full of electric automobiles would be badly polluted with ozone, because ozone, perhaps the most dangerous of all smog ingredients, is produced by the opening and closing of electric circuits. Ozone is in fact detectable in some generating plants and transformer stations, but in such cases the voltage and corresponding field intensity are high enough to result in ionization of the air and actual electric discharge. It is doubtful that atmospheric discharge would occur in the case of the battery voltage involved in automobiles. Nevertheless, this is a point that needs to be cleared up.

THE power train of an electric vehicle consists fundamentally of a number of batteries (the number depending on the horsepower required), an electric motor or motors, and simple transmission connections with the drive wheels. The connection may actually consist merely of placing the motors on the wheels. Since the electricity is produced as direct current, the simplest system would involve a DC motor. Usually these are somewhat ponderous, with a low ratio of horsepower to weight, although Ford and its subsidiaries and others have experimentally designed much more efficient DC machines of one quarter the conventional weight. By the use of an inverter or rectifier to convert the electric flow from the batteries to alternating current, the more highly developed technology of small AC motors can be used — for example, the brushless induction, squirrel-cage motor, which has a very high ratio of horsepower to weight and size. In modern designs for electric cars a modulating

voltage control system is included, which automatically prevents an excessive rate of discharge and delivers the current in pulses to the motor. The pulse rate or width is automatically adjusted to the required torque, the technical term for the “push” needed for the wheels. (One needs more torque to start a car from a dead stop than to cruise at high speed.)

The torque characteristics of an electric car are ideally suited for stop-and-go driving. Unlike the gas-turbine car, acceleration from standing still in traffic is strong and instantaneous. I know this from personal experience because I drove the Yardney Electric Company's electric Renault Dauphine in rush-hour traffic in the Wall Street district. After scores of years with a gasoline engine, which keeps up a little snorting even when idling, it is an uncanny and delicious sensation to wait at a red light with no noise at all, not even a gentle hum (because nothing whatever is happening in the power train), then suddenly to ease gracefully and instantly into motion at the change of the signal.

I believe it is safe to say that there are no really bristly problems connected with converting electricity into the horsepower of motion. There are many alternatives, and no serious obstacles. One of the interesting options is to design the motor-transmission hookup so that some electric power can be recovered by converting the energy of the wheel motion into reverse current to recharge the batteries when coasting. This can increase the range of the vehicle between charges by 25 percent. One can also arrange the motor-transmission train so that the equivalent of engine-braking is obtained — an important brake-saving function in hilly cities like San Francisco. Within a city as large as Los Angeles, for example, one would need a range of at least fifty miles before stopping to recharge. There are two solutions to this problem, one of them purely technical, the other involving primarily a marketing or dispensing innovation. Let us take the technical solution first.

The classic lead-acid battery used to start the ordinary car has been improved in efficiency by 75 percent since it drove competing starting systems such as Edison's nickel-iron battery out of the automotive market; but it still has a rather low ratio of energy to weight and size. The more recent nickel-cadmium cell, used in a special form for cordless service in electric toothbrushes and the like, is better than the lead-acid battery; but the so-called Jung-Berg nickel-cadmium battery, more suitable for motive uses and applied widely in Europe for many years, has for some mysterious reason not been available commercially in this country. (The Electric Automobile Club of America blames this on the worldwide cartelization of the battery industry.)

The silver-zinc battery, developed primarily by Yardney Electric Company for missile, space, and torpedo use, is very efficient on an energy-in-relation-to-weight basis, but it is intrinsically quite expensive, although, as we shall see later, this need not make the investment cost of the customer's car any higher. Other new concepts in high-energy cells that have recently come upon the scene include Ford's liquid-sodium-molten-sulfur system, the metal-air cell (especially the zinc-air combination developed primarily by General Dynamics), and three new experimental cells which all use lithium as anode but use different electrolytes and different cathodes (Gulton Industries, General Motors, and Electrochimica Corporation).

Although at the present stage of development, it is popular to compare the various systems on a theoretical energy per pound basis, this doesn't mean very much practically, since the *available* energy in a battery will always depend on the rate of discharge. On the basis of a hypothetical "commuter" passenger car somewhat smaller than a Volkswagen, but improved in tire-rolling resistance and aerodynamics, the range between charges in stop-and-go city driving would be 38 miles with the lead-acid battery, up to 100 miles with the zinc-air cell or with the lithium anode cells. This is about half the distance between refuelings for a heavy conventional gasoline-powered car, which can go about 180 miles in stop-and-go driving on a tankful of gasoline.

In my opinion the most practical developmental possibility is the zinc-air battery, which is also being studied by Yardney, Leeson, Gould-National, and Electric Storage Battery as well as General Dynamics, although one should by no means discount the already well demonstrated silver-zinc system. The Ford battery, although very ingenious, operates at high temperatures and presents some collision hazard. Hot liquid sodium is an uncomfortable commodity which will react explosively with water. The GM lithium battery also operates at elevated temperatures. From a certain standpoint, however, the hot batteries may have one advantage in that they may serve as a source of heat for the passengers in cold weather. But to divert any appreciable energy from a battery pack for this purpose would cut down on the precious miles between recharges.

Most exponents of the electric car make a big point out of the fact that one would recharge the batteries overnight in one's garage. Or that parking lots would be equipped for recharging during a day of business or shopping. Recharging is a rather slow affair for most available batteries, and I am not inclined to be optimistic about the car owner as a do-it-yourself recharging serviceman. The better, and it seems to me quite inevitable, answer for the electrified urban and suburban areas would

be to convert service stations to battery-exchange stops. Exchanging a fully charged battery pack for a run-down pack in a simple low horsepower vehicle should take no more time than filling up a tank with gasoline and checking the oil. From a business standpoint there are alluring possibilities in this field for the ambitious entrepreneur, which are compatible with the major problem of financing a car inherently more costly than a gasoline-powered vehicle only because the batteries cost so much.

The obvious financial answer is the one that has put the electric forklift truck suddenly ahead of competition from internal-combustion trucks. Electric Storage Battery Company *leases* the batteries and charges only on the basis of energy consumed.

If the battery pack is leased and a system of battery exchange is set up, the two transactions being coupled by credit card accounting, then we approach the present forklift financing plan. One would, in effect, be paying for energy consumed, plus a service charge, just as one pays for electricity for the home or for energy in the form of gasoline. Under such circumstances, the electric car would not only cost less than the present car in primary investment, but even with a rather steep service charge for battery exchange, the operating cost would be much lower than that of the gasoline-engine car. Although much depends on the precise nature of the two different automobiles being compared — gasoline-powered versus electric — it has been conservatively estimated that the operating cost of the electric would run about one third that of the internal-combustion auto.

Professor Henri André's 2200-pound Dyna-Panhard car (somewhat smaller than present Corvair and Falcon compacts, which weigh 2600 and 2500 pounds, respectively), using silver-zinc batteries, has been running around Paris since 1954, gets a range of 150 miles on only one charge at a top speed of 50 miles per hour, and he claims, with vouchers to prove it, that the total operating cost has averaged one tenth that of a conventional car of the same weight. Of course, gasoline costs more in Europe because of the tax load, but the one-third ratio mentioned previously could obviously be improved both by technical advances and by the functioning of economic laws. For example, with more or less nationwide electrification of automobiles, the need for electric power would about double, since approximately one half of the energy consumed in the United States now goes into automotive use. Since the battery industry could do its recharging at off-peak hours, mainly at night, the cost of battery power should be reduced by as much as 20 percent. In this connection it is vitally important that additional power plants be so designed that the smog abolished by electrification of the automobile is not restored by burning more coal

or higher-sulfur fuel. Indeed, the policy seems to be shaping up in southern California to require all new power plants to be nuclear, with incremental power to be obtained by long-distance transmission from the Northwest.

PERHAPS the most important economic advantage would be an eventual reduction in automobile insurance rates. This stems from what could turn out in the long run to be the single greatest boon of the electric car — one that Warren Magnuson, senator from the state of Washington, has justifiably emphasized in his vigorous speeches — a reduction in the appalling mortality and injury rates from car accidents which at the present time far overshadow the smog problem. Senator Magnuson reasons that a new world of car safety could be attained if full advantage were taken of the degree of freedom allowed the designer in planning a new kind of vehicle in which the power package can be located in any convenient place, instead of wrapping a large glossy envelope around a fixed-position power plant as we do in the current automobiles. The present pusillanimous safety regulations consist, in effect, of adding things like belts (which only 20 percent of the drivers use, even when factory-installed) or substituting foam rubber for hard plastic or removing outside rear mirrors. But if we start from scratch, the inherent performance properties of the electric car (high low-speed torque, low maximum speed, low momentum because of light weight) could combine with clean, imaginative interior and exterior design to add a new dimension — systematic planning of the whole vehicle and its operating habits precisely and deliberately for safety. We might not have an idiot-proof car, but we would have one we could better entrust to teenagers, old men, and the vast army of the absent-minded and accident-prone among us.

Hubert Humphrey has said, "You do not put in charge of transportation the man who runs the local livery stable." One might paraphrase this to read, "You do not put in charge of transportation, as it affects the nation's health and safety, the private companies which now make a hundred billion dollars from the gasoline-powered automobile." It is noteworthy, however, that both Ford and Chrysler are optimistic and that Ford is even working on a hybrid vehicle that would run on batteries in metropolitan areas and switch to gasoline power when out on the highways. The batteries would be recharged by the gasoline engine.

In addition to the enormous inertia of a vested energy industry (which includes the petroleum companies), we have public inertia and pride of car ownership to cope with. Frank Stead, chief of

the Division of Environmental Sanitation, California State Department of Public Health, has demanded that state legislation be passed to serve legal notice that after 1980 no gasoline-powered motor vehicle shall be permitted to operate in California. Especially in the West, Mr. Stead points out, car ownership is a "deep-seated question of culture and self-image. . . . The West was won by men on horseback and the private motor is today's horse." His basic contention is that Western man will not go for mass transportation. But will he take a more modest horse?

To get the electric automobile on the streets before the Europeans take away the initiative (Great Britain has some 50,000 electric vehicles in continual operation and has ambitious plans), the best suggestion is probably that of Dr. M. L. Feldman of General Electric. His organization is in a strategic position since it has the only fuel cell development which eventually might make possible an electric car that could also run, without toxic emissions, on gasoline or kerosene and air.

Dr. Feldman believes that the first electric cars should be glorified golf carts, like the shopper-type electric vehicles used by old people in Long Beach, California, and that they should not be exposed to the dangerous abrasion of gasoline-powered traffic. They should be introduced in new cities, such as Irvine, California, where the community could be laid out with "transportation paths" to accommodate them. Eventually, when they graduate to the great smogged-in cities, separate streets and routes should be set aside for them.

As an indication that American enterprise is not going to wait for the turning of the ponderous wheels of Detroit, or even for a new kind of battery, Westinghouse Electric Corporation has announced an immediate program to make and sell electric cars. The model, several hundred of which will be offered for sale this year at "under \$2000," is called the Markette, uses 12 six-volt conventional lead-acid batteries, reaches a top speed of 125 miles per hour in acceleration time of 12 seconds, and has a range of 50 miles between rechargings. It is recharged in 8 hours from an ordinary AC retractable-cord outlet.

In spite of the weight penalty of the antiquated battery system (800 pounds of battery for a total curb weight of 1630 pounds), Westinghouse is optimistic that the car will attract owners interested in two-passenger vehicles for short-range city driving. It is a noteworthy commercial experiment, and although it follows a series of failures by smaller concerns somewhat along the same line, one cannot afford to laugh it off. Westinghouse is a big company, and the Markette may prove to be the first salvo of a healthy cannonade which is bound to become more sophisticated as the battle goes on.

AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

by Judith Higgins

THE ONLY PEOPLE

*All the world is divided into Only People and Grays, Marshas and plain Janes.
How the one profits from the other forms the basis of this story by Judith Higgins,
a native of New Jersey, a graduate of Pembroke, and a resident of New York City.*

MOMMY made me answer the ad for a medical typist. I wanted to stay home and watch *I Love Lucy* and *The Edge of Night*. I was tired of job-hunting, and I thought my leg needed a rest.

I had polio when I was a child, and I wear a brace on my right leg. It is attached to my black oxford and runs up to my knee, where it ends in a padded circle of steel. The leg seems boneless, and its pinkish-purple hue shows through my nylon. In fact, it looks like a rag doll's leg.

I know other people would hate to have such a leg, and looking at it they thank God it is I who have it and not they. But what they don't know is that I don't always detest my leg. I've had to favor this rag leg for eighteen years, so I'm quite attached to it. At night when I take off the brace and sit in my bath or when I first get between the sheets of my bed, I think of my leg rather tenderly. It seems so vulnerable, how could I wish it further harm? I rub it gently with my hands or my good foot. I hop from tub to bed, holding it carefully in the air.

But I sympathize fully with others' disgust and wish to spare them the sight of such a leg. That was another reason for my wanting to stay at home. Let Boston employers have a day off from the sight of me. But Mommy would not listen to my reasons. "You've had a hard time, but so have I! You're twenty-seven. Get a job — and keep it for once!"

"No one wants me —" I said. But she was already pushing me out the door.

My mother and I live in the South End. My father left us when I was three, when I had two nice normal legs and no limp. I wonder what he would think if he saw what happened to me. Mother says he would probably take one look and leave on the next train. He never could, she says, stand any kind of responsibility or trouble. Mother and I both work, or I do most of the time, and on weekends we go to the laundromat and wash our hair and cook pot roast, and on Sundays we go to High Mass and watch Ed Sullivan. Looking at TV is what I always put down under "hobbies" on the job applications — and I list my programs.

The trip to Downtown Hospital was very hot, and I got lost once on the MTA. I wanted to turn back, but I was afraid Mommy would pull out the plug of the TV. She had done that twice before.

"Eighty words a minute. That's very impressive," said the personnel manager at the hospital. "And you've used a Dictaphone?"

"Yes."

"Well, we certainly need somebody. We were without a chief pathologist for four months when our former one retired, and there's a backlog of autopsies to be typed up. Would you be interested?"

"Oh, yes." I hate talking to people. I mean, where are you supposed to look — in their eyes the whole time? I think that annoys them, and I know I ought to look away every few seconds. But my eyes *stick*.

"You'd be working in the pathology lab, near the operating room. How would you feel about that?"

"OK."

"It wouldn't upset you?"

"No."

"Good. I'll take you up to Surgery to meet Doctor Wiles. He's our new pathologist."

G. Wilbur Wiles, in his forties I guessed, had red hair, a crew cut, and a starched white coat. He was much better looking than anyone on *General Hospital* or *Doctor Kildare*. His secretary stood beside his desk.

"This is Miss Murphy," said the personnel man. "She's come to help us out on the autopsies. Types eighty words a minute."

"It's true," I said, then blushed. I felt like a racehorse that had suddenly spoken.

"Great!" exclaimed Doctor Wiles. He jumped up and shook my hand. "What's your first name? I hate this formal business."

I looked around for the personnel man, but he had gone. "Jane," I said.

"Well, Jane, this is Marsha Polanski, my secretary."

"Hi, Jane!" She came forward and shook my hand, just as heartily as Doctor Wiles had. "We're glad to have you aboard." Then she returned to her place beside Doctor Wiles's desk. She was younger than I was, blond and pretty. Her eyes took in my brace in the most discreet way, and then she never looked down again.

"Well, little one," said Doctor Wiles, "let's get Miz Jane started. Eighty words a minute — gee whisksers, are we lucky!"

They looked at each other and smiled. Marsha said, "Yes. She's made our day."

Facing me, they seemed to present a united front, so at ease. I knew then that they were Only People. Only People are handsome, successful, relaxed, and above all they are paid attention to and taken seriously. In fact, Only People are *the* only people. The rest of the population are either Grays or Janes. Grays are harmless but not very interesting. I suppose Mommy is a Gray; I know she is not an Only Person or she would not be living in two rooms in the South End with me. Janes are the creeps of the universe. They have everything possible the matter with them, and no one would dream of taking them seriously. Naturally, Only People don't like to have to look at Janes, but sometimes they tolerate the Janes when they prove themselves good workers. I pride myself on being a good worker and therefore possibly useful to Only People. That is my one hope, because everyone stays the way he is. Grays stay gray, and Only People reign forever. It took me a long time to *make* myself understand that I would

always be a Jane. I had to put a sign on the wall of my room: Live Without Hope.

Marsha led me down the hall to the office where I would be typing. People stared at me as I passed, but I kept my eyes on Marsha's strapped high heels. That's one more thing I hate about starting a new job — the spurt of curiosity I stir up.

My gray steel desk touched another: from behind it a heavy older woman looked up, rather startled. She pulled the Dictaphone apparatus from her ears and tried to smile at me.

"Miss Lupowitz," said Marsha, "this is Jane Murphy. She'll be typing the autopsies. Miss Lupowitz enters the specimens in the surgical book and types our gross surgical descriptions. A gross is the pathologist's rough description of the tissue removed during an operation — its measurements, appearance, how it feels to the touch. I type the microscopic description of the same tissue — how it looks on a slide — and the diagnoses. The surgical report on a patient consists of gross, then micro, then diagnosis. And of course I am Doctor Wiles's secretary."

"How do you do?" said Miss Lupowitz to me.

Marsha addressed me, smiling. "Sit down, sit down." She pulled out my typewriter for me (a manual one), got out paper, and inserted a belt into my Dictaphone. No one except Mommy had ever waited on me like this.

"Everything all right now?"

"Oh, yes, fine. Thank you."

"If you have any questions, just ask me. Or ask Miss Lupowitz. She's been here twenty years."

"Oh, thank you, I will."

Miss Lupowitz spoke up. She had an accent of some sort. "Miss Polanski, here is a belt of micros. Doctor Hendrix handed them to me a little while ago."

"Oh. Well, what about it?"

"Well, don't you want to take it?" The tape fluttered in her outstretched hand. Marsha did not take it.

"You start them, Miss Lupowitz. I'd like the surgical reports to go out today."

"Of course. If I would have known that you wanted *me* to do the micros, I would have started them already. But yesterday you said that *you* —"

"Do the best you can, Miss Lupowitz." With a smile at me, she was gone through the swinging door that led from this office into the lab.

Miss Lupowitz was staring at me with wide eyes. Her cheeks had turned red. "She's twenty years old," she said to me. I didn't know what she wanted, but I couldn't take time out to ponder it. I had my work laid out before me.

I am proud of one thing, and that is my typing. If your legs don't work, I guess you have to concentrate on the hands. And that's what I have done.

I knit and I sketch a little and I type. When all is going well, words go in my ears and come out my fingertips without any mental interference in between. The thing that has to be right is the atmosphere. I have to have peace. Then I get into a kind of dream, and the words from the Dictaphone flow through me like blood. All the noises and voices around me disappear. My eyes stare only at the letters falling onto the paper, line after line, as steadily as rain.

The body is that of an emaciated white female, weighing an estimated 98 pounds and measuring 5 feet 5 inches in length. The body is opened in the usual Y-shaped ventral incision. . . .

When the door of our office was open, you could see the patients being rolled by from the operating room to the recovery room. In their little plastic caps and with the I.V. bottles dripping into their arms, they never spoke. The only noises were the grinding wheels on the beds and the orderlies saying, "Watch it, watch it." All day there was a sound like trains going by our door.

The left lung is surgically absent. The right lung weighs 550 grams. Its pleura is opaque gray and diffusely thickened.

I could scarcely wait to tell Mommy what a good job I had found and with what nice people. I knew she had not believed that I would ever get it.

WHEN I took in some mail to him the next morning, Doctor Wiles made me sit down and have coffee with him. I watched while he measured coffee into two cups and poured water from an electric pot. A doctor in a white coat was making me coffee — I could scarcely believe it. "How many sugars?" he asked.

"Oh, that's all right."

He laughed. "Miss Murphy, you're a very agreeable young lady. I'll assume you take two lumps." He handed me my cup and sat down at his desk. He smiled. "Isn't this heat brutal?"

"Yes, it certainly is."

"I'm from Little Rock, but this has me beat." He touched his white coat (I realized I had been staring at it), and said, "These damn things don't help either, but a doctor doesn't look like a doctor unless he has one on. I envy this little fella his outfit." And pulling out his wallet, he showed me a snapshot of a smiling baby in a diaper.

"Ah," I said.

"He's my new son. Daddys aren't supposed to praise their offspring, I know, but I think this guy's pretty great."

"Oh, he is. He's beautiful." But not a tenth as good-looking as you, I thought. Oh, Mommy, if you could see me now —

I had to make myself concentrate on what he was saying. He was explaining that he was in charge not only of the pathology lab, where they examined tissue, but of the chemistry lab, where they examined blood and urine, and the blood bank as well. He wanted no splits between the three departments or any of the people in them. "I hate pigeonholes, job roles," he said. "At the risk of sounding like a country bumpkin, Miz Jane, when my Boy Scout troop back in Arkansas went on a camping trip, we all pitched in. Nobody said, 'I get to do that because I'm older than you or smarter than you or because my Dad's richer than yours.' And we all cooperated with the leader. Here people have gotten solidified into categories, everybody pulling in his own direction. It's not their fault they're lazy. Nobody has ever supervised them properly before. We can double our output here, and if we double our output, we double our business. It's as simple as that."

We finished our coffee. "Those letters you've got, are they for me, Ma'am?"

"Yes." I laid them on his desk.

"Thank you kindly, Ma'am." And he smiled at me again.

I went away realizing that this was the best job I had ever had.

There were three doctors besides Doctor Wiles who worked in the pathology laboratory, and often they came out to our office to use their new Dictaphones or to receive specimens wrapped in green surgical cloth.

One nurse was very loud and would always call out the organ. "Stomach! Sign, please." And Miss Lupowitz would get up, enter the information in the surgical book, and then bring the organ into the lab for the doctors to dissect. For her recording she used a ball-point pen called a NOBLOT Thirrite #2435. I would have liked one, but she had the only one.

She also had the IBM typewriter. I had to go very carefully on my manual, because the *k* and *y* stuck each time. There were also the accents to contend with. Doctor Duval and Doctor Chang both had accents: "The you-nayree bla-dr ees deestanded and cohn-tens a-boon-dant torr-beed youreen."

MARSHA came in, put her hand on my shoulder, and said to Miss Lupowitz: "Are you finished with the grosses yet, Miss Lupowitz?"

"No. I am going as fast as I can, Miss Polanski. You used to want them by twelve o'clock. Now it is only ten o'clock, and already you are asking for them."

Her cheeks had turned red again. I felt so comfortable with Marsha's hand on my shoulder. How



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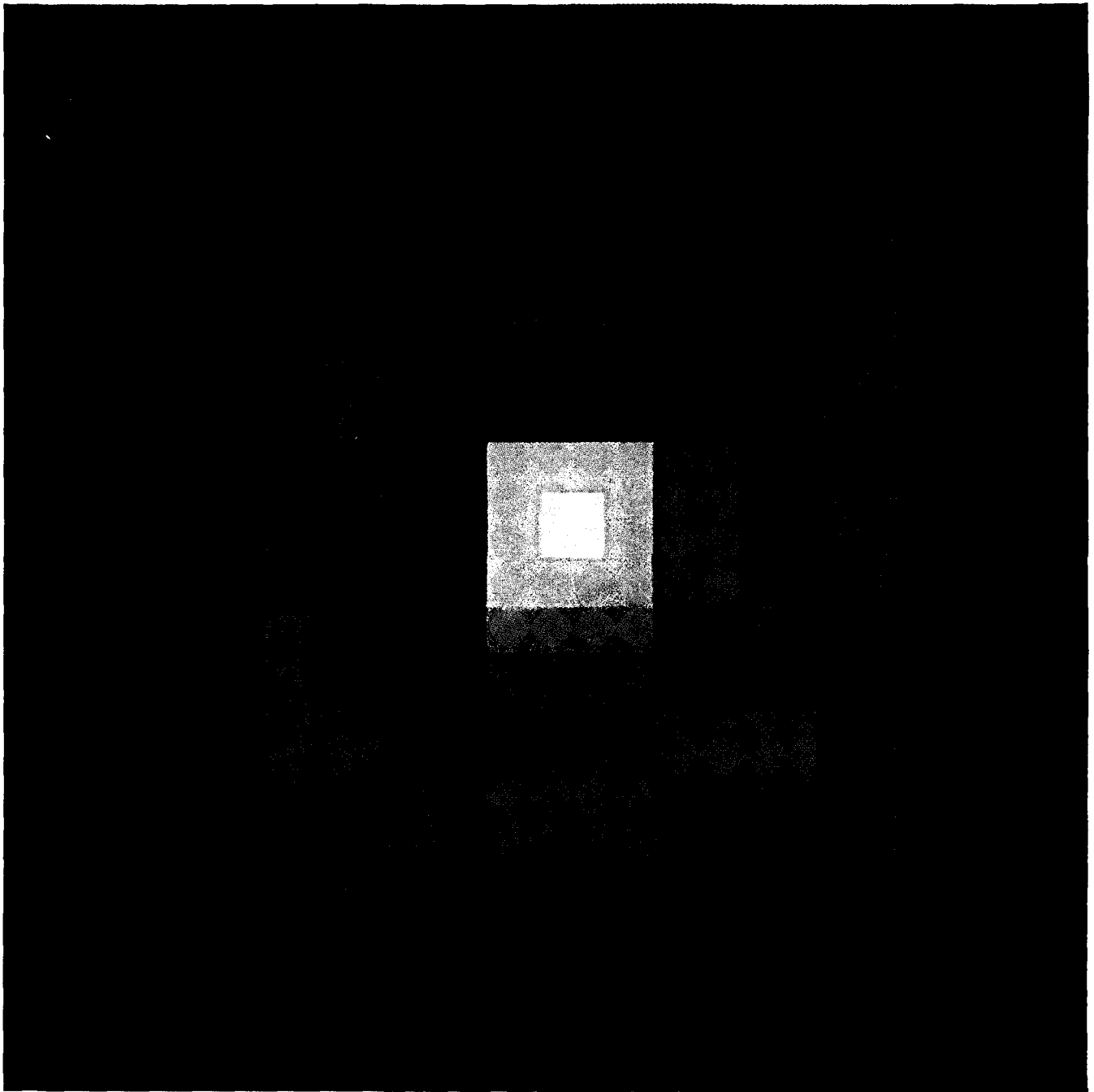
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But then, the British long ago discovered that victory is not always sweet.



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wonderful that she would want to touch me. It made me want to laugh at Miss Lupowitz.

It was Marsha who laughed. "Ruth doesn't like Dictaphones," she said to me. "She's used to taking down the doctors' reports in longhand."

"No, no, that's not the point. I could get used to it if it would work right. I don't ask that you should get a new machine for me, but could you call the repairman? Please. This has been broken already one week."

Marsha pushed a stray blond hair behind one ear. Yesterday she had worn her hair down, and today she wore it up in a bun and had horn-rimmed spectacles on. It almost seemed that she could be two different people. "I'll try to call him again, Miss Lupowitz. That's not the only thing I have to do."

A doctor walked in just then carrying a raincoat and a briefcase. Marsha brightened. In fact, she shone. She pulled her hand from my shoulder and thrust it at him. "Doctor Norton, hul-lo! It's delightful to see you again. Doctor Wiles will be delighted also, I am sure. Won't you follow me to his office? Here, let me carry your coat."

"No, no, that's all right, honey."

"Doctor Norton, I insist. You've come so far for us. You must tell us, did you have a good flight?"

And away he went, following that little heart-shaped behind. I was sure that men must find her very attractive. I'm not much to look at from the back because I'm not symmetrical; on the right side, where I had polio, my buttock is much smaller; because of this I never wear tight skirts.

"Stroggling along with these broken machines — it's terrible," Miss Lupowitz muttered. "And then the deadlines. I never know when they want something."

I did not answer her.

"Hi, ladies." Doctor Wiles stood in the doorway, his hands on the frame. "'Lo," I mumbled, smiling, and Miss Lupowitz twisted her face into a smile. I was sure he had heard her; it served her right if she got into trouble, for being such a poor sport. "Good morning, sir," she said, and put the Dictaphone apparatus back into her ears.

Later on, when he came back into the room — and this is the truth — he put his arm around my shoulders. First Marsha's hand and now Doctor Wiles's arm — this was really my day.

After what seemed five minutes (and I was afraid my shoulders were sweating), he said: "Miss Murphy?"

"Yes, yes?"

"Could you type this address on a label, please Ma'am?"

"Oh, yes, Doctor Wiles, I'll do it right away." I took the slip of paper from him, and my hand was

shaking. It was, I thought, just like a scene from *The Nurses*, everyone working together, the sultry midday city beyond the window looking like a paper set.

He straightened and withdrew his arm, and said, "Thank you, Ma'am," and winked at me.

Oh, God, God, God, I thought, isn't he wonderful. I was too happy to be jealous when he said, "Miss Lupowitz?"

She removed her earphones. "Yes, sir?"

"I'm hungry, and I'm going to lunch. *Ich wollte haben Mittagessen. Ich habe ein grossen Hunger!*"

He smiled and waited until she gave a small chuckle (adding that she did not know much German), and then he departed, his white coat swirling.

THE cafeteria for the lab help, clerical help, and laundry staff is located in the sub-basement," Marsha explained, as Willie the Negro operator rode us down.

"Oh, I see," I said, trying to concentrate. I was so happy — she had made Miss Lupowitz wait her turn and had asked *me* to lunch with her!

"Let's sit by ourselves," she said, laughing and tickling me in the ribs. "I want to talk to you!"

She signed for both our meals and brought them to the table. "Now, if you will spread these things out while I get our milk and coffee." Mommy had not been this nice to me since I was sick.

"Doctor Wiles likes people to feel they're working *with* him, not *for* him." As she spoke, her eyes studied my face so eagerly that I felt it would be wrong to look down at my plate. "You just don't say 'no' to a doctor. Doctors are special people. You have to show them you know they're the boss. Doctor Wiles gets irritated with people who don't like him. He gives them every opportunity to show their goodwill, and then if they don't come across, well. . ."

Her eyes are beautiful, I thought. A pale gray, the color of my steel desk.

"I worked for him a year at Camden Hospital," she went on, never picking up her fork. "I guess you know, he brought me here with him. At Camden I used to have the grosses on his desk by noon, so that he could come right back from lunch and dictate the micros. Then in the afternoon I'd type those up and knock off four belts of letters."

She had a piece of bread in her left hand, but had taken only one bite out of it and had not touched the food on her plate. I was terribly hungry, but I felt that it would be wrong to chew while she was talking to me, her face held only a few inches from mine.

"That's why I become so irritated when people here don't meet the deadlines we set up. Miss

Lupowitz says this hospital is three times the size of Camden and has three times as many operations per day, but she will grab, I have found, at any excuse for slow production.

"All our jobs depend on one another's, you see. We're like a conveyor belt of work. If one person along the way is late, then everybody after him is late, and the doctors don't get their reports on time. The reports should be mailed out to the surgeons the same day the operation was performed. So far they haven't been, but I intend to see that they are. Doctor Wiles is counting on it."

She took a bite of her food, and I took three quick bites of mine.

"The former pathologist was a nice man, but all he was interested in was pathology. He'd come in, give everyone an encouraging word, and then go about his business. He never checked up on people. Doctor Wiles and I have had to do that. And we've found, just as you'd expect, that people have been getting away with murder. The girls in hematology and blood bank have been having a ball. They're never at their desks, which annoys me no end. Betty and Harold in the chemistry lab will get away with as little work as they can. We're watching them closely."

She looked at me thoughtfully. "We must think of something else for you to do so that you won't be typing all day."

"Answering the telephone?"

"No, I'd better do that. There's a way of doing it, you see. You have to be very polite with doctors — always refer to them as 'doctor.' They're very sensitive about that. How about making out the lab bills? Perhaps you could do that. I've been doing it, but I'm helping Doctor Wiles with research on the book he's writing —"

"Oh, are you? How exciting!"

"Yes, it is exciting. Interesting. But in any case, it entails visits to the library, so I may give you the lab bills to do —"

"Oh, I'd love to!"

"Good." She laughed. "There, I've done it again! Talked shop the whole time. But I can't help it, it's so interesting." She stood up, running her fingers up my arm. "Finish that slop, if you want it. I'll bus our dishes and ring for the elevator."

I took only one huge bite of rice, so that I could ride back up with her.

One day shortly thereafter, Doctor Wiles introduced a sign-in, sign-out book, which he placed in our office. Marsha explained it to me at lunch. "We're going to cut down on people slacking off. Mike in chemistry is always making trips to the supply room — *he* says — but we suspect he's secretly sunning himself in the solarium. He's just too tan. And Lilly's a smart cookie. She comes in

at nine thirty. Because she's been here five years she thinks she can get away with it. But Doctor Wiles will fire everybody here if he has to."

I choked on my Welsh rarebit.

She laid a hand on my arm. "Not you. We're very pleased with you so far. Doctor Wiles just wants to be sure that people are putting in their eight hours and that they're on legitimate errands when they're away from their desks." She sighed. "So far, Miss Lupowitz hasn't signed the book. We're giving her another day. That woman just won't cooperate."

Later that day Doctor Wiles explained the book in a much less alarming way. "This is the sign-out book, Miss Lupowitz." (Of course, it had been sitting on the corner of her desk all day.) "I'm signing myself out to chemistry and blood bank. See how useful this is, Ma'am? If anyone asks for me, why you just have to look at the book to tell them where I am. Now, doesn't this make a lot of sense? I know it sure makes sense to me."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Lupowitz. Without looking up from my work, I knew that her cheeks would be flaming red.

Yet despite his special plea, an hour later she was still resisting. She lingered in the doorway of our office until I looked up. "I'm just going to the bathroom, Miss Murphy. If *he* asks." She laughed. "Just to urinate, so I won't be long." She looked as though she were about to cry. I realized that Marsha was right: Miss Lupowitz just could not adjust.

HHEY." Someone was touching me on the shoulder. "I don't believe I know your name."

It was a fat young man in a white lab coat. "Dick Nalbandian . . . Well, you still won't tell me?"

"Jane Murphy." My fingers remained arched over the keys; he had interrupted me in the middle of a sentence.

"Gee," he went on, "I've been trying to introduce myself for two days, but you never look up from that machine. I'll be assisting the doctors now in your lab. Used to be at New Bank Memorial."

I looked down at the paper in my typewriter; I did not type, but I would not talk to him, either. What if Marsha should come in and find me not working? Besides, I wanted to finish Autopsy 8759 before noon.

"Dick!" called one of the doctors. "Did you get that tray of slides yet?"

"Not yet, Doc. I'm on my way now, Doc. Well," he said to me, "take it easy. I'll be seeing you around."

Good riddance, I thought. But I had thought

too soon. At noon he brought his food over to the table where Marsha and I were sitting. What nerve, butting in on our conversation. I hated the way black hairs crawled out over the collar of his lab coat, and I kept my eyes on my tuna casserole.

"So tell me about Doctor Wiles," he said to Marsha. "No, don't look at me that way — I'm serious. He's my new boss, and I don't wanna do anything to upset the applecart. What's he like? He must fly off the handle *sometime*. I'd like to know what sets him off so as I don't do it."

"Doctor Wiles is always just as you see him. He doesn't 'fly off the handle,' as you put it."

"You mean, he's always that jolly and good-natured with everybody?"

"Yes. I've been asked this question before — what's the real Doctor Wiles like? But there is no real Doctor Wiles. I mean, what you see on the surface is the real Doctor Wiles. He's a very unusual man. He likes people, and he wants them to like him as much as he likes them." She waved her hand. "But I'm not giving out any more information. You'll find out for yourself. If you do your job well, if you cooperate, you have nothing to worry about."

He laughed. "Well, thanks."

On the way up, Marsha confided to me that Dick, who was thirty-seven, was really nothing more than Lilly's lab maid, and that she and Doctor Wiles were watching his performance closely.

"I knew he was only a Jane!"

"A what?"

"Nothing," I said, blushing.

The afternoon confirmed my suspicions. Dick was in and out of our office and the lab, spanked on his fat bottom by the swinging door. "I'll do that right away, Doctor . . . Certainly, Doctor. . . Let me clean that spot out of your jacket, Doctor . . . Can I sweeten your coffee, Doctor?" Oh, he was a Jane all right. I detested him for it.

MARSHA had an IBM Selectric typewriter and the only new Dictaphone. Again this was proof, if I had needed any, of what she was: Only People work with only the best materials. Like Miss Lupowitz, I was having trouble with my Dictaphone, but I didn't say anything to Marsha. The repairman had not yet come to fix Miss Lupowitz's, and I could see how her complaints were annoying Marsha.

Typing on a manual typewriter all day tied my shoulders, especially the right one, in knots. In the evenings Mommy had been rubbing them with Ben-Gay. Afterward I would sit with the right one over the back of a chair as I watched TV. I was missing all the good shows now because I had to go to bed by nine o'clock. Otherwise I

would not be fresh enough for my work. In addition to five autopsies a day (I used to do two), I was now doing the lab bills, addressing envelopes, typing and filing cards on the day's operations, and typing over anything that Marsha had made a mistake on and did not feel like redoing. I think Marsha was surprised at how much work I was turning out, although she never said anything.

I did not regret missing *Doctor Kildare* and *Run for Your Life*, however. Today Doctor Wiles had put his hand on my shoulder: "Jane, my girl?"

"Yes?"

"Can we make this in triplicate?"

Before I had had a chance to reply, Marsha came in and put her hand on Doctor Wiles's shoulder: "Mrs. Wiles called." "Thank you, little one," he said. For a moment we had remained linked together, the three of us, and for that moment I was not Jane but one of the Only People. I had never been so happy.

"They are like a couple of Arabs, aren't they?" Miss Lupowitz had remarked after Marsha and the doctor had gone back to their office. "Always pawing a person."

I was shocked at her. Then I realized that she was jealous — not only of Marsha (everyone is jealous of Only People) — but of *me*. Imagine.

The next evening Marsha offered to drive me home.

"Oh, you don't *have* to," I murmured, astonished.

She pulled down the hem of my skirt (I guess my slip was showing). "Don't be silly. I'd like to. I have my car with me today." And she hopped off to tell Doctor Wiles that we were leaving together.

Don't let this go to your head, I kept telling myself as I followed her out to the parking lot, or you'll be punished. But it was almost impossible to hold down my happiness. How do you like this, leg, I said to it as I pulled it in after me into Marsha's car, no subway for you tonight.

"Oh, there's Doctor Wiles!" cried Marsha, and began beeping her horn. Sure enough, I could see his fuzzy-topped head in a little car that nosed us over and passed us. When he was ahead, he winked his left light. She honked three short bursts and flashed her headlights.

"He's off to suburbia tonight," she explained to me. "About three nights a week he works late and stays in town. It's a long drive to Minnisocket" (here she drew in her cheeks and talked very soberly), "but when you bring children into the world, you owe it to them to give them the best possible environment in which to grow up. And after all, the wife and children are the ones who have to be home most of the day. For the man, what goes on at his job is more important than where he puts his family down."

She went on talking about Doctor Wiles. He had

been the youngest ever to graduate from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and had had one of the largest scholarships. He used to be a gynecologist and obstetrician. But delivering babies was really the easiest kind of medicine, and much as Doctor Wiles loved dealing with people directly, he was too brilliant to be satisfied staying with the "carriage trade." And so he had gone into pathology.

There was a lot more that she said, but I was too nervous to concentrate: it had gradually dawned on me — what if she expected to be invited in? If Marsha were to see those two rooms we lived in, I would never get a ride from her again, I was sure of it. And Mommy had gotten so fat. Worse yet, it was very possible that she would fail to see that Marsha was an Only Person and ought to be treated the right way; Grays can be stupid like that.

My worries were suddenly dispelled when, parking in front of the house where we lived, Marsha said, "I won't come in."

"Oh," I said with relief. "I mean —"

"Before you go, there is one thing I want to mention."

"Yes?"

She sighed and traced a circle around the steering wheel with her fingertips. "As you may have guessed, we're having our problems with Miss Lupowitz. She won't cooperate. It's very sad. She can't learn our ways of doing things, and nothing is ever finished when we ask for it. I'm not saying that I'm any more qualified than she is just because I went to medical secretarial school and she never had the slightest formal training, not the slightest! And yet she can be so *sure* of herself!"

She lowered her voice. "Anyway, the point is, leaving Miss Lupowitz out of it, we want to be sure you're on our side. Will you work with us? If we all work together, we can get out of the hole. It will take a lot of time, but we can do it. How about it?"

"Oh, yes," I said. "Oh, yes. I'll do anything I can."

She smiled and patted my thigh. "That's what I thought you'd say. OK, run in now."

She revised that when she saw my hand darting from my brace to the door handle and back to my leg again. "Take your time," she said, stretching. "I'm in no rush tonight."

FIRST thing the next morning, I was summoned into Doctor Wiles's office.

"Thank you for the ride," I said to Marsha. She smiled and closed the partition between Doctor Wiles's desk and hers, leaving me alone with him.

"Sit down, Ma'am," he said. "Miss Murphy, you look apprehensive. Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't look worried."

I tried not to.

"That's better." He lay back in his chair and brushed a hand back over his crew cut. He had on a short-sleeved shirt (his medical coat was hanging on the chair), and I couldn't help noticing how white the flesh on the underside of his arm was. Shocked at myself, I switched my eyes at once to his face.

"When I came here three months ago," he said, folding his hands across his stomach, "I found a laboratory that would have been modern about ten years back. The equipment was outdated. People were using methods of doing things that were twice as slow as they need be. Well, by now I think — I *think* — we may be coming out of the Middle Ages. At least I hope so. Some of the new lab machinery I've ordered has already been installed. I've gotten the doctors to use Dictaphones, instead of having Miss Lupowitz sit in there like a scribe taking it all down. I'm also waiting on the new multiplex snap-out forms for our surgical reports; they have *built-in* carbon paper, which will save you gals in the office one heck of a lot of time."

He leaned on the desk with his elbows. "It's the human end of things that's our problem number one. You know, Miz Jane, it's almost easier to requisition another radiation unit than it is to get people to work *with* you. I have one person I can count on, and that's Marsha. She's been coming in evenings and on weekends while we get organized. I need someone like her.

"But Marsha and I can't straighten out this place alone. We need the cooperation of everyone here. We can't have people coming in here and sealing themselves into their own little slots. We're not a bunch of artists. We have to work as a team. And if I don't get the cooperation I want, there's going to be a shake-up here that people won't forget, and I'm the guy to do it."

He leaned back in his chair and lit a cigarette. "I guess you're aware that we have a problem child in the lab."

"Miss Lupowitz!" I said promptly.

He smiled. "The kindest interpretation of her behavior is that she is finding it hard to adjust to our ways of doing things. The former pathologist was an awfully nice man who just wanted to be left in peace so he could look through his microscope all day. And he evidently didn't share my antipathy to rigid ladies who treat men, doctors at that, like foolish little boys. The result was, we had this DP running the administrative end of things when I got here. I have nothing personal against Jews, you

understand. They can be fine people. We just ran into the stereotype in Miss Lupowitz.

"She came in here yesterday morning and told me about a mistake I had made — and I sure am glad she caught it, but I didn't like the *way* she told me about it. Sort of triumphant. It's incidents like these that make me suspect she's not just an old fossil that can't adjust — I think she really has it in for me.

"Which brings me to why I asked you in here this morning. I don't want to fire the good lady. She's been here twenty years, and before we came I'm told that she *did* get the surgical reports out on time. But starting right now I'd like to bypass this Rumanian lady as much as possible. So Jane, my girl, we're going to give *you* the surgical reports to type — Marsha will do the microscopies in the afternoon — and confine Miss Lupowitz to the autopsies. The time element isn't as important on autopsies. She can fool around with them all day and collect her ninety dollars a week, but she won't be undermining me. How about it, Miz Jane? Will you work with us?"

"Oh, yes, I will. But —"

"What is it?"

"Well, who's going to tell her? I don't want to be the one."

"You won't have to be. It'll be my pleasure. She'll balk at the switch, but I'll write up a new job description for her. That Old World compulsiveness, you know; they have to see everything in writing."

WHEN Miss Lupowitz came back from Doctor Wiles's office, I knew that she had been told. Her eyes were very bright and her mouth pinched. "May I have please the autopsies that you have not done?"

I handed them to her and went on with my grosses.

While I typed, I was aware every so often of noises from Miss Lupowitz like "Och!" and "What, what?" And I could hear the click of her foot again and again on the "repeat" pedal of her Dictaphone. "Doctor Duval," she said at one point, "could it be 'the bowel spaces are gaping'? You are talking about the kidneys." "'Bowman's spaces,'" he called back. Later, "I am sorry to bother you again, Doctor Duval. I am afraid you will have to come and listen to this one. It sounds like 'apple water.' I can't make it out at all."

He came over in his baggy surgical suit and put the earphones on. "The 'ampulla of Vater,'" he said. "'The mehn pan-creatic duct em-teez into the am-pulla of Vater jointly weeth the chole-docus.'"

"Thank you very much, sir. I am sorry to have

to keep bothering you. I was so familiar with the vocabulary of the surgical reports. This I have to learn all over again. And they have never fixed my machine."

"I know, I know," he said. "Believe me, I have never lived through such disorganization. I am getting the migraine — I can feel it coming over my right eye."

The truth was, I was having just as much trouble with the surgical reports as Miss Lupowitz was with the autopsies. Every third word was a new one to me, and I had to play it over many times. But I did not want to ask the doctors to help me because *she* was doing that.

When the telephone rang and Marsha was not in her office to pick it up, Miss Lupowitz would answer it. Snatches of her replies occasionally reached me: "You'd better ask Doctor Wiles. I don't know how they are planning to handle that, sir. I can only tell you the way we used to do it, and of course that may all be changed now . . ." "Sir, I would not know anything about that now. I believe Doctor Wiles's secretary is handling that from now on."

I guess this was an example of what Doctor Wiles meant by her "rigidity." Really, she was very foreign-looking, too. She had heavy hips, and she wore men's sweaters and black oxfords like mine, although she didn't have to. I honestly disliked her now.

I became all the more desirous of proving that I could do the grosses faster than she could after twenty years. Marsha would not find *me* missing her deadlines. By eleven thirty I was ready for another belt of grosses. "Doctor Chang," I called. "I can do your grosses if you have them dictated."

He had just come out of the lab and was pulling off his rubber gloves. "A twenty-one-year-old girl," he said, to no one in particular. "Married, and four months pregnant, and this is definitely carcinoma."

I waited, my fingers arched over the keys. He went on and on, that the husband was hysterical and that the girl lay in a kind of happy dream state. "They'll have to take that baby from her. Boyoboy, I feel like crying myself."

He paused, whereupon I said eagerly: "Doctor Chang, do you have any grosses for me to type?"

"Such a pretty girl, too. What was that, Miss Murphy?"

I had to ask him a third time. I was very annoyed; it was now eleven forty.

MARSHA seemed rather strange at lunch. Her gray eyes stared past my shoulder. I missed her talking to me about the progress we were making and about who was still not pulling his weight.

At the other lab table were two girls from chemistry. "Are those the girls you and Doctor Wiles are watching?" I asked.

"Two of the ones, yes. Maybe I'm not very sociable," she remarked, spreading out our food, "but I just don't enjoy sitting with them. All they talk about is their husbands and their children. It's very boring." She had a beautiful sweater around her shoulders. The flesh on her arm was a lovely tan. She seemed so fresh and clean-looking; almost everyone else down here was either Puerto Rican or Negro. "I come from a big family myself," she added, "so I've heard my fill."

"Oh, do you?"

"Yes — seven children."

It turned out that she came from Roxbury, a neighborhood as bad as mine. I was shocked. It did not fit. "You don't still live there, do you?"

"Oh, no. I have an apartment by myself on Beacon Hill."

"How nice!" I was so glad she was out of Roxbury.

"Yes, it is nice. I wake up in the morning, with the sun streaming in my window, and I say to myself, 'Marsha, my girl, this is the life. Be glad you're footloose and fancy-free. Would you really want a brood of screaming brats at your heels?'"

"That's such a beautiful sweater."

"Why, thank you. I used to wear a uniform when we were at Camden, but Doctor Wiles hates women to wear uniforms. I couldn't agree more." She sighed and fell silent.

I had thought she would be in a good mood. Tomorrow began the Fourth of July weekend, and it meant that we would be off for three days. I had been imagining her as part of a "gay crowd": boys and a convertible, transistors and lying in the sand in a dotted bikini, kicking up perfect tan legs. But seeing her gloom, I began to worry that she thought me not fast enough on the grosses. We were still getting them out a day late to the surgeons. "Maybe I could come in on Monday," I suggested, "and do the surgical reports that are left over."

Her eyes focused on me slowly. "What?"

I repeated my offer.

"Don't be silly. Monday's a holiday."

"I know, but I wouldn't mind. I have nothing else to do."

"Well, thanks, but they won't be doing any operations except emergencies on Monday. I think Doctor Chang will be on, but no one else." She sighed. "I had thought Doctor Wiles would ask for the Fourth so that we could get a number of things straightened out, but he won't be coming in. I can't say that I blame him. He has five acres and a perfectly delightful house. Boston will be hot as Hades this weekend."

"You've been to his house!"

"Don't shriek. Of course I've been to his house." She frowned suddenly. "I'm thirsty and fat around the middle. Two of the seventeen symptoms I have that I'm about to get my period." She grimaced. "The 'curse.' I'll never understand why women dread the menopause. I can't wait." She lapsed into silence again. When she looked up, her eyes were much brighter: "What has Miss Lupowitz been doing all morning?"

"An autopsy, I guess."

"Just one?"

"I guess so." Something was in the wind. I felt excited, the way you do at school when the principal has sent for someone — not you. "Is there something wrong?"

"Yes," she said firmly. "Yes, I believe there is." She broke off, seized at that point by a cramp.

THE long weekend of the Fourth seemed interminable. On Monday, the holiday, Mommy went to the beach with her sister. I didn't go because I didn't want to get sand in my brace. I stayed home by the fan, fiddling with the TV dial. It was quiet and depressing. None of my programs were on. I thought about how I would try to beat the speed record I had set last week. And then I thought about Miss Lupowitz and how Marsha had seemed especially displeased with her. That cheered me up: something was brewing, I was sure.

My suspicions were confirmed on Tuesday morning. Every so often Marsha would come in, stand in our doorway, and survey Miss Lupowitz and me. Sometimes she would say, "How's it coming, ladies?" She frightened me. She wore her horn-rimmed glasses, and her hair was drawn back so tightly that her cheekbones and nose were like three sharp points. I would offer to tell her about my progress or hand her a sheaf of finished reports, but she would only nod at me and pass on to Miss Lupowitz's desk. There she would stand going through papers on the woman's desk. I could see Miss Lupowitz's eyes dart sideways while she tried to keep on typing. At last she pulled the Dictaphone apparatus from her ears and said, "Miss Polanski, what is it you are looking for? If you would tell me, I could find it for you."

"No, no, go on with what you're doing."

"It's just that you are getting everything out of order."

"Oh, am I? That's too bad, Ma'am. I'm looking for finished autopsies, and I seem to find only four."

"I'm on my fifth one now —"

"But so far you've completed only four since we started you on them. Is that right?"

"Miss Polanski, I am doing my best. You and

Doctor Wiles knew I would have to become familiar with this vocabulary all over again. It's you who are after me all the time for the autopsies; the doctors aren't asking for them."

At this Marsha turned on her heel and walked out.

Two nurses who had been in the office the whole time watched her go. One was the loud nurse. "She's in a great mood today," she said. "I guess he went home to his wife last night."

"What future does that kid have?" said the other one.

"No future, none at all."

"He'll have a coronary. Look at the difference in their ages."

"Yeah, and don't forget, he has to do two."

"Pat, you think of everything."

I felt like bursting into tears. Oh, *please* stop talking. I can't hear my dictabelt.

Marsha did not come in anymore that morning. I grew hungry and began waiting for her buzz-buzz, meaning wash your hands, sign us out, and meet me by the service elevator to go down to lunch. But the signal never came. At last, screwing up my courage, I called her on the interoffice phone. I tried to sound funny about it: "I'm hon-greece." It was a failure: she did not understand me. "I thought — um, whu-well, do you want to go down to lunch yet?"

"Why don't you go ahead," she said. "I want to speak to Doctor Wiles about something. *I'm* sorry — I should have let you know. Can you manage?"

"Sure, I guess so."

I would have been very sad and uneasy about going down without her, except that in the hall I passed a man with a tray of sandwiches and coffee, and he asked me to direct him to Doctor Wiles's office. That changed everything: Marsha and Doctor Wiles were dining together in his office. What a wonderful idea! The hardworking doctor and his secretary grabbing a fast bite together: it was better than anything I had seen on *Doctor Kildare*. I felt so proud of them for thinking of it.

I brought my lunch to the table where the other lab workers sat. After a moment they went on talking among themselves, for which I was thankful. I kept my eyes on my lunch.

Finally one of them asked me, "How's 'little one'?"

"I don't understand," I replied.

"Miss Polanski."

"She's fine. I — I think she's eating sandwiches with Doctor Wiles."

"Oh, that's nice. Isn't that nice, Barbara? She's smart. This ravioli is murder on your figure" — she knocked her girlfriend's elbow and smirked — "for them that has to eat it."

I didn't understand them and did not care to try. I hurried with my lunch, bussed my dishes, and rode up with a carful of nurses. I can walk very quietly if I swing my leg out in a wide arc and step down on it very slowly. I got to the door of Doctor Wiles's office without making a sound. There on the chair outside the door was the tray, the food gone. There were two sandwich plates, two coffee cups, and on one of the cups was a smear of lipstick. Smiling, I took a napkin for a souvenir, and then swung and stepped slowly, swung and stepped slowly, back to my desk.

I found Miss Lupowitz blotting her face with a wet paper towel. "I am not feeling so good," she explained. I did not wonder that she was nervous, having been so rude to Marsha. I stacked the reports that I had finished that morning in a neat pile (they rose much higher than Miss Lupowitz's completed work, I was sure) and went on to the next one. It would not be good, I felt, for me to be seen speaking to her.

Toward the end of the afternoon Miss Lupowitz was summoned by buzzer to go into Doctor Wiles's office.

"Well, here it is," she said to Doctor Hendrix. "A dressing down." She pronounced it "drrressink."

"Don't take it to heart, Ruth," he said. "In a year those two won't be here."

When she came back she began at once to dispose of things in her drawers and lockers. Doctor Chang and Doctor Hendrix were watching her. Finally Chang came over to her desk and asked her what had happened. She murmured something. "Really?" he said. "I don't believe it." She simply stared back at him with wet eyes. "Boyoboy, they're crazy," he said, shaking his head and walking away.

Of course I was dying to know what had been said in Doctor Wiles's office, but I did not let on. It was exciting, having all this discord eddying around you but not involving you — the typing went much faster.

WHEN I arrived at work the next morning there was already a belt of grosses on my desk, and on the table with the surgical book there were several specimens in jars or in green cloth waiting to be entered. "Would you do it," Doctor Hendrix asked me, "since Ruth's not here?"

I didn't have time to wonder where she was. "Keep calm, keep calm, you fool," I told myself as I wrote in the surgical book. "If you don't, you'll make an error." But I kept mislaying my pencil, and then every time I got myself seated at the typewriter, thinking that perhaps I could get another report done, in would come a nurse:

"Gallbladder. Sign, please." And I would get up again.

"I told Marsha she could come in a little late this morning," said Doctor Wiles to Hendrix and me when he signed in. "She was here until ten thirty last night filing slides for me." He said nothing about Miss Lupowitz.

It was almost noon hour before Marsha came rushing in. Her long blond hair hung down to her shoulders, and she had on a violet dress I had never seen before. "Oh, you look so beautiful!" I told her.

"Why, thank you, Miss Jane," she said, signing in. She looked like her old happy self again. "How is it coming? Have you finished the grosses?"

"No, but I came in at eight thirty so I could get a head start, and I've been entering all the specimens, too. Is it OK? Is it all right that I haven't finished all of them yet?"

She gave me a smile. "It's all right."

A half hour later, when I still had a number of reports to do, she reappeared. "Turn off that machine!" she said gaily. "I'm hungry."

"Lunch? Can I eat after you do today? Then I can have these reports for Doctor Chang when he comes back from his lunch."

"Oh, the heck with *him*." She stamped her foot playfully. "Come now. I don't want to eat alone."
"OK."

Marsha and I were midway through our lunch when she said to me, "Miss Lupowitz is leaving, you know."

"What!" I said.

"It was coming for a long time. We kept giving her more work, and she just wasn't getting it done. And she couldn't adjust to the Dictaphone."

"But it was broken —"

"Yes, that was her excuse. She had lots of them." She sighed. Her voice was very soft. "Doctor Wiles was going to think it over a little longer — what to do about her. But yesterday I told him some of the things she has done and about how uncooperative she's been with me, and he just realized it would never work. I would get *worn out* fighting her stubbornness, and he wouldn't want that. He's so kind, it breaks his heart to have to fire somebody. I'm the same way — I hated telling him about her, but it was my duty, and he was glad I did." Her voice tightened. "I gather the old fossil was a little surprised to get the ax, but that's her problem. She had no right — no right! — to think she was indispensable. Why, the agencies are crawling with people who can't be anything but typists."

I was staring at her. The food I had eaten had knotted in my stomach. I didn't know why I should feel so apprehensive. They were Only People,

and Only People got to fire nonpeople. As long as they were pleased with *my* work, they would keep me. But I felt frightened nonetheless.

"She wasn't fired, you know," Marsha said. "Doctor Wiles simply asked her to resign. He told her that he was afraid if she stayed, they'd only lock horns, and he didn't want that to happen because she was such a nice lady and he was fond of her. By the way," she added, "we're very pleased with the way you're working out."

At that I began to feel better, and the piece of bread that was stuck slid the rest of the way down my esophageal tract.

When we got upstairs, Marsha asked me to sign her back in. I guess that she did not want to encounter Miss Lupowitz, who had come in while we were eating. I found her rolling up her calendar with the picture of Bucharest on it. She put it in a large box of other papers, little jars of medicine, and wax flowers. Then she came over to me. My shoulders tensed: Now what?

"Good-bye, Miss Murphy. I am sorry that I had so little time to talk to you." She paused, adjusting the box under her arm. "I must think about where I shall go now. I've — I've always worked close to doctors, you see. My father was one, in Rumania" — she laughed — "before the Germans decided suddenly he doesn't know anything about medicine anymore. I don't know what I'll do now. I've sometimes thought if I wouldn't be working in this hospital, I would die. I suppose that's a foolish idea, isn't it?"

I looked up at her, my fingers remaining poised over the keys. She seemed to be waiting for me to reply. I could think of nothing to say but "Well, good-bye."

When she had gone, I took her NOBLOT Thinline. I had wanted it for weeks, and I needed it now. The nurses were coming in constantly with specimens, and it was I, now, who had to enter the patients' names in the surgical book.

The next day I acquired something bigger. Marsha said, "Why don't you sit at the IBM now? There's no reason why you shouldn't have it. It must be tiring typing on a manual all day."

How kind she was to me! I felt shy but happy. "Yes, but what if she comes back or something?"

Marsha tweaked my hair. "Miss Lupowitz isn't coming back," she said, smiling.

Well, I thought, settling myself in, Miss Lupowitz certainly disappeared fast. But that's Life. You have to adjust to change or go under.

"They fired that Rumanian woman," I told Mommy that night. I had saved the news until after supper. "I have her IBM now, and my shoulders don't hurt a bit. They had to let her go. She just wasn't meeting the deadlines."

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

n adman's favorite teeth



On September 24, 1952, the right molars of an advertising copywriter employed by Eastman Kodak Company gave this radiographic image.



Same molars gave this radiographic image on April 6, 1965, but with less than 1/25 the radiation dose required in 1952. Reason: patient's employer had increased the sensitivity of x-ray film.



Same molars on latest visit before writing this ad. This time it was even comfortable. No more of those wretched hard, sharp edges on x-ray film packets that make the gums feel as though being cut to ribbons. Furthermore, the new film needed much less darkness for processing, so that the gal didn't have to spend time dark-adapting her eyes, which kept things moving more briskly in the waiting room. Improvements, as signified by additional trademarks "Poly-Soft" and "Morlite" after the basic trademark "Kodak" on dental x-ray film, illustrate unceasing efforts of trademark owner to find new little ways to be useful.

Never tell your dentist what kind of products to put in your mouth, but see him regularly and be friendly.

Photographic memories cost less

It may be true that an enterprise, private or public, which fails to keep busy the most elaborate computers on the market is doomed to absorption by one that does.

Whether it's true or not, we are enjoying considerable business based on the premise that for many years to come it will make good sense to store and quickly enough retrieve information of many kinds for many purposes by means short of the most elaborate that can be devised. "A photographic memory"—no longer a mere cliché—is the common denominator of our approach. We build some pretty

smooth equipment around photographic memory systems and offer it at prices ranging from around that of one well padded office chair to a year's pay for three smart and highly experienced secretaries.



In addition to selling equipment of many kinds for information storage, retrieval, and dissemination, we offer all sorts of services from such equipment for those who prefer to leave much or a little of the hardware to do its work in our plants.

Specific problems in this area will receive thoughtful consideration from Eastman Kodak Company, Business Systems Markets Division, Rochester, N. Y. 14650.

Problem: to get more out of gas

Many companies arrange for gas to be drawn from the Texas earth. We are one of them. We are not in the energy business. The gases we handle will burn, but we don't want them burned. Instead of being broken down for energy to turn wheels and keep warm, our gas molecules get built up. Eventually they wind up as fibers for adorning the person and the home and tying hay bales, as plastics for everything from screwdriver handles to cosmic-ray-research balloons, as ingredients for polishes, insecticides, lacquers, pharmaceuticals, detergents, lubricants, and thousands of other products. Very little of the gas that goes these many routes is put by us into the consumer's hands. The customers for our Texas output of built-up gas molecules are other manufacturers, large and small, each sweating under his separate whiplash of economic necessity.

Competition is fierce in all directions and some of our best customers are also our competitors.

It is, of course, the remote ultimate consumer—meaning you—who settles all these affairs by deciding what merchandise you will permit yourself to be persuaded to enjoy.

Certain lucky people are also enjoying the contest not only as judges but as hired participants in some of its more free-ranging parts, where we operate. The necessary luck is acquired in the form of a solid education as a chemical, mechanical, or electrical engineer. The nature of the participation can change as personal inclinations change. Choice is open along a broad spectrum from thinking about the molecules to thinking out the pesky details of how to couple the first guy's molecules to the Gross National Product. The spectrum shows signs of some day closing to a circle, when used parts of the G.N.P. will be repeatedly reincarnated as new molecules and no longer strewn over the land, the water, and the air as junk.

There is much to be done. The address of our Director of Business and Technical Personnel is simply Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

Kodak

accent

The Groaning Board

by Charles W. Morton



Airlines and steamship companies, to judge from much of their advertising, are convinced that the traveling American is determined to eat his way from one place to another. On a transcontinental flight offered by one company, the passenger can choose from no less than seven hearty dinners, which ought to keep almost anyone alive for a five-hour interval of chair-sitting. The passenger who ordered and ate all seven would no doubt be hailed in subsequent advertisements as a typical beneficiary of the company's hospitality. Yum-yum!

A choice of seven meals for a five-hour trip is surely enough for the obesity-conscious American. Food in abundance is no novelty to us, and there must be many who would welcome an excuse for not eating rather than an invitation to load up.

On shipboard, where the traveler may stay awake for as much as fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, the blandishments of the table are much more substantial. The ordinary seal hunter or lumberjack could skip lunch and dinner and still put on weight if he availed himself only of the breakfast and the afternoon tea, but the noon and evening meals are overwhelming. Competitively, the quality of a ship's cuisine is measured according to the acreage covered by its buffet, in which towering roasts, countless aspics and varieties of mousse are flanked by turkeys, hams, shellfish, and an assortment of cheeses big enough to affect the ship's displacement. One is reminded of the Parker House menus of a century ago or the all-night blowouts laid on for George IV and his friends at the Brighton Pavilion. The Romans, by comparison, were a lot of starvelings.

A really good buffet, with the proper staples at hand for the diehards and plenty of unpredictable surprises for adventurers, is of course great fun. There is one in Santa Barbara with just the right combination of orthodoxy and invention, different every day, of great quality and handsomely presented, on which I could fare happily for the rest of my life; it is alfresco, and in that friendly climate one chooses the sun or shade, getting in either case, and with nary a housefly, a near view of the long Pacific rollers booming in on the beach. The strange thing about all buffets is that the slice of meat or the dab of other fine things hardly ever proves to be as irre-

sistible on the plate, when one sits down to it, as it has seemed when fully displayed in the large as part of a sumptuous still life.

The most disillusioning buffet of my experience was a big one, and very good — to begin with. It dominated the restaurant of a Scandinavian liner; my first encounter with it, at luncheon, was stimulating: the assortment was noble, all was beautiful, and I drew on it hungrily and on the prodigal menu that followed it.

At dinner that night I was impressed to find the whole vast smorgasbord reconstructed and intact. The frosted hot breads at teatime had been attractive; not quite ravening but nonetheless interested, I shopped through the smorgasbord and ordered a dinner somewhat smaller than my lunch. The desserts at both meals, I noticed, were doused with a red sauce, for no particular reason, which seemed derived from the lingonberry (and a fair amount of cornstarch).

By the second evening it became plain that the smorgasbord was unchanging. The decorative strips of a cheese, surrounding its main bulk, curved at dinner precisely as they had at noon. The half-lemon hat worn so jauntily by the smoked eel never varied its tilt. In how many guises can pickled beets appear? Is twice a day too often for chicken salad?

The rigidity of the smorgasbord began to get on my nerves. I gave it up altogether at a point when I was about ready to get off and walk rather than see the same pimientos and slivers of green pepper brightening the same pyramid of inane cream cheese, noon and evening. How long before one would start counting the capers on a blob of mayonnaise in the hope of a numerical variation? The red sauce on the desserts remained as immutable as the smorgasbord. At the end of an eight-day passage my interest in the restaurant and all that it offered stood at zero, yet this was a first-class operation — and at a first-class price.

At the other extreme and perhaps worth the money, if one wished to spend it that way, is the high-style passage in a big ship. Eastbound, my wife and I had found the small Cunarder *Parthia* to be our idea of perfection. I should have enjoyed taking quarters by the year and living aboard this vessel, now with her sister ship *Medea* on some service

in the antipodes. My wife thought the big ship I chose for our return might better have been the *Parthia*, and I was trying to overcome her preference by suggesting a much too elaborate luncheon, which she declined.

At the end of the meal — mine having included among the loot of Europe a much finer Camembert than I was ever served in France — I expostulated. “You really ought to have some of these marvelous things,” I said. “A lunch like this would cost fifty or sixty dollars in New York.”

My wife was unimpressed. “That’s what we’re paying,” she said.

Still another variation: a friend was recalling to me an elegant Frenchman with whom he shared the same table on a French-line crossing of great *luxe*. He was curious to see what the Frenchman, obviously a man of the world, would select for his dinner. “He ordered a dish of peas, nothing more,” my friend reported. “The next night it was the same, just peas and nothing else. I was puzzled until I realized that the reason for it was simple: the peas were good, and this Frenchman was very fond of peas.”

One way to settle the meals question for everybody might be a pay-as-you-go system like that prevailing in any good restaurant, with a separate cafeteria for those preferring to spend less and serve themselves, both facilities available to all passengers on the ship. The same system worked perfectly in dining cars, and still does, on the best trains in the world. People order what they want and get what they pay for. As Tevye remarks to the audience in *Fiddler on the Roof*, “Sounds crazy, no . . . ?”

Don’t Believe All They Dig Up

by Basil Boothroyd

Basil Boothroyd, a member of the PUNCH Table, has written many light articles and all too infrequently for the ATLANTIC.

I was reading in the papers about a new bid to find Atlantis, thought to be lost at the bottom of the blue Aegean. It’s certainly the ideal place to look. Archaeologists pick their hunting grounds with care, and it isn’t often they take

engagements in places like Manchester or Baffin Bay.

I don’t know how they’re getting on. The first I heard they were just idling out from Piraeus to Santorini, lying around the poop of U.S. research vessel *Chain* under smiling Hellenic skies. They may have made contact by now, unless they’re looking in the wrong sea, and I’m standing by for their first batch of amazing deductions about how the people lived 12,000 years ago before they were sunk down there. We shall find that they had an early credit card system, I shouldn’t wonder; democratic government, motels, things of that kind, all deduced from bits of jug handle with carved glyphs that nobody can read. Marvelous, really. The man in charge is Professor James W. Mavor, of Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and it’s a funny thing, but I think we’ve met. I’ll tell you why later. For now I’ll just say that the whole affair looks like adding another slab to my archaeology resistance threshold, a thing I’ve suffered from as long as I can remember.

I blame it partly on my father, a compulsive earthworks and skeleton fancier who tried to make me share his fun too early. I must have been a terrible disappointment to him. When he trotted me on my little boy’s legs up some megalithic mound in the Mendips and told me I was on Hetty Pegler’s Tump, I could never get a real glow off the thing. I wasn’t ready for tumps, and I suppose my bump of antiquity got atrophied. By the time I finally entered adult life, I’d seen enough prehistory to make a series of thirty-nine programs on educational TV, but I still couldn’t tell Offa’s Dyke from Fingal’s Cave, and had doubts about their authenticity anyway. It’s a lack, and I know it. I miss a lot. When I see the tourists at Corinth being photographed in grinning groups on the spot where St. Paul sounded off with his draft material for the Epistles, I simply can’t join in. If he was ever there at all, I tell myself, he was probably forty feet down in another Corinth altogether; I’ve done a bit of morbid reading, and I don’t forget that when Schliemann loosed his hired shovelers on the site of Troy, they came up with seven Troys before the money ran out.

Still — Schliemann. Some of his deductions would have made Sher-

lock Holmes jump into the Reichenbach Falls and stay there. The first death mask that he stubbed his toe on at Mycenae, he was off in a flash, cabling the Kaiser: “I have gazed on the face of Agamemnon.” Nothing of the kind, it turned out soon afterward: some other chap’s death mask, and Schliemann was about five hundred years adrift. But I suppose that’s nothing when you’re sieving through whole millennia: it’s only like confusing Columbus and Admiral Byrd, say. But it unsettles me, all the same. How can you rely on such people? I read the other day that a recent find in those parts, a dagger, cooking utensil, or some such, proved that they used to train cats to hunt wild duck. Even I could invent something more credible than that.

One of the things they show you in the Palace of Minos at Knossos is the queen’s four-thousand-year-old water closet. Anyhow, that’s their story, based mainly on a couple of notch marks where they say the seat went. Oh, and some culvert remains, naturally. Archaeologists are great on culvert remains; they come second to loom weights for causing excited screams at digs. This is because the diggers can never get over their surprise that dead civilizations had to go to the bathroom. I know I’m mean-minded, but I can’t help it. When the tourist guides here in England try to whip me up over the Roman baths, I just stand there. Here were these Romans, miles from home and dying for a bath — what else should they do but make a hole, put water in it, and use that? It seems basic to me. But that’s how archaeology affects me, and no one regrets it more than I do.

There was the Piltdown man, you remember. His pile of old ribs and teeth got plowed up in Sussex, not far from me, and confidently identified as the late property of a Lower Pleistocene going back half a million years. Exciting? British archaeologists were under sedation for weeks. Then someone took another look, with benefit of fluorine tests, and it turned out to be an ingenious fraud or hoax, faked up from a lot of ape components. I took this hard, I must say; though perhaps less so than the local pub owner, who’d changed its name to the Piltdown Man and had an expensive Lower Pleistocene sign painted. He decided to ignore the

fluorine test and stick on course, but it must have hit his antiquarian trade.

So that's another dodgy element. How do we know that Plato, on whose chance remark the whole Atlantis theory rests, wasn't hoaxing the lot of us, Professor James W. Mavor included? And even Plato only got it from an Athenian politician called Solon, which isn't what I'd call a usually reliable source. However, if I know Mavor he won't be worrying too much. And I think I do know him.

It was a couple of summers ago. I was standing up to the collarbone in the milk-warm, tideless Aegean when this nut-brown young American waded idly up, wearing the chiseled Kennedy bone structure fashionable at the time, and said that he was an archaeologist. To be honest, I think I got in first with my own bit of status rattling, mentioning that I'd been in Greece for an entire fortnight of concentrated sloth, and proposed, in my reckless, untrammelled way, to stay yet another week before London reclaimed me for the rat race, road drills, and cold fine rain. And it was then he told me he'd been there for fifteen months and thought of putting in another twelve or so. Some foundation, it seemed, was staking him to an open-ended mission around the Hellenic littoral, driving metal rods into the beaches and taking coral readings. Perhaps it was sugar. I didn't listen after that. But I saw him several times during my last few days, standing in the sea, snoozing on the shore, sometimes waving from water skis, often lazing away the long golden morning over a chubby bottle of chilled retsina, but never, that I saw, driving rods into the beaches. He did that early in the day, I think, before the sun made it too hot for work.

I'd forgotten him until this Atlantis story. But I now confidently identify him as the Woods Hole man. No doubt the rod work kept him going until he found the Plato bit and showed it to the foundation's bursar, who okayed it with hardly a look, and now he'll be all right for another year or two, swanning it around the islands with an occasional check on his grappling hook for culvert remains. Anyway, that's my deduction, so take it or leave it. It holds at least as much water as the queen's toilet at Knossos, and

if you think he sounds a bit young to be Mavor, remember that the youth of American professors is only equaled, in sleet-swept English eyes, by the liberality of their foundations. Good luck to him, I say, through painfully clenched teeth.

It's a pity, though, that in my boyhood years I wasn't fired with more enthusiasm for long barrows, Saxon shrines, and the burial mounds of leading Picts. I could have gone on from there. It would have just suited me, now that I come to think of it, lying around on a poop off the Peloponnese, swinging the occasional lead, and everything found but Atlantis.

The Swimming Lesson

by Leonard Conversi

Leonard Conversi is presently engaged in graduate work at Harvard University. This is his first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

The swimming school was one flight of stairs below street level. In the false-ceilinged, fake-pine-paneled waiting room were two always unoccupied white metal patio chairs with cushions patterned in blue leaves on a lime ground, and a white metal coffee table that held always the same three copies of a ski magazine. After this, the office, where a girl with a bouffant hairdo punched your card, was a shock, for it was high-ceilinged, with time-darkened yellow-wood-paneled walls covered with huge sepia photographs of men in tank tops, trunks, and wide buckled belts who, in spite of all this clothing, were fatalistically swimming in all directions. My first thought whenever I saw them was that they were Civil War survivors who, after their ranks had broken under a final charge, had dived into the river behind them and begun swimming for their lives.

One changed into a pair of 100 percent nylon briefs in one of four curtained stalls, each equipped with a stool, a mirror, and an ashtray. Who on earth would want to smoke before or after so much lung exertion? But I was shocked on my first visit when I emerged from my stall full of golden age idealism, gave a final tightening tug to the waist cord of my shiny black briefs as I hummed along with the music system, which at that moment was

piping in the tap-dance section of Fred Astaire's record of "Flying Down to Rio," and saw, in the opposite stall, a naked man leveling at me unseeing chlorine-bloodied eyes overhung with dripping hair, breathing as after a struggle, and holding, in a hand cradled in one of his stomach's folds, a cigar.

With as little reason and as great courage as the hero of a Victorian novel, I stifled my misgivings and proceeded to the encounter. The pool was in a room like the inside of a petrified gourd, lit by a single naked bulb and rocking, as on a stem, with the lights that flecked its ceiling and walls with reflections of the purified green water, stirred by the cascade from a rust-encircled main hollowly roaring, like an old river god, beneath the soggy diving board. Would I ever, poised and rigid as a willing sacrifice, stand above it, ready for the leap into the authentic?

On one of the long sides of the pool, in front of a narrow closet that served as his dressing room, the instructor was toweling off lustily, refreshed by the half hour of sadism with the victim whose remains I had just passed. He turned to the wall while doing his back, and as he did so, I ran to a little marble stairway that I saw descending into the wading area. I skipped down its steps into the element. "'O God,'" I quoted aloud, as I stumbled ecstatically toward the deep end, "'give me the strength and the courage to contemplate my heart and my body without disgust!'"

"Mr. Conversi, please! Not till the bell rings!" There was a cooking timer on the floor near the entrance, and you weren't supposed to leave your stall until it rang. The system was designed to ensure customer privacy, as in the offices of dermatologists and psychotherapists.

I commenced to go under at the quarter lap, and saved myself by grabbing hold of the end of a bamboo pole that materialized above my head. The instructor hadn't had time to change into something dry, and probably hadn't wanted to jump in with nothing on. Everything has its necessary decorum, except perhaps one's family relationships.

He hauled me, like a barge, back to the wading area and made me promise to stay there while he got into fresh briefs. These turned out

o be a wonderfully campy pair of aded blue, with a slight fraying around the bottom hem. I felt erribly Detroit in my rich-woofed ew ones. He had a face to match, ith the old-young look of the middle-aged athlete, crew-cut and lrawn.

"The first thing we learn," he aid, "is how to float with our faces n the water."

"Immersion of self! Marvelous!"

"Yes, well, let's try it. First, I want you to . . ." but I was already obbing around, carefree as a dead whale.

"You're very relaxed for a beginner," my instructor said when I pulled up to the side of the pool at his feet.

"Ah, my friend," I said, patting im meditatively on the ankle, 'what could I not tell you about beginnings?" He took a step back and almost tripped, for, lost in my autobiographical musing, I had absentmindedly taken hold of his right ankle.

"Yes, well, now we learn how to swim on our backs."

"The facing outward! At last! Wouldn't it be better for the filter ystem if I used no briefs?" (All ssions were private.)

I am repeatedly amazed at the modesty — conservatism, really — of athletes. Yes, I know, the theory of unsublimation: having got rid of their aggressive daring in sport, they are ready to settle for the status quo in life. But one grows so dissatisfied with these transparent paradoxes. As I said recently to an artist friend who is trying to bring the backs of objects around to the front, "Then what?" I think the massive reserve of athletes is professional pretense, no different from the hermeticism of physicists, poets, and magicians, for whom half the fun is not letting you in on it.

My implied request was explicitly refused ("Nylon doesn't shed"), and I felt almost certain that the lesson was terminated before the time was up. I made no complaint because with my ears in the water I could not have heard the cooking timer, I had worn no watch, and I was so caught up with the frog kick that ny unengaged senses may very well nave become deranged. Even so, after only a momentary difficulty in keeping my head on the same level as the lower half of my body, I was able to swim a complete lap!

Remarkable as that may seem, I had my greatest success on the third lesson. Whenever I had attempted the American crawl in the past ("Ripeness is all!"), I had always tried to breathe by turning my head out of the water to the left. My instructor now told me to turn my head to the right. I was about to demur on the ground that this would conflict with whatever good habit I may already have formed and would complicate the learning process. I checked myself, however, with the reminder that I was now bending a completely fresh eye on experience. Off I pushed, into the new.

We are too preoccupied with the shocks we have had from unanticipated trouble. How much more



flabbergasting is unanticipated ease, when the world seems to divide before us like a perforation and the body feels itself inebriate, or falling. This was my reaction as I found myself not gagging and thrashing but moving smoothly down the length of the pool. The reason for my success came to me in a flash, and I was so excited that I cried aloud, "My heart!" (stroke, stroke), "my heart!" Making his own inference, the instructor threw aside his bamboo pole and jumped in.

All I meant was that when in the past I had tried to turn my head to the left, I had either swallowed water or had not had time to breathe, but that the weight of my leftish heart now worked *for* my body when this latter lowered its left side into the element and rolled to face toward the right, a movement to which the heart's inertia was no longer the

drag it had been when my direction was mistaken, but the bob end of a pendulum, swinging me into air. His whole life, they say, passes before the eyes of a drowning man. How much truer this must be at birth, when, screaming, we first catch sight of what we're in for. How else could our subsequent behavior concur so competently with whatever destiny brings us — even with its catastrophes — the first time around?

When I arrived for my fourth lesson, the receptionist's chair was occupied by the director. I recognized him because he was sitting beneath the portrait of the founder (the only man on the wall not swimming), and the resemblance was dynastic. My instructor was nowhere in sight.

"As you know, Mr. Conversi," the heir said, not punching my card but putting it in the top drawer, "our school is primarily for the timid, those members of society who are too hung up to take the leap on their own. You, on the other hand, have an *almost preternatural* predilection for the physical. One might almost say that you are *too* athletic for us" (I was beaming), "and you are *certainly* too demonstrative" (when my instructor had jumped in to "save" me, I had raced him to the deep end, climbed out, run to the tip of the diving board, and danced a little jig of triumph, sort of a combination of the one Chaplin used to do and the one Hitler did at Compiègne), "and I'm afraid we shall have to ask you to leave the school. Perhaps you will find, somewhere else in the city, an organization more suited to your needs and temperament. Good luck. Here's your money" (I had signed on for ten lessons).

I didn't care. I had broken through. To have learned to breathe while moving in an alien element is to have begun to master the secret of animal life. I accepted my refunded balance and asked the director to deliver to my instructor my gift of gratitude for the third lesson, a dozen carnations, dyed green to match the water. Resting among the flowers inside the box was a copy of *The Lives of the Caesars*, with a bookmark at the passage in the life of Caligula where Suetonius writes, "And yet, varied as were his accomplishments, the man could not swim." The director's mandible was dropped open as I exited.

places

A Four-Day Outing From New York

by William Clifford



The day after the Fourth of July my wife and I drove across the George Washington Bridge and up the Hudson on an expedition in search of local food and drink. When I told a friend what we were looking for, giving it the name "regional gastronomy," he asked if there was any in America, or had I perhaps invented it? I believed it existed, and I hoped on this brief tour to be able to document my claim, beginning with High Tor Vineyards, only twenty-eight miles from Manhattan, where a man named Everett Crosby was said to be making New York City's own *vin du pays*.

We found Crosby in his pleasant old house on a small mountaintop above the Hudson. He turned out to be a former radio and television writer who had had no vineyard experience before he bought the seventy-eight-acre High Tor property in 1950. (His boyhood Italian neighbors in California had made wine, but his family hadn't.) A devoted amateur in a profession where knowledge is usefully accumulated for generations (a vineyardist has only one chance each year of his life to see how something will grow), he planted his first vines knowing approximately what he wanted to do but not exactly how to do it. About half the High Tor acres are plantable, and Crosby now has about half of these in vines, all French hybrids. One full-time assistant helps him tend the vineyards and press the grapes.

After more than a decade of making and selling wine, Crosby's bottling amounts to less than 5000 gallons a year of white, red, and rosé combined. This is nearly five times the average production of the world-famous Romanée-Conti, but only about one bottle for each 1000 bottles of the popular Muscadet produced by many winemakers in and around Nantes. Crosby makes nothing but dry table wine, his most successful to date being a 1963 Rockland White that he marked "Special Reserve." French hybrid grapes are not used in any of the world's great wines, but they account for a lot of good *vin ordinaire*.

"If you can't make dry wine," runs an adage in the trade, "then you make champagne. If you can't make champagne, then you make sweet wine." In America this vinous hierarchy is complicated by the fact that we have a national sweet tooth

which is large, vulnerable, and frequently aching. Most of us like sweet foods, sweet soft drinks, and sweet wines, only salving our conscience by insisting that our Martinis and whiskey be extra dry. Posset, one of the drinks our ancestors enjoyed, was made by curdling hot milk with ale or wine, well sugared and spiced. My wife and I saw a kitchen where they did that, after we left High Tor and crossed the river to visit the Van Cortlandt Mansion at Croton-on-Hudson.

From Croton we continued up the east side of the river, and when we stopped for coffee at Hyde Park I was reminded that the community had once made a name for itself in the caviar trade, when the Hudson teemed with sturgeon. Unfortunately, progress brought industrial growth, wastes emptied into the water, and the sturgeon disappeared. My wife remarked that the same thing seemed to be happening to the shad. We both like shad roe, and shad without roe, broiled on a plank. And stuffed shad, and baked shad with roe soufflé. "Anything that hasn't lost out to industrial progress," she said, studying the dregs in her styrofoam cup like a fortune-teller, "will get done in by standardization and mass distribution."

We drove on to spend the night at America's oldest hotel, the Beekman Arms at Rhinebeck, where they've been offering public bed and board daily since 1700. George Washington slept there. Franklin Roosevelt had his own place to sleep just nine miles down the road, but he was a daytime visitor. Local culinary history records that both Presidents were served a cream soup made with such fancy imported ingredients as crabs and sherry. The Hudson River Valley has always been worldly in its outlook; one nearby inn claims proudly to be the oldest serving *continental* food.

Another neighborhood hotel, the Old Drovers Inn, first catered to New England cowboys herding cattle from ranches in western Connecticut and Massachusetts down to New York City. Today the chef at Old Drovers roasts his pheasants in French Burgundy, but his Cheddar cheese soup is a native New York specialty.

The Treasure Chest Inn, which was built in 1741 near Poughkeepsie, had a colonial cook who made such

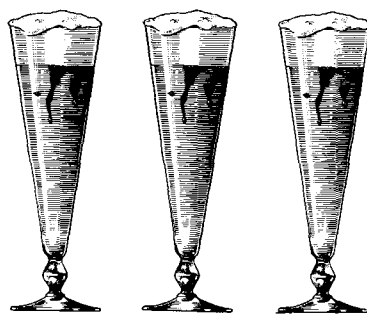
ood bread that the invading Red-coats posted a guard to keep her aking. When you dine there now n individual loaf is sent to your able in her memory. They make e same gesture at Beekman Arms uthout invoking the Revolution. f they give you far more than ough good food at dinner, possibly hey mean to tide you over all the ay to noon the next day. For merica's oldest hotel suffers from . very modern ailment, lack of ervice, and no breakfast is available n the premises.

"I've never questioned the joys of ld country inns," my wife said, ibbling her sticky buns at the akery across the street, "but a linkable local wine, cheese soup, nd a loaf of fresh bread don't make i regional cuisine."

I checked our stock of Crosby's Rockland White, two bottles in iffy bags. "We're just beyond the iphery of the corrupting influence f the big city," I said casually. "Today's going to be our first real ttempt at living off the land." With McArthur's Smokehouse and the Shaker Museum on the itinerary, I thought the odds were in our favor.

In Millerton, close to the Con-necticut border, stands a dark red rame building housing a ninety-year-old smokehouse named Mc-Arthur's. With all the original integrity and excellence of 1876, aams are pickled here for seven weeks in salt, molasses, and water, then smoked four full days at 135 degrees over green hickory logs. This is called cold smoking. It takes longer and results in more shrinkage than the hotter smoking, which produces precooked hams (some of which are said to come out of the process weighing more than when they went in). Cold-smoked hams still need to be baked, and Mc-Arthur's will do the job if you ask for it, before packing and shipping anywhere you say.

McArthur's bacon is given a saltier pickling and an intense hick-ory smoking. Smoked Canadian roast, a house invention, consists of two trimmed pork loins tied to-gether. Other products include sau-sage, chipped beef, and pork crown oast. We opened a bottle of wine nd made lunch on sliced Canadian roast stuffed into fresh buns from the little bakery across the railroad tracks. Molasses cookies and green-gage plums completed the menu.



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I'd have gone to a picnic table in the town park, but Jack Crawford of McArthur's invited us to use the big round table he'd brought down from Williams College to furnish his reception room, where visitors stop for hot coffee. The dark, old-fashioned room is a museum of antique scales, slicers, and discarded tools of the porker's trade.

As we drove north from Millerton toward Old Chatham and the Shaker Museum I wondered what legacy this extinct community might have left in its neighborhood. Shaker cookery brought to mind simmering soup pots; great community ovens baking the daily bread, cookies, pies, and cakes; lavish use of herbs in such dishes as spinach with rosemary, or chive-and-parsley omelets with fresh blue chive blossoms folded in at the end. They had a pudding called strawberry flummery, recommended in the special diet for the aged; surely it must have been one of the compensations for growing old. The Shaker cooks were thorough and exact, used the best ingredients, worked hard, were completely honest. They made up good recipes for such native American foods as corn,

sweet potatoes, lima beans, pumpkins, and cranberries. They improved crops and marketed the first commercial canned goods.

We toured the museum awed by the Shakers' creativity. They invented dozens of gadgets for food preparation, including a sausage stuffer, a device for making popcorn balls, a pea sheller, a water-driven butter churn, an apple parer, a self-acting cheese press, a revolving oven. They're also credited with condensed milk, pure medicines, the first washing machine, lots of good furniture. They practiced brotherly love, celibacy, and danced for joy, or at least for the exercise, and "to drive away wrong desires."

En route to the dairy country east of Lake Ontario, we stopped at Cooperstown to see the Farmers' Museum, a reconstructed rural community of a dozen buildings dating from 1795, showing how people then met the prime needs described by Thomas Jefferson as "bread and covering." The few things they couldn't grow or make for themselves they bought at the country store: coffee and tea, spices, patent medicines, cotton cloth, bright-

colored candies. The licorice roots we chewed while we were there left their bite with us the rest of the day.

Close by the Farmers' Museum lies Otsego Lake, which James Fenimore Cooper called Glimmerglass in *The Deerslayer*. It was here at his father's house in the western wilderness that Cooper wrote the first of his Leatherstocking Tales, which quickly won international acclaim. He wrote with an "independence of spirit," criticizing native American vulgarities, which led to controversy, wide unpopularity, and frequently, libel suits against the press.

We passed through Rome on the way to Copenhagen, in the center of the cheese country. The map showed Florence and Turin, Antwerp and Palermo, Denmark and Mexico not far away. We'd already seen Berne and Paris, and we'd be reaching Geneva, Bath, and Naples later on. It seemed equivalent to a twenty-one-day air tour of Europe, minus the Maxim's meals in flight.

The Queens Farms Dairy in Copenhagen sold us a pound of aged Cheddar for our picnic lunch. They weren't pushing their retail business, and I had to look through several fully automated rooms before I found a live man who could open the refrigerator and take my 50 cents. Most grocers in this area carry two large wheels of local cheese, "this year's" and "last year's," or mild and sharp; it can be very good cheese. The local stores had plenty of fruit, ripe tomatoes, and a choice of beer from neighboring waters, but the bread was nothing more than porous white sponge. And all the crackers were either tricked up with too many flavors or were cookies in disguise. We learned then to keep a box of plain rye crackers in the car.

New York State as a whole, and particularly Herkimer County, gained an early reputation for local cheese, but today few small operations survive. The milk goes instead to cities such as Utica, where large factories turn it into Cheddar and Limburger.

"Utica, Carthage, Ithaca, Memphis," my wife murmured drowsily as we drove on.

"Look for Hammondsport," I said, "just above Bath and Rheims." We came down into the tranquil beauty of the Finger Lakes, the country below Syracuse and Rochester, where four great wine companies make the bulk of New York



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**AMERICAN EXPORT
ISBRANDTSEN LINES**

State's still and sparkling wines. Oddly enough, a minor newcomer, Vinifera Wine Cellars, is doing by far the most interesting work. Its owner, Dr. Konstantin Frank, is a Ukrainian-born German agricultural scientist who came to America in 1951, spent a brief unhappy period at the Agricultural Experiment Station in Geneva, New York, then joined one of the major companies, Gold Seal, as director of vineyard research. After a decade with them he founded his own company.

In a sturdy brick house surrounded by vineyards looking down on Lake Keuka, Dr. Frank has his own laboratory and cellars, holding 20,000 gallons of superb wines. His mission has been to plant the grapes from which the greatest French and German wines are made — Johannisberg Riesling, Pinot Chardonnay, Gewürztraminer, Pinot Noir, and Cabernet Sauvignon among them — and to make them flourish in the colder winters and more humid summers of New York. All these grapes have been grown successfully in California, where summers are longer and winters milder, but the wines they produce taste different from the European wines pressed from the same grapes — possibly because of differences in soil and rainfall.

New York's soil and summer climate are closer to those of northern Europe, but it gets colder here in the winter, and the vines sometimes freeze. Dr. Frank solved that problem by grafting European grapes onto hardy Canadian rootstocks, which force early ripening, then enter the dormant winter stage and drain their sap underground before the annual freeze. The wines he has made from these grapes, the first of which went on the market in 1966, include a Johannisberg Riesling spätlese that will astonish anyone familiar with the best German Rieslings. How soon other growers can duplicate his results in quantity remains to be seen. But he has already accomplished his first mission, to prove that *Vitis vinifera* grapes will grow and produce excellent wine in New York.

If Dr. Frank is something of the bête noire of Hammondsport, Charles Fournier, president of Gold Seal Vineyards, is the community's *grand patron*. Fournier came here from Rheims in 1934 — Rheims, France, not the village down the road. In 1943 he began making a dry premi-

um champagne, Charles Fournier Brut (locally called "C. F. Brut" to rhyme with "nut"), a wine that has won prizes in comparative tastings with California and French champagnes. He makes it from a blend of Pinot Chardonnay (the French champagne grape), one of the French hybrids, and some native Delaware and Catawba. Gold Seal has more recently brought out Fournier Nature, a dry white wine with the champagne taste and a trace of carbonic gas, but without the big fizz or the tax.

Fournier goes on experimenting with the *vinifera* grapes planted by Dr. Frank, but the small amount of wine produced is used mainly in blending, rather than sold under its varietal name. In the firm's hundred years of operations, sparkling wines have always come first and dessert wines second. The best-selling table wine is sweet Pink Catawba, made from the popular native American grape. Pink Catawba has become so popular that its production by all the wineries of the Eastern United States exceeds the possibilities from the known acreage, according to one expert. But then wine statistics are often baffling. New York wineries bring in a million gallons a year of neutral California wine to blend with the native Eastern grapes — and to become New York State wines. Bordeaux wine shippers estimate that three times as much "claret" is sold in England (where the admirable French system of *Appellation Contrôlée* is ignored) as is shipped there from Bordeaux.

The other major wine producers are Taylor and Great Western at Hammondsport and Widmer at Naples. The first two together (Taylor owns Great Western) made more champagne last year than was shipped to our country by all the French champagne companies combined — 450,000 cases versus 380,000 cases. Widmer has done the most of any winemaker to develop varietal wines of New York, and people who really prefer the foxy or Concord-grape taste of our native *Vitis labrusca* can do no better than to drink Widmer's red Isabella or Ives (labeled Burgundy, with a vintage year), or their white Vergennes, Elvira, or Delaware. No mere purveyor of sweet Catawbias, the Swiss-descended William Widmer has a personal cellar of the family's varietals going back to 1890.



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We drove from the Finger Lakes back to New York City with only one stop, at Binghamton, where Crowley's Milk Company turns out buttermilk and cottage cheese of such superior quality that they command not only a premium price but the loyalty of consumers not unlike that of members of a secret society.

"You know about Crowley's?" one of our Danish friends whispered, on learning that we liked buttermilk. "It tastes like the old-fashioned buttermilk of Denmark, only better."

"It's the only *Schmierkäse* we can keep in the refrigerator for a few days without the flavor going off," a German gourmet observed. Fortunately you don't have to go to the source for Crowley's, or for most of the other good food and drink we enjoyed on our trip. But is there a more pleasant way to spend four days?

To Moosonee by Polar Bear Express

by Robert Scott Milne



Moosonee and Moose Factory were our twin destinations. Frontier settlements of Cree Indians and rugged whites, they sprawl along the estuary of the Moose River near where it debouches into James Bay, the arm of Hudson Bay in northern Ontario. There is no road through the last 117 miles of wilderness to Moosonee, so my wife and I had taken a comfortable Canadian National sleeper from Montreal to Cochrane, and there changed to the Polar Bear Express of the Ontario Northland Railway.

The ONR is the main stem for

thousands of square miles of the Arctic watershed. It's quite different from the commuter train that takes me to New York every day — the other passengers, for example. Most were men, dressed for hunting, letting their beards grow, boots on the seats, and drinking their whiskey straight from the bottle. Near the Roman Catholic bishop of Moosonee sat a Cree Indian woman, playing a phonograph to entertain her children. Young bucks working for the railroad got on and off at section maintenance centers. It was payday on the railroad, and as one youth with straight black hair and hatchet face swung aboard for the trip to Moosonee, he yelled to his comrades, "I'll come back drunk!"

Since the Polar Bear Express hauls both freight and passengers, we stopped occasionally to drop a freight car or pick one up. This meant that not too much faith should be placed in times of arrival and departure. Passengers wandered freely into the baggage car. I was there during one stop, and piles of gear and a canoe were passed out to some disembarking hunters.

At every wilderness stop, where there is never more than a small railway storage building and one or two houses, Cree children jumped aboard in giggling groups, enjoying their only contact with the outside world. Some bought candy in the restaurant car. Their mothers also shyly boarded the train, got out the other side, then crossed back again before the train started.

Instead of tables and chairs, the restaurant car has a counter and stools, for efficiency at the expense of decorum. The car is called *Meechim*, meaning "food" in Cree. The waitresses wear a neat conventional blue dress, but the individuality of the wilds finds expression — one blatantly blond young waitress had chopped off her dress at mid-thigh.

The code of the wilderness requires the Polar Bear Express to pick up anyone, whether or not he has the fare. The story is told that it was after the predecessor line threw Sir Harry Oakes off at Kirkland Lake that he discovered gold there and became a millionaire.

The country is fairly flat. The endless forest is relieved only by clearings at section stops, and by the crossing over the Moose River on a bridge built very high so it would not be carried away by ice jams.

After the four- or five-hour ride from Cochrane, arrival at Moosonee is exciting. The crowd at the station is a good part of the town's population. Some are there to get freight or packages off the train, the post master picks up his lean mailbag, an empty Canadian Air Force bus meets any airmen destined for the nearby Mid-Canada Line radar post, Indian and white guides meet their hunters, and many Indians seem to be just watching the train pull in.

A battered old station wagon, one of the few taxis, took us a few hundred yards to Log Lodge, ONR's hostelry on the Moose River. Log Lodge is actually three frame buildings and three log cabins. The boniface is Harley Winter, a well-fed, friendly but grave man, with many stories about the northland.

Crossing the puddled road and a strip of wild grass, I went down the bank to put my hand in the Moose River. It seemed warm for the beginning of October. All the excitement and bustle had moved from the station to the riverbank. At nearby docks several groups of hunters were hurrying to load freighter canoes with their gear and shotguns before dark. At another dock a floatplane was being loaded. A veteran navy amphibian was moored on the river, and another was slowly taxiing across the water toward waiting hunters. Down the river half a mile was a big freight barge, and across the road a helicopter was warming up. All this transport of men and goods indicates that Moosonee is not just the end of steel — it's also the jumping-off place for goose hunters, moose hunters, beluga whale hunters, fishermen northbound for Atlantic salmon and the exotic Arctic char, prospectors seeking industrial diamonds and minerals, missionaries to the Eskimos and Indians, and many others with interests in the nearby wilderness or the far reaches of Hudson Bay. Yet the activity around the docks shrank to small proportions in the perspective of the two-mile-wide river, the uniformly forested banks, and the setting sun.

After a hearty dinner at Log Lodge, we went shopping at the Hudson's Bay Company store, Wonder Snack Bar, and Joe's Store, and bought soapstone statuettes of birds or animals carved by Eskimos, and much cheaper than in Montreal or Toronto. The Hudson's Bay Company store is not a log

trading post with bales of furs and barrels of flour and rum, but one of a chain of modern supermarkets stretching all across Canada. The shoppers were mostly serious Indian women, with their husbands in tow.

Joe's Store is a site for sociological study. In the small premises were a screaming jukebox and about twenty adolescent Cree boys and girls, who stood against the wall, talked in little groups, stoked the jukebox, and occasionally bought a bottle of soda. The proprietor is a Scotsman who somehow migrated to Moosonee with his wife and seven children after the oil field where he worked on the Arabian Peninsula was expropriated. He likes Moosonee because it's unorganized territory, meaning that you don't need a license to build a store or drive a car, there's no city hall to fight, and you can do pretty much as you please.

There are only about four miles of road and about twenty cars, so there's no gasoline tax. Since the land is mostly muskeg, composed of rotting vegetation, squishy underfoot, a road must have a deep ditch on each side to dry it out enough so it won't disintegrate. Some of the ditches were foul, as if sewage had got into them. As a matter of fact, Moosonee's first small sewage plant arrived on the same train that took us there. The muskeg freezes solid in winter, making for better roads, and there's a six-lane ice highway across the Moose River. For this reason many inhabitants prefer the winter. This is not permafrost country, but one man's water pipes froze last winter and didn't thaw until August.

Store Creek, which provides Moosonee's drinking water, also divides the village proper from the Indian settlement. On the Cree side of the creek a muddy track wanders from the rails to the river, among dwellings facing in all directions in an undifferentiated field. Some houses are built of milled lumber, others of logs chinked with clay. Many are roofed with canvas or other cloth. I talked with a Cree who was carefully carving a long oar. Beside his ramshackle house stood a six-passenger snowmobile with skis in front and a caterpillar tread in back. The Crees seem well provided with clothing, food, and boats, but apparently they have no desire for the white man's type of house and yard. A sense of territoriality is strong in

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the many dogs of Moosonee. We saw several Cree dogs driven back across the footbridge by the white folks' dogs.

Next day we went with several others in a freighter canoe to see the blue geese at the mouth of James Bay. This canoe, about twenty-two feet long, with an outboard motor on a squared stern, is the standard transportation for Indians and hunters, and is also used as a water taxi. There was a cold north wind, flying spray, and occasional heavy rain. A length of tarpaulin held over our heads kept us more or less dry, and a circulating bottle of bourbon kept us more or less warm. The riverbank had obviously been scoured out often by the spring breakup of the ice. Trees gave way to bushes, and these to marsh and wild rice.

At the entrance to James Bay a large area of the marsh has been made a bird sanctuary, where a government inspector in a sort of crow's nest on a mast watches for poachers. The promised blue geese were there in the thousands: large birds, close to the size of Canada geese, they took off in great flocks, circled, and settled again. Indians smoke the geese and live on them all winter. Hunters travel thousands of miles to shoot them, and the hunting is so good it's slaughter. The ONR operates a hunters' camp, Hannah Bay Goose Camp, forty-five miles from Moosonee. The north wind sped us the fifteen miles back up the river, and we reached the dock just as the warming bourbon gave out.

While Moosonee is a product of this century, Moose Factory, founded on an island in the river in 1673, is the oldest settlement in Ontario. By 1680 it was the main "factory" of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose agent was called the factor. On a Sunday morning we took a water taxi over to Moose Factory and attended the service at St. Thomas' Anglican Church, a small wooden building more than a hundred years old. Most of the congregation is Cree, and a service in the Cree language is held later in the day. Banns were read, and a prospective bride's name was Annie Cowboy. The altar cloth is fringed moose hide bearing a formal design in beadwork, and similar hides hang before the lectern and pulpit, one with blue geese rising from a marsh. A leaded window shows two pioneers in a canoe.

Ours was a service of thanksgiving for harvests, so the church was decorated with vegetables, fruits, berried branches, and homemade bread, with a dead blue goose in the place of honor at the base of the altar. When the church once floated away on the river, which had flooded behind an ice jam, the parishioners towed it back to its foundation before the waters subsided, then later bored holes in the floor and plugged them, so if another flood came, the plugs could be pulled to let the water rise inside the church instead of floating it away.

We lunched with the children at the Moose Fort Indian Residential School. Children in Indian families can be sent there for ten months a year, with the assurance not only of education but of food and shelter when their parents might be off tending traplines. Many of them were weekending with their parents because food is plentiful at that time of year. They were so reserved that we found it impossible to get them to say anything beyond a direct answer to a question. They flocked around the supervisors, and obviously liked them. One dorm mother, who also breeds dogs and teaches dog obedience classes, had brought her Doberman pinscher puppy to play with the girls.

Moose Factory has a 200-bed hospital for Eskimos and Indians. Some of the Eskimo patients are flown in from far distant settlements around Hudson Bay. Recuperating patients often take to carving soapstone figures, which the hospital sells for them. We have a delightfully corpulent and insouciant seal carved by an Eskimo named Danny from Povungnituk, on the northeast coast of Hudson Bay.

At the historical cemetery the oldest tombstones are dated in the early 1800s. One bears the motto "Conceived in sin, grown to glory." Most of them are leaning or fallen, showing how the muskeg has heaved with freezing and thawing. An old wooden grave marker, its foot rotted off, leans against the grave's iron fence enclosure. The inscription had been incised in the wood and then filled with lead. This and several other inscriptions are in the Cree language, in an alphabet formulated by missionaries. At the present-day cemetery in St. Thomas' churchyard, most of the grave markers are simple wooden crosses.

The oldest wooden building in Ontario is believed to be the Hudson's Bay Company's old forge at Moose Factory, erected in 1740. It is a small sturdy building, with hand-hewn siding, containing a great ironworking fireplace with a giant bellows on each side, also many blacksmith tools, relics of sunken ships, old ledgers of the Hudson's Bay Company, and large portraits of Charles II and other early royal members of the company. As part of the local Canada Centennial project, this building and an old stone armory are to be moved to the center of a new park, where they will be surrounded by picnic tables and benches.

Close to the old forge, the Hudson's Bay Company has a new supermarket, broad lawns bearing a historical plaque, two ancient cannon, and a large antique fur press, once used to compress and bale the furs before shipping. The "servants' house," over a hundred years old, originally housed employees. The present factor and his wife graciously gave us tea in their beautiful modern house with its picture windows overlooking the river. The Hudson's Bay Company is still doing business at the same old stand it has occupied for almost three hundred years, but is somewhat encumbered by its own historical relics.

Accommodations should be reserved in advance in Moosonee, unless one plans to use the Province of Ontario campsite on Charles Island, near Moose Factory. There are only about a hundred available rooms in Moosonee, and some visitors have had to sleep in the jail, which hasn't many beds either. Reservations for the daily Polar Bear Express, Log Lodge, or Hannah Bay Goose Camp are made through Ontario Northland Railway, 805 Bay Street, Toronto 5, Ontario. There is a five-day all-inclusive tour from Toronto for \$100.

Teen-agers in particular would enjoy the \$10 round-trip Passenger Special from Cochrane to Moosonee some summer Sunday. It has a recreation car with a dance floor and orchestra, and guitarists wandering through the train. When last summer's biggest group — 820 — all flocked to the river and took to boats for the ride to Moose Factory, with airplanes flying overhead, it looked like a big amphibious exercise in war games.

A large, stylized handwritten signature of Franklin D. Roosevelt in black ink, slanted upwards to the right.

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Isn't it strange to find people in this country today who, in the name of everything Franklin D. Roosevelt stood for, criticize advertising and seek to restrict it? Well-meaning people who say that it is unfair competition for a big company to spend more on advertising than a small company. Ignoring the fact that it is advertising that helps small companies grow big . . . companies like Polaroid, Xerox,

Sony and dozens more who have taken on the giants in the marketplace and won their niche.

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companies don't have. So, perhaps, we should restrict research and development.

It's too bad somebody didn't think of this 40 years ago. Then we'd all still have iceboxes. And you wouldn't have to worry about getting all that frozen food home from the supermarket before it thaws. In your 1966 Model "T."

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Record Reviews

by Herbert Kupferberg

Gounod: Faust

Richard Bonyngé conducting London Symphony Orchestra and Ambrosian Opera Chorus, with Franco Corelli, tenor; Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass; Joan Sutherland, soprano; Robert Massard, baritone; and others; London OSA-1433 (stereo) and A-4433: four records

Gounod's *Faust*, once the world's most popular opera, has fallen into such a state of disrepute among musical intellectuals that it is good to have a recording that seriously attempts to affirm its merits. In the case of Joan Sutherland, a Marguerite of musical richness, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, a Mephistopheles with a sturdy voice and a sense of humor, the good intentions are matched by excellent performances. But Franco Corelli is a Faust whose French is execrable and whose musical style is inappropriate, and Richard Bonyngé, Miss Sutherland's husband, has little contribution to make except to keep things moving along. Still, this is the most stimulating *Faust* yet put on LP, if not quite the one that poor Gounod deserves after all these years.

Mario Lanza Sings His Favorite Arias

Mario Lanza, tenor, with an orchestra conducted by Ray Sinatra; RCA Victor LSC-2932(e) (electronically reprocessed stereo) and LM-2932

Mario Lanza? That's right, and a remarkable record this is. Lanza never had a career on the operatic stage, but he poured out a profusion of arias on the airwaves, and those on this record — never before released, we are assured — were taken from the *Coca-Cola Hour* of 1951 and 1952. Whatever the circumstances, this is a voice with surging, soaring power, put at the service of such arias as "*La donna è mobile*," "*Celeste Aida*," "*Cielo e mar*," "*Come un bel dì di maggio*," and others equally familiar. Lanza makes them all seem fresh and exciting, as if he, and we along with him, were discovering them for the first time! In addition to its other virtues, the record provides excellent material for the musical parlor game of Guess the Tenor. It may surprise your friends.

Poulenc: Four Song Cycles (*Le bal masqué, Rapsodie nègre, Chansons villageoises, Le Bestiaire*)

Jean-Christophe Benoit, baritone, with Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by George Prêtre, Angel S-36370 (stereo) and 36370

Poulenc's magnificent songs have long needed a recording like this, with a singer attuned to their wit and sublety as well as their sheer musical lyricism. The orchestral accompaniment is unusual; previous recordings have used a piano. Yet the songs retain their sharp musical profile even in this rather lush setting. A number like "*Le Mendiant*" ("The Beggar"), a sharply pointed description of the human condition, takes on an almost operatic impact in so full-bodied a presentation. Angel has provided complete texts and translations, so that for once the meanings and nuances of Poulenc's joining of words and music can be fully savored.

The Best of Bob Newhart

Bob Newhart, comedian; Warner Bros. W-1672 (monaural)

Several years ago Bob Newhart recorded a routine called "Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Ave." which imagined how a modern-day public relations man might have written the Gettysburg Address. It was very funny indeed, even if Honest Abe came out of it as a kind of chump bewildered by the modern world. Newhart has never quite hit that level again in his subsequent rec-

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ords, but there have been enough fresh routines along the way to provide the material for an uproarious anthology record. There are funny disquisitions on such matters as tobacco and airline travel, but for sheer hilarity, "Abe Lincoln" is easily entitled to the number one position it retains on this record.

Jerome K. Jerome: Three Men in a Boat (excerpts)

Read by Hubert Gregg; Argo RG-319 (monaural)

Does anyone still read *Three Men in a Boat*, that hilariously funny (but undoubtedly true) account of a voyage up the Thames by three young vacationing Englishmen in the Victorian Age? Apparently some people still do, at least in Britain, for a tongue-in-cheekish reading by Hubert Gregg is available here on the imported Argo label. Mr. Gregg knows how to savor a comic tale, whether of Uncle Podger's difficulties with hanging a picture straight, or the author's own frightening encounter with a medical dictionary. If there is a complaint to be made about this amiable record it is that it stints the account of the voyage itself in favor of several side excursions into humor. But rarely is comedy so good-natured as this. A few passages from Jerome's *Three Men on the Bummel*, in which bicycles rather than boats are the conveyance, are included as a filler.

The Real Mexico in Music and Song

Various folk-singing and instrumental groups recorded in the State of Michoacan by Henrietta Yurchenko; Nonesuch H-72009 (stereo) and H-2009

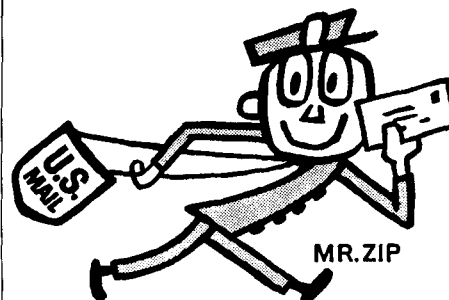
Considering that this is a field recording, made on the spot in several Mexican towns and villages, the sound of these songs and instrumental selections is remarkably clear and lifelike. And the numbers themselves offer liveliness and atmospheric color to go along with their undoubted authenticity. Included are ballads about poor people (also one sardonic number about rich people), love songs, and festive dances. A certain similarity sets in after a while, but the obvious freshness and enthusiasm of the performers are contagious. The selections give a feeling of the spirit and zest of the people, which is exactly what folk songs are supposed to do.

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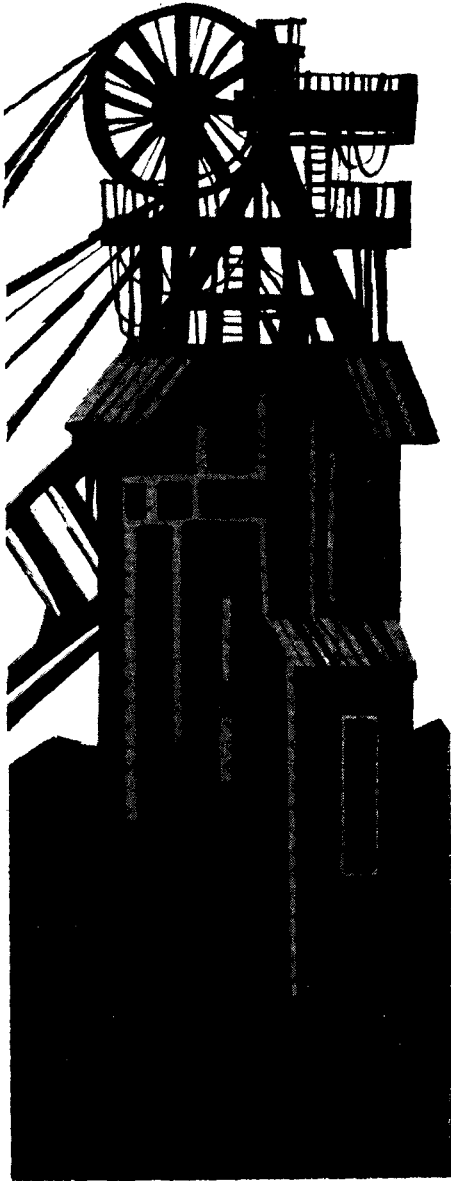
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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks



When the Chancellor of the Exchequer presents Britain's annual budget to the House of Commons, it is traditional to coat the pill, which has been a rather bitter one since the end of World War II, with just enough sugar to assist the public's swallowing. Britain's production has not kept pace with that of its European competitors, West Germany in particular, and what with the unsettling nationalization of steel, the severe depression in the shipyards on the Clyde, which have been increasingly outbid by Japan, and the unions' lethargic dependence on overtime for even a half-decent work week, the Labor government has had no choice, if it was to reduce the huge national debt, but to maintain its freeze of wage and price increases and the virtual prohibition of strikes. Thus this year's budget was described in the press as "a standstill budget," and the Chancellor was hard put to devise any fresh measures which would suggest even a tiny incentive. Such palliatives as there were he spelled out with minute care in the House: divorcees with a dependent were granted an increase in their allotment of from £75 to £110, and the purchasers of motorbikes, bicycles, and tricycles on the installment plan had their credit extended from twenty-four to twenty-seven months. These were two of the five major "reliefs," and they resulted in the following colloquy in the lobby following the debate.

Conservative member to a Labor backbencher: "Well, you've heard it all, and a fat lot of relief it means to any of us!" Labor member: "If you were a divorcee riding a tricycle, you wouldn't mind."

There was, however, one measure which caught my eye, and with gratification: English authors are at last permitted to spread their royalties on a new book over a period of six years instead of being forced into a high tax bracket in the first two productive years, with their earnings written off in taxation. This reasonable leniency was long overdue; indeed, the need for it has been recognized ever since the test case of Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*. Miss Mitchell suffered from a bad back, and she began working on her novel at night when she could not sleep; it came to absorb her day and night, and, in all, the research and writing took seven years. Nat-

urally she was appalled when the soaring sale of the hard-cover edition, the sale to the Book-of-the-Month Club, and the sale to the movies, all in the first two years after publication, forced her up into a tax bracket where the government took 90 cents out of every dollar of her royalties. Her lawyers applied for relief, pleading that at the least she should be permitted to spread her earnings over a period comparable with the time it had taken her to complete the writing. They were refused, but the injustice was so patent that a subsequent ruling cancelled the punishment and made it possible for American authors to spread their royalties and to be taxed each year on the amount they designate. The heightened irony in Miss Mitchell's case was, of course, that she never wrote another book.

Professional athletes have a short expectancy of about a dozen years and must earn their stake in that span. Authors have a longer period of creativity, but they are subject to long gaps between books when they are researching and inviting the spirit, and they have no contract with the public that their new book will be as popular as their last. The freedom to take their royalties in the form of an annuity gives them a protection in fallow periods which they well deserve.

Children of the future

THE EIGHTH DAY, Thornton Wilder's novel (Harper & Row, \$6.95), his first in nineteen years, is a diverse, highly speculative story which begins in Coaltown, a small mining community in Illinois, at the turn of the century. At a New Year's Eve party in 1899 one of the town characters, Dr. Gillies, is asked what the new century will be like. In his Darwinian response he says, "Nature never sleeps. The process of life never stands still. . . . The Bible says that God created man on the sixth day and rested, but each of those days was many millions of years long. . . . We are at the beginning of the second week. We are children of the eighth day." From this speech the novelist has drawn the title of his book and its allegorical form, for this is a modern day *Pilgrim's Progress*, pitting against each other the two leading families in Coaltown to show the growth, through suffering, which men and

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SCHOOLS

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- Best Essay — \$100.00 Lynn Miller, William Allen High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania; *Miss Ruth Roth, Instructor*
- Best Poem — \$100.00 David Randolph, Jr., Saint Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts; *Mrs. Winifred Chatfield, Instructor*

STORIES: Second: Gay Aegerter, South High School, Torrance, California; *Mrs. Barbara Hawkins, Instructor* — Third: William Fleury, Bellaire High School, Bellaire, Texas; *Mrs. Shirley Wiley, Instructor* — Fourth: Susan Verhoeven, Thornridge High School, Dolton, Illinois; *Mrs. Mary Jane Watts, Instructor* — Fifth: Shirley Wolman, Brookline High School, Brookline, Massachusetts; *Miss Annette Busse, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Illinois: Thornridge High School, Dolton, Sandra Golumbeck; Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Karen Stabner — Maryland: Springbrook High School, Silver Spring, Mauri Osheroff, J. Brooks Spector — Massachusetts: Northfield School, East Northfield, Deborah Jameson; Wellesley Senior High School, Wellesley Hills, Jeanne Coffin — New Hampshire: The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, David Taylor, George Fishman — New York: Bethlehem Central High School, Delmar, Brian Gold; The Chapin School, New York, Antonia Ristorcelli; Bishop Kearney High School, Rochester, Elizabeth Dollard — Ohio: Hathaway Brown School, Shaker Heights, Judith Quayle; Mayfield High School, Cleveland, Bonnie Zucker — Texas: Bellaire High School, Bellaire, Jo Ann Chang; Saint Mary's Hall, San Antonio, Dana Simpson.

ESSAYS: Second: Ray Peters, William Allen High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania; *Miss Ruth Roth, Instructor* — Third: John Moser, Wall High School, Wall, New Jersey; *Mr. Walter Jansen, Instructor* — Fourth: Nancy Schwartz, Orange High School, Cleveland, Ohio; *Miss Elsa Jane Carroll, Instructor* — Fifth: Kathleen Conlon, Bishop Kearney High School, Rochester, New York; *Sister Mary Ignatius, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Helix High School, La Mesa, William Hinck — Connecticut: Saint Margaret's School, Waterbury, Barbara Campbell — Maryland: Springbrook High School, Silver Spring, Carolyn Pear — Massachusetts: Catholic Memorial High School, West Roxbury, Gregory Kilday — Missouri: Southwest High School, Kansas City, Carolynne Myall — New Jersey: The Kimberley School, Montclair, Laurel Pekar — New York: Oceanside Senior High School, Oceanside, Robert Sills; Nazareth Academy, Rochester, Kathleen Fitzpatrick — Ohio: Orange High School, Cleveland, Thomas George, Thomas Goudy, E. Matthew Goyette II, Nadine Hundertmark; Hathaway Brown School, Shaker Heights, Linda Hacker — Pennsylvania: Norwin Senior High School, Irwin, Linda Condie — Texas: Mirabeau B. Lamar School, Houston, Michael Roberts.

POEMS: Second: John Kirkpatrick, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *Mr. Thomas Hinkle, Instructor* — Third: Timothy Porges, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Mrs. Barbara Pannwitz, Instructor* — Fourth: Joy Boomgarden, Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Illinois; *Miss Marie Davis, Instructor* — Fifth: Jon Ording, The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, New Hampshire; *Mr. Paul Molloy, Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** Alabama: Mountain Brook High School, Birmingham, Lanier Wilson — Colorado: Fountain Valley School, Colorado Springs, John Rogers, Jr. — Illinois: Evanston Township High School, Evanston, Mary Trimble; Trinity High School, River Forest, Margaret White — Iowa: Senior High School, Cedar Falls, Kathy Bolin — Massachusetts: Northfield School, East Northfield, Susan Osborne; Framingham South High School, Framingham, Jonathan Cheney; Mary A. Burnham School, Northampton, Martha Phinney; Classical High School, Springfield, Robert Young, Jr. — New Hampshire: The Phillips Exeter Academy, Exeter, Daniel Gordon — New York: George W. Hewlett High School, Hewlett, Margery Krane; Nazareth Academy, Rochester, Shannon Wixson — Ohio: Hathaway Brown School, Shaker Heights, Elizabeth Talbott — Pennsylvania: The Shipley School, Bryn Mawr, Mary Vaux; Trafford High School, Trafford, Sheryl DiBagno.

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ESSAYS: Second: Katherine Mone, Wheaton College, Wheaton, Illinois; *Mrs. Helen Siml de Vette, Instructor* — Third: Bill Wild, University of Houston, Houston, Texas; *Miss Ruth Pennybacker, Instructor* — Fourth: Regina Clemens, College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Maryland; *Sister Marie Jerome, S.S.N.D., Instructor* — Fifth: Ellen O'Hara, Fontbonne College, St. Louis, Missouri; *Sister Marcelle Marie, C.S.J., Instructor* — **HONORABLE MENTION:** California: Mount Saint Mary's College, Los Angeles, Michele Tomac; San Diego State College, San Diego, Paul Johnson — Illinois: Rosary College, River Forest, Sister Benet, O.P., Susan Thomas — Indiana: Evansville College, Evansville, Darryl Autry — Iowa: Clarke College, Dubuque, Mary Haley, Catherine Dowd — Maine: Bates College, Lewiston, Thomas Todd — Maryland: College of Notre Dame of Maryland, Baltimore, Carol Proudfit, Nancy Beard — Massachusetts: Emmanuel College, Boston, Frances Panaruskas — Michigan: Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Paul Schrader — Missouri: Missouri Valley College, Marshall, John Camp — Pennsylvania: University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Michael Zapf; Marywood College, Scranton, Mary-Louise Argenterio.

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women of the twentieth century might attain.

The Eighth Day is triggered by the murder of Breckenridge Lansing, the director of the local mine, and a glad-hander who has been a tyrant with his wife and children. Shooting at target practice one Sunday afternoon in company with his assistant and best friend, John Ashley, Breckenridge is felled with a bullet in his brain. Coaltown is convulsed by the rumor that Ashley has been carrying on an affair with Mrs. Lansing: he is convicted on circumstantial evidence, and the subsurface venom of the community is turned emotionally upon Mrs. Ashley and her children, who up to this moment have been the best-liked family in town.

Ashley himself is saved from the electric chair by a masked posse who free him before he ever reaches the death cell; there is a national hue and cry, and at this point the story moves into high gear. Unlike Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*, this novel is not confined to an actual occurrence; it is a work of sheer imagination, and it is the better for it.

Because this book is an allegory, the reader is expected to accept happenings in repeated defiance of what seems plausible. John Ashley, for instance, is one of those naturals in any community, a mechanic who can make things work. As the maintenance engineer of an almost exhausted coal mine, he has kept the operation going and in small ways has been a source of relief to a hundred families. Thus it is hard to believe that a man so respected could be so quickly reviled by those he helped. But, says the novelist, this is what happens when emotions have been inflamed by the national press. For many chapters we follow the adventures of Ashley, as under an alias he moves beyond recapture to New Orleans, to Mexico, and finally to the mining towns of Chile. These are wholly fascinating escapades in which Ashley is helped by extraordinary characters and in which his capacity to make things work again and again affords a temporary refuge.

Meantime, his wife, with the assistance of the stalwart daughter Sophia, has converted their home into a boardinghouse, and the two more talented children, Roger and Lily, are seeking a way out. Both

are determined to make money in Chicago, and Roger in his Horatio Alger ascent in journalism and Lily as she slaves and scrimps to train her voice for the concert hall have in themselves stories to tell quite as remarkable as that of their renegade father.

The flaw in the book is in the last third, where the denouement, and especially the evolution within the Lansing family, is too obviously stage-managed by Mr. Wilder. He has chosen to write his story in a style reminiscent of the early 1900s, with the novelist intruding to drop clues and indulge in apostrophes when the spirit moves him. This mannerism is not easy to take at the outset, but we forget it in the excitement of following John Ashley and his children through their ordeals. But the Lansings are never so plausible. At a tense moment in the book, Mr. Wilder cuts back to show us the family antecedents in Hoboken, and the scenes there are good and lively. But the Lansings in Coaltown, the long torture that goes on between husband and wife, father and son, are a strain on one's credulity. In most of what he does, George, the son, is preposterous; allegorically I suppose we should label him "the Sins of the Father." It seems to me a pity that the ending should be so contrived, so lacking in the compulsion which the novel has when we are watching the Ashleys.

Enter, laughing

The humiliations of being a fat man have been wittily described by G. K. Chesterton and Cyril Connolly ("Imprisoned in every fat man," wrote Connolly, "a thin one is wildly signalling to be let out"); the mortifications of an actor who might euphemistically be called "stout" have been delightfully set forth by **ROBERT MORLEY** in **A RELUCTANT AUTOBIOGRAPHY** (Simon and Schuster, \$6.95), in the composition of which Mr. Morley has had the assistance of his friend and fellow playwright Sewell Stokes.

Robert Morley had been fat from the word go; his awkwardness and pudginess invited the caning which drummed on him at Wellington, and when he was a student at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and had secured his first professional part, that of a pirate in *Treasure Island*, his avoirdupois was too much for the

potlight. "At the dress rehearsal," he writes, "I invented some business whereby as I lay on the stage a dagger suddenly fell from my lifeless hand while Arthur Bouchier [the reading man] was reading a letter. His wife, who was sitting out front, was not having any part of it, however. 'Arthur,' she called out to him, 'move that fat boy away from the gun, the one who dropped the knife. He spoils the picture.'" As a protection for the ego against such indignities, Mr. Morley has built up a bravura which made him in the part of Oscar Wilde as outrageously clever as the real thing. In what he writes as in what he says, he is defiant, perspicacious, and very funny, and we must be grateful to Mr. Stokes for having caught with such a true ear the full verbal play of this vastly entertaining man.

In every play in which I have seen him, in Chekhov, in the Oscar Wilde, in *Edward, My Son*, it is hard to look at anyone else when Robert Morley is on stage, and in reading him, there is an irresistible temptation to stop and quote the witticisms to anyone within earshot. Some of it written directly by Mr. Morley in the Colt House, his tiny workshop set at a discreet distance from his country house. I particularly enjoyed his account of New York in the year he scored his greatest success in the play *Oscar Wilde*, written by the brothers Leslie and Sewell Stokes. Sewell had come along to see it through rehearsals, and convinced that it would fail, had taken the cheapest possible bedroom, where he remained during the five months of his visit. "I suppose," Morley remarked to him on one occasion, "that if the play runs a year you will finally take a bedroom with a window?" And again, "While I basked in the success of *Wilde* on Broadway, Sewell never seemed anxious to share the limelight. We resembled a pair of bears in a zoological enclosure, one forever parading, catching the buns and treacle tins and turning somersaults; the other only occasionally discernible in the shadows of the artificial lair provided by the authorities."

In describing a somewhat airy teacher of his at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts he writes: "She looked like an Edith Sitwell from whom the works had been removed."

I enjoy Mr. Morley's friendships

with Peggy Ashcroft, Tyrone Guthrie, and Humphrey Bogart; I share in his unfortunate fever at the gaming tables; and I greatly relish the acumen, the affection with which he depicts his home life, first with his gay, improvident father, a kind of English W. C. Fields, and then when he himself, imperious and self-aware, is master of the manor. As laughable and intelligent a book about the theater as we have had since Sacha Guitry.

The new executive

Clarence Randall speaks as a cultivated and resourceful American, and wonder among wonders, as a businessman who not only does his homework but writes his own copy. In *THE EXECUTIVE IN TRANSITION* (McGraw-Hill, \$5.95) Mr. Randall is addressing himself to industrialists in that crucial age bracket between forty and sixty-five, crucial because it is in this span that the younger men move up from department head to president of the company, or as some think it, into that polite decline from the presidency to the chairman of the board, and beyond. Because Randall has made all these turns, from corporation lawyer to being president of Inland Steel and turning again from the presidency into a new career, his words have the bite of experience and the vivacity of one who was never too old to learn. He is right when he speaks of the Executive as being constantly in transition: a man marked for high place in American industry has first to assimilate the knowledge of the whole; in effect, learn how to play every instrument in the band; and then, when promotion has come his way, he has to learn the equally hard lesson of how to delegate. These are matters which Mr. Randall discusses with authority in chapters 1, 2, and 6 of his penetrating little book.

What lies beyond the horizon of age sixty-five forms the substance of his last three chapters. This arbitrary date is no longer a time for decrepit departure, and as he discusses the Executive and the new horizons, the Executive and his conscience, the Executive and his private life, Randall points up opportunities such as those which beckoned him into the Eisenhower Administration, and such as those that will invite any eager man into his second career.

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GRIZZLY COUNTRY

by Andy Russell

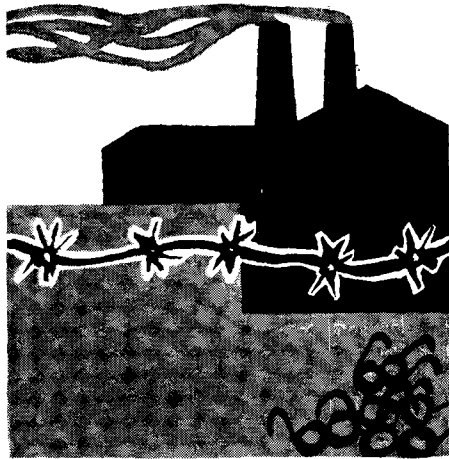
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



Between the Polish cities of Lublin and Warsaw in the hamlet of Treblinka on the Bug River, the Germans in 1942 established a model camp dedicated to extermination. Into it passed some eight hundred thousand men, women, and children. They never emerged. The gas chambers were their final destination. Among the victims were some Gypsies and other Aryans. But most were Jews.

TREBLINKA by **JEAN-FRANÇOIS STEINER** (Simon and Schuster, \$5.95) tells the story of the rise and fall of this community. This vivid book, horrifying in its authenticity, is a necessary reminder of events we would prefer to forget. It also raises terrible questions to which there are no easy answers.

The story begins with the breakdown of the future victims' capacity for resistance. Steiner's narrative starts in the city of Vilna as the Nazis move in. Any effort to counter the power of the conquerors proves utterly hopeless. The storm troopers are able to turn all rational calculations, all humane emotions to their own ends.

The scene then shifts to the camp at Treblinka. Steiner's simple, prosaic sentences describe the progressive development of the extermination institutions. The first German commanders were simple sadists and perverts. Their superiors soon realized that they would not do because they were incapable of maintaining control. Authority then passed to technicians. Kurt Franz, who took charge at that time, viewed the camp with dispassionate objectivity and organized it scientifically. The manufacture of corpses was like any other problem of

processing. To get thousands of people moving along the assembly line, it was necessary to schedule deliveries, to handle the subjects expeditiously, and to delegate to specialists the tasks of salvaging by-products — clothing, gold, baggage, even hair and teeth. The calm laconic style in which the engineering details are described has a macabre appropriateness to the subject. The fussy efforts of the specialist Herbert Floss to dispose of certain waste products seem almost funny until one realizes that he is dealing with human bodies.

The Germans could not spare enough of their own manpower to staff the immense enterprise fully. They had at their disposal a number of Ukrainian guards. But the bulk of the work was done by Jews. Selected from the ranks of the victims, the *kapos* themselves built and operated the camp with all its necessary services and collaborated in every stage of extermination.

How was this possible? This question haunted Steiner as it did every other writer on the camps. What passed through the minds of the Jews who whipped their fellows into the gas chambers or pulled the gold fillings out of the mouths of corpses?

The book gives a credible answer. With great skill, Steiner demonstrates the way in which the Nazis closed off alternatives, leaving the victim always a choice between greater and lesser evils, so that collaboration, at any given point, seemed the rational course.

Only with the development of some sense of community among the Jewish *kapos* was the idea of escape or rebellion born. There followed a long, heartbreaking effort to organize an uprising, which finally erupted in August, 1943, just when the camp, having finished its work, was about to be liquidated. The Germans had no trouble suppressing the outbreak, although some prisoners escaped.

Is this account historically true? In the nature of the case, documentation is lacking and the full details will never be known. The Nazis, anxious to keep the whole matter secret, left practically no telltale written evidence, and the pathetic scraps of diary kept by the inmates vanished. All the chief actors died. Of the prisoners who managed to get out, no more than

forty survived, none of whom had been in a position to observe the formulation of the critical decisions.

Steiner's information, drawn from interviews and from an oral tradition, cannot therefore be precise. Tradition grows not out of the accurate recollection of the past, but selectively out of the desire to create a myth that will justify and explain what happened. *Treblinka* seeks to make a tragic event heroic.

In that sense, the book possesses the virtue of authenticity. It could have happened as Steiner's imagination said it did. Galewski, Chosen, Friedman, and Bloch, trapped by circumstances, struggled to control events which had a remorseless logic of their own and led to the inevitable climax. The problems these men faced were not unreal, only grotesquely exaggerated versions of those modern men often meet.

Goodness, truth, and beauty were the first victims of the camps. Those who felt any sense of compassion, dignity, or love when they entered could not survive. To cling to life it was necessary to play the game of the captor.

But though resistance was hopeless, the victims did not have to collaborate with their murderers. Many made the morally dignified choice of immediate death in preference to the degradation of life with the Germans. Steiner's most ingenious passages attempt to rehabilitate those who resisted the temptation to suicide or disobedience. The planners of the rebellion argued that the immediate obligation was to stay alive even at the cost of collaboration with the Nazis. Since the Hitlerite goal was extermination, survival was the highest good, for only thus could the memory of the event be preserved and the mission of Israel be fulfilled. The very debasement of the *kapo*, hastening the victims to their doom, thus acquires a grandeur of purpose.

Yet this explanation opens a moral chasm which Steiner does not examine. The same combination of personal and national justification no doubt animated the Ukrainian guards. They too had no choice; and someone else would do it if they did not. And the technicians? Or the S.S. men? Could they not argue the same necessity?

There are no easy answers to these questions. That is why *Tre-*

blinka deserves our attention. The book reminds us of the place where twenty-five years ago the optimism of the Enlightenment perished, where Europeans rediscovered what a long difficult way yet lay ahead of them before they fulfilled their humanity.

The effects of crisis

The bestiality of man's behavior cannot be attributed only to psychotic and ignorant people. In the face of what we have seen this century, we know that the animal in us can be elaborately rationalized until an act of murder is seen as self-defense and dynamited houses become evidence of moral courage. This is one of the somber conclusions of **ROBERT COLES'S CHILDREN OF CRISIS** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$7.95).

Dr. Coles is a trained psychiatrist, drawn into the Deep South by the accident of service with the Air Force. Exposure at firsthand to segregation drew him into a study of the race problem. When the first Negro children were admitted into formerly white schools, Dr. Coles began to examine the reaction intensively. At first, his interest was clinical. Like Anna Freud, who observed the children of London under the bombing, he wished to trace the emotional and psychological effects of life under stress. He followed the careers of selected children and adults in New Orleans and Atlanta over extended periods.

The outcome is a vivid portrayal of the problems of desegregation. The central finding in this lucid and compassionate book is the startling normality of children under stress. The little girl who for a year passed daily through the ranks of taunting enemies and was isolated from all her schoolmates nevertheless grew in strength. A resilient boy survived two years of a schedule far more severe than any he had ever expected, and along with it the daily loneliness and fear of his special situation and the nastiness of threats, foul language, and pokes in the school corridors and on the street.

Dr. Coles's investigation also revealed the appalling complexity of the situation. For some whites, like Mrs. Patterson, the colored children's isolation expressed the sense of her own condition. "She shouted at the Negro girl because she was

moved to cry out and protest her own fate. What she called the Negroes she feared herself to be; what she saw in that Negro child was herself, unhappy and isolated. She wanted that part of herself to die, and in one of those moments which allow people like her expression, she said as much with her threats toward Ruby." Yet there were also whites in the deepest South driven by the crisis to turn their backs upon their heritage and come out for equality. One such woman developed a course of courageous action through a series of accidents. Step by step she became an important part in the critical struggle. The crisis raised her sights and transformed her life.

The records of these cases are deeply moving. The candid account of the white boy George and his Negro classmate Lois reveals the sensitivity of the observer, the understanding of the analyst, and the skill of the writer.

Dr. Coles is less sure of himself when he goes beyond the cases to generalizations. Because his attention is fixed upon individuals he finds it difficult to discuss the Negroes as a group. Even the prolonged suffering of the colored people, he notes, "fails to bind them together sufficiently to cause them to lose their individuality, a fact that may be sad for zealous social scientists but is ultimately hopeful for America."

Delinquency

The causes of delinquency remain obscure. Since we are no more able to explain what makes some people weak or evil than we are what makes others strong or noble, we are tempted to fix the blame on some specific remediable cause. The nineteenth-century temperance movement expected by eradicating alcoholism to settle a long chain of personal and social disorders. In the 1960s, narcotics have taken the place of the demon rum as the source of delinquency.

GERTRUDE SAMUELS' THE PEOPLE VS. BABY (Doubleday, \$4.95) is the vivid reconstruction of a case history. The central character, a Puerto Rican girl raised in a fatherless Harlem family, drifts into gang life and pursues a harlot's path to the verge of destruction. Her missteps compound one another. From marijuana she moves to heroin; to meet

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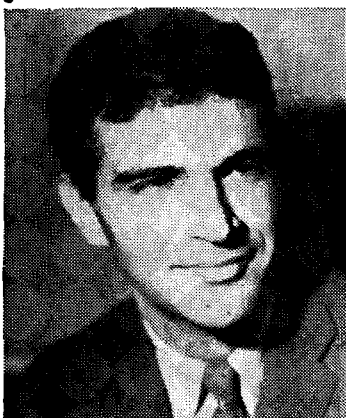
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the cost she resorts to prostitution; and the various correctional institutions to which the law sends her only deepen her knowledge of vice. The story is cast in the form of a novel. But only the happy ending is fiction. Baby is the composite of actual girls, and the hospitals, jails, slums, and treatment centers are real.

PIRI THOMAS' DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS (Knopf, \$5.95) tells the same story in a masculine version. In this autobiography, dope is an incident of life in the Spanish Harlem slums, along with the gang, sex, and violence. For Thomas, a long jail term is the means of expiation and leads ultimately to redemption.

Miss Samuels' solution is the legalization of narcotics for addicts at centers in which physicians would dispense drugs at low cost while helping to free the victims of the habit with psychiatric and vocational help. The underlying assumption is that persuasion and willpower can effect the cure.

Although both books are set in the slums, the explanation of delinquency they offer is not simply environmental. Hal in *The People Vs. Baby* is well-to-do, intelligent, and educated, yet resorts to the needle for kicks. The consequences of antisocial behavior are more noticeable among people with low incomes, but delinquency is not confined to the poor.

Indeed, **DAVID LOTH** in **CRIME IN THE SUBURBS** (Morrow, \$4.95) argues that the incidence of law-breaking is probably increasing more rapidly in suburbia than in the central city. The transgressions, moreover, are not due to intruders from the slums, but in most cases to local juveniles and their parents. The survey of data from all parts of the country, presented in breezy anecdotal form, adds up to a disquieting refutation of the notion that poverty explains delinquency.

The common element in the unwillingness to accept the rules of society seems to be a sense of purposelessness, whether that emanates from an inadequate family life, from the lack of personal recognition, or from the unwillingness to accept the materialistic goals of the middle classes. The impulse to assert one's individuality by breaking the rules can appear in any environment.

The difference between the slum

"No nobler or more helpful institution exists in America than Boston's Lowell Institute."—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

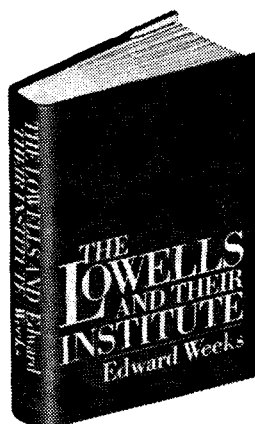
The story of that Institute, of the four remarkable men who have been successive trustees since 1840, and of the development of the New England mind from Darwinism to educational television is now told with all the skill and

charm that marked the author's *In Friendly Candor* and *The Open Heart*. "A magnificent job... Harvard people and those who love Boston will not want to miss a word of it."

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THE LOWELLS AND THEIR INSTITUTE

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and the suburb lies in the chances for recovery. The youth who slips in Marin County or in Westchester can climb back with the aid of a community sensitive to his problems and anxious to assist in his rehabilitation. In Harlem, the initial misstep is a disaster. The police, the social workers, and the judges are aliens, and the fragile local communities lack the institutions that can help those in need. Therein lies a clue to controlling the consequences of delinquency, even if not to its cure.

The thirties

ROBERT BENDINER'S *JUST AROUND THE CORNER* (Harper & Row, \$6.95) is a charming informal account of the years between the depression of 1929 and the war of 1939. The book is part social history, part personal reminiscence. Bendiner began the decade as office boy at the *World Tomorrow*, spent a few months on the staff of the *New Masses*, and ended as managing editor of the *Nation*. He was thus in a strategic position to observe the twists and turns of politics and intellect in those exciting years. Hoover and Landon, FDR and the New Deal come under his witty scrutiny. But perhaps his shrewdest observations are of the vigorous radicalism which infused American politics and thought.

WILLIAM HERRICK in *THE ITINERANT* (McGraw Hill, \$4.95) offers glimpses of the radical sects of the 1930s through the eyes of an adolescent. This picaresque novel follows the escapades of a boy growing up in the Depression, his involvement with sex and Communists, his wanderings among the sharecroppers and in the international brigade in Spain, and an adjustment of sorts in marriage and the civil rights movement. Flashes of ribald humor enliven what would otherwise be a familiar story.

The most vivid recall of the decade comes from the essays collected in RITA SIMON'S *AS WE SAW THE THIRTIES* (University of Illinois Press, \$6.50). Eight key figures here speak candidly of the pre-war world. Burton K. Wheeler gives a fascinating account of his relations with FDR, from the court-packing plan onward. There are nuggets of unintended humor in Gerald L. K. Smith's defense of Huey Long: "He

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- Lake Erie is a gummy swamp
- Grand Canyon is threatened
- Our wildlife is vanishing
- Our air is noxious

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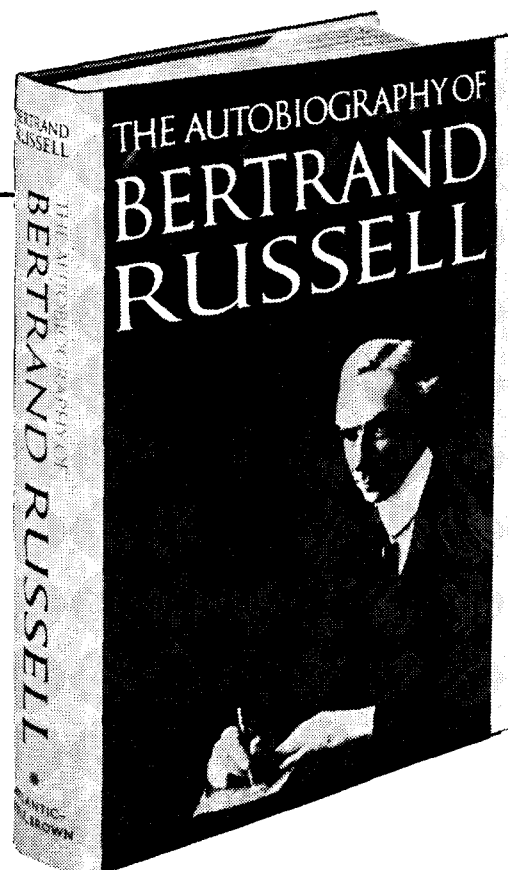
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*Prepublication comments by Alfred Kazin and Publishers' Weekly

was a gourmet of distinction. His scientific understanding of football was uncanny. On one or two occasions he actually called the coach to where he was seated and gave him the scientific instruction necessary to win the game." Quoting the Kingfish: "When you are in a pinch, the whore houses and the preachers are always on the same side." Smith adds, "This was not said in a blasphemous mood."

Max Shachtman's discussion of radicalism is revealing. Passages in this Trotskyist view of the decade seem funny now when they deal with the fierce infighting, the vicious heresy hunts, and the fervent crusades of the tiny groups which grew like the amoeba, by dividing. But they remind us also that something has been lost since the 1930s — the utter devotion to the intellect. All those controversies were about ideas, and they pushed the participants into furious reading and thinking. Events proved the radicals wrong in many respects, but not in their passionate dedication to reason.

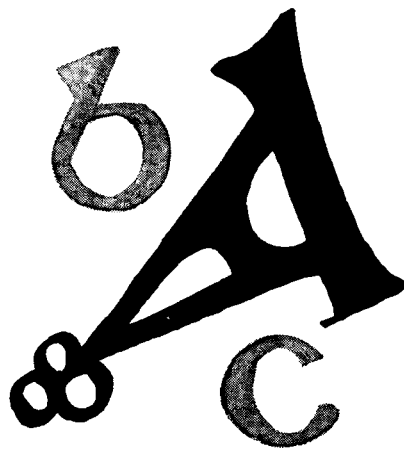
Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams

THE CELLULOID SACRIFICE (Hawthorn, \$5.95) is part history and part discussion of "aspects of sex in the movies," written by the British journalist and film reviewer **ALEXANDER WALKER**. The aspects Mr. Walker has in mind turn out to be predominantly female stars of the first glamour, twinkling in Hollywood. He begins with Theda Bara (there is a reproduction of the Burne-Jones painting which, along with Kipling's poem, popularized the whole vamp kick — although vampires had been common props in spook literature for fifty years) and ends with Elizabeth Taylor. There is an interesting comparison of British and American methods in film censorship, revealing that while ours are generally thick-witted, the British can, on occasion, produce hilariously perverse improvements on ordinary improprieties. The book's final section has to do with the male role in sex comedies. It is curious that Mr. Walker, who has previously pretty well avoided the pitfall of confusing the player with the part, loses his balance in dealing with Mastroianni, and constantly

mixes up the man, the actor, playing style, type of role, and audience response. This collapse does not invalidate a number of useful and amusing observations, and it underlines the difficulty of writing serious film criticism. In a field where, as various memoirs reveal, the immediate practitioners are often uncertain who is truly responsible for a particular bit of magic, how is a nonparticipant to distinguish between the work of the director, the player, or, as in the case of Mary Pickford and the magic lens, the machinery? It is this nebosity about the true origin of film effects that thwarts Mr. Walker; he cannot, in the end, pin down the thesis he is chasing.

The late **FRANK O'CONNOR'S A SHORT HISTORY OF IRISH LITERATURE** (Putnam, \$5.95) is a beguilingly opinionated work. Nothing with short in its title can hope to clear up the tangle of Dark Ages Gaelic composition, but O'Connor made a gallant fight of it, sputtering testily of headhunters and referring to a nameless medieval conglomerator of old texts as "The First Murderer." The final chapters, on Yeats and Joyce, are peculiarly interesting because O'Connor knew both men and saw them as men and fellow writers without permitting that view to diminish his admiration.



Nelson buffs — and other readers, for that matter — will enjoy **TRAFALGAR** (John Day, \$3.95), a small book composed of eyewitness accounts of the great battle by all sorts of participants on both sides. The material has been compiled and edited by **STUART LEGG**, and while some items are inevitably familiar, much of this fascinating book will be new to all but the most wide-ranging and industrious scholars.

PORNOGRAFIA (Grove, \$5.00) by the exiled Polish author **WITOLD GOMBROWICZ** is a bloodily macabre comedy of youth and age, set in Poland during the Second World War. Two intellectuals, dry old bachelors addicted to devious, Henry Jamesian dialogue, pussyfoot into the country to visit a fat landowner. This squire has a wispy wife ("Being essentially a mother she could no longer accomplish anything"), an adolescent daughter, and a young hanger-on with a dubious record of service with the Underground. Henia (the girl) and Karol (the boy) are the same age and have known each other all their lives. The two old coots from Warsaw, bored with age and correct behavior and miscellaneously attracted to the young, yearn to watch a juvenile sexual idyll. But Henia gets engaged to a neighbor, a decent enough fellow going soft at the edges and bald on the top, and Karol seems to care not a whistle. Frederick and Witold (the author gives the first-person narrator his own name) move to correct this unsuitable situation. What ensues is a curious exchange of identities — the young people acquiescing in Uncle Pandarian stage management because they want to be accepted as adults, while Frederick and Witold assume the moral irresponsibility of children because they want to become young. The erotic element in the story — which proves, after a slow start, to be exciting simply as a tale of suspense — suggests that the author is representing common enough states of mind in terms of extreme, melodramatic action, but the status of the people who are finally murdered (church, law, army, peasantry) implies another meaning, that of the traditional framework of society destroyed by a combination of physical immaturity and egotistical intellect.

In **OFF THE BEATEN TRACK IN BAJA** (Morrow, \$8.95), **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER** describes the tough, surprising, somehow amiable wilderness of Baja California. Equally curious about old roads, Indian rock paintings, drowsy villages, and unexplored canyons, Mr. Gardner got about the place with a varied and amusing collection of friends, aides, and locals, not to mention vehicles with names like Pak-Jak and Butterfly. His account of his adventures is unpretentiously informative and altogether attractive.

The ATLANTIC is privileged to publish this remarkable document, the first appearance in English of the writing of Svetlana Alliluyeva. It was written in Switzerland this spring as her spontaneous response to DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, a book she found to be "a revelation about my own life, and about the life of the Russia I knew." Max Hayward, who made this translation and was also co-translator of DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, writes: "Svetlana Alliluyeva's reflections illuminate the sense of Pasternak's work as no other comment has ever done. In the fate of Zhivago and of Lara, she sees her personal tragedy, that of her contemporaries and children (Katya, seventeen, and Joseph, twenty-two), and that of Russia as a whole. The closeness of the parallel is underlined by an extraordinary coincidence of names: for example, Svetlana's daughter, like Lara's, is called Katya. . . . Her thoughts on the novel gradually turn into a lament, in traditional Russian fashion, for her late husband Brajesh Singh, whom the Soviet authorities did not allow to take her to India while he was still alive. . . . DOCTOR ZHIVAGO is about the tragedy of separation and death, which no country has seen in such measure as Russia, but it is also about faith in life. Svetlana Alliluyeva, while mourning the fate of so many fellow countrymen and her own bitter losses, evokes Pasternak's recurrent images of rebirth: the spring, and the rowan tree with its bright red berries in the midst of winter."

TO BORIS LEONIDOVICH PASTERNAK

by Svetlana Alliluyeva

There is no doubt that the whole of life is governed by a design of which we know nothing and of which we are not conscious. For this reason, coincidences which are foreordained always seem strange to us. One such strange "chance," after my flight from Delhi, was my encounter in Italy with *Doctor Zhivago*.

In Rome I was given this work of genius which has been published in Russian in Milan, but which is banned in Russia and read there only in secret. Up till then I had only a very vague idea of the novel from what I had been told about it by friends.

For me it was a quite unexpected encounter with Russia at a moment when I had just left her, and when circumstances were such that all my thoughts were elsewhere. And this encounter with the Russian tongue at its most powerful went through me like a shock, like a great surge of electricity.

The Great Tragedy overwhelmed me like a squall of rain and snow, like

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an avalanche, like a hurricane striking by night with lightning and cloud-bursts.

Everything became confused in this storm which lashed my heart and engulfed me in floods of tears.

Everything was mixed up — my own life and other people's, the faces of my loved ones and those of figures in the novel, their words and my thoughts, the tears and pain of us all — it all merged together in my mind and swept over me with ever greater force.

Drinking in my tears, I read and reread these lines which sounded in my ears like organ music. I listened to them, breathed them in with all my being, and choked with the pain of them.

My beloved, long-suffering, baffled Russia, where I have left my children and my friends to live our unbearable Soviet life, a life so unlike anything else that it can never be imagined by Russians abroad, whether friendly or hostile to it, my beloved children, the indelible memory of my husband and the pain, bleeding like a wound, of his death — all this, merging with the world created by the author's imagination, rose up before me with tenfold intensity, and sometimes I felt that the whole world must be overwhelmed, together with me, by waves of love and tears.

The Russia I have lost, the Russia *that has been taken from me* by a cruel fate, as she was taken from Yuri Andreyevich Zhivago, from Tonya, from Lara, and from their children, my unforgettable, suffering Russia . . . wolves howl on your snow-covered plains, the land is still prey to folly and desolation, and there is no end to the rule of the Pharisees, to the power of the dead letter over the living deed. I shall not see you again, I shall not see you for a long time, you have been taken away, abducted — taken away from all those to whom you were so dear. No one ran after you and brought you back — just as when Lara was being taken away and Zhivago, weeping, watched the sleigh that was taking her, hoping against hope that it would "turn back," but knowing that it would not.

But what am I saying? Who took her away? I went away myself. I gave her up myself. Well, that's what Zhivago did — he left her of his own free will, he gave her up, abandoned her to the wicked and the vulgar. He did not come to her rescue, but just watched as she went away, and wept at the inevitable, because *it had to be this way*, and he knew it. . .

My darling Katya, my heart's blood, straight as a rowan tree, sweet as a cherry, what have I done to you?! I have left you all alone, my love, and how you must be crying there now, though you are such a brave girl and don't like to be a crybaby, my little one.

What have I done to myself: I shall not see you for a long, long time, I have given you up with my own hands, as Lara gave up her own beloved Tanya. . . And then Lara also had a daughter called Katya from a husband she didn't love — but what does that matter to us women, we love our children because we give birth to them. . .

Oh, yes, and then wasn't my second husband, whom I did not love, also

called Yuri Andreyevich? He was not much to look at, but he was clever, clever in a cold, mechanical way, the same as the machinelike commissar Antipov, who had a blueprint instead of a heart inside him. . . How similar they were! How similar they were, with all their revolutionary ideas and phrases spinning around like cogs in a machine, but fixed forever in the same spot. . .

All these faces mingle and blur, I can't understand through my tears why the names are the same — as though there weren't plenty of other Russian names! . . .

Dear, dear Yuri Andreyevich, this gifted and humble doctor whose name comes from the word for "life," from the word for everything living — "*zhivago*" in Church Slavic . . . such a fine, unassuming, and intelligent person, and how many there are like that in Russia! But with all this humility, diffidence, and lack of ostentation, how pure of heart and noble of mind, what a deep sense of duty and lifelong devotion to work . . . just like our great Chekhov, also both doctor and artist, who knew and loved life without any trappings, as scientists and astronomers love it. . . How he suffers, this gifted and hardworking man, at the hollow sound of empty words divorced from the realities of life! How wearied he is by the ceaseless talk of Liberius, the partisan leader, by those nightly disquisitions about "the dawn of a new life," while all the time the wounded wait for him, and there is nothing but blood and death all around, and people have been crazed by the slaughter, and can no longer tell friend from foe. . . How well he understands and loves words which are apt and meaningful, words which come unaffectedly from the heart, words born of truth, words endowed with sense and feeling. This is why the spells and songs of the old witch Kubarikha are like balm to his soul, for in them he hears the voices of birds, trees, and grass; and in them he hears the voice of Lara, too, and he sees himself puny and helpless in the Siberian forest. And then, meek and humble as he is, he wants to kill Liberius for those meaningless words which only rob people of their sleep and prevent them from working.

Yes, he had a magical command of words, he wrote poetry, he healed the sick, he loved the daily round of life in all its fullness and vigor, he shunned no work, however menial, he was a true aristocrat of the spirit, he labored for the good of his fellowmen. And there was no place for him in a society that demanded of him service to the dead letter instead of work and the single-minded exercise of his creative powers. Small wonder that he found himself an outcast, doomed slowly to sink lower and lower.

The way he stands in the doorway with those buckets in his hands and apologizes to the man who was once his janitor and is now an up-and-coming member of society, full of the insolence that comes from a sense of power. But the doctor just goes on carrying water for the laundry to his room, and every time he asks to be excused for splashing on the floor. . .

Again faces merge into each other. Whom does he remind me of with those buckets in his hands?

Why do I see you, Andrusha,¹ my poor suffering friend, standing barefoot with buckets of cold water in your hands, your hair unkempt and your clothes in rags? . . . I have never seen you with buckets in your hands, but perhaps you have to carry water, in the place where you are now, and that is how I picture you in my mind's eye. And that terrible Moscow communal apartment in Khlebny Street, where you did your writing in the cellar because you hadn't a proper workroom — it was so much like the janitor's room in *Doctor Zhivago*. And ex-janitors, just like Markel in the novel, now shout at your wife and Yegorushka, and at you too, I suppose, in the place to which you have been sent. And all you can do is shuffle your bare feet and listen in silence. . . . You never did have much to say for yourself, Andrusha, and you were not the most handsome man in the world, but you had the stubborn courage to be true to yourself and honest before your own conscience! Because wasn't that why you wrote your stories and novels: to speak out, although in secret from others, what you thought, and to be honest with yourself, and with God?

I have had no news of you for a long time now, and I do not know whether or not you are well, and what other things have been meted out to you by your terrible fate. Nor do I know how long Maya and your small son will have to wait for you, and whether he will see you one day. . . .

O martyrs of Russian literature! Nothing has changed since the days of Radishchev and the Decembrists. . . . As before, it is given to gendarmes and policemen to be the first critics of a writer's work. Except that in Russia under the Czars neither Gogol nor Shchedrin was ever brought to trial for the sharpness of his satirical fantasies, and they were not punished for laughing at the absurdities of Russian life. But now you can be tried for a metaphor, sent to a camp for figures of speech!

All this is more than flesh and blood can stand, dear doctor, dear Boris Leonidovich. All this is more than I can bear to see, people of the whole world, and this is why I am here, and not there, in Russia. How much longer, doctor, will it go on, how much longer?

Doctor Chekhov . . . Doctor Speransky . . . Doctor Vinogradov . . . Doctor Pletnev — Lord, they too were persecuted for nothing at all — Doctor Kaufman . . . Doctor Dadiani . . . Doctor Morozov. . . .

Again faces get mixed up and blurred. . . . Doctor Morozov — yes, of course, my son will be a doctor in two years' time, like his grandfather and his great-grandfather before him. How glad I am that you too will be a doctor, and you will not waste your life on empty verbiage.

My child, you must be strong, you must brace yourself — for the sake of Lenchka, for the sake of Katya. You must not despair, we have not parted forever. You are a sensitive boy, and you will be hurt by the mean

¹ Andrei Sinyavsky, Soviet Russian writer and critic, condemned to seven years' imprisonment in a camp. We worked together for several years in the Institute of Literature in Moscow. His well-known essay on Pasternak's work has now been suppressed, like all his other writings on Russian poetry.

looks you will get from the petty-minded "common citizens," but you must be above all that! You will find you have more friends than you think, and even those who condemn me will come to help you, and all of you, my little ones. . .

Let them all condemn me — and you condemn me as well, if that will make things easier for you (say whatever you like: it will only be empty words, and they will not hurt me), only do not reject me in your hearts, my children, because you are more precious to me than anything in the world, my dear ones, and I think of you constantly, and I pray for you, since nobody here prevents me from doing so. . .

Did I understand that I was losing you? Did I realize what an unspeakable burden of misfortune and sorrow I was freely taking on my shoulders? I suppose not. But now, as I read this book, the terrible reality of my loss has struck me like a thunderbolt.

Every word of this astonishing book comes to me as a revelation about my own life, and about the life of the Russia I knew. Not for nothing is it the culmination of the great poet's lifework. I keep coming across things that I feel I have seen or heard before. Some of the people in the novel seem familiar, as though I had met them some time or other in my life. I have seen and heard it all, I know the smell and taste of this moonlit snow, of this frozen rowan tree, of Siberian rivers in flood, of unheated cluttered rooms in Moscow's communal apartments. . .

I am not abandoning you, my children, and I am not betraying you — pay no attention to the slanderous things they will say about me — but this was the way life would have it. Everything is preordained and decided for us by life itself. You must understand that events are taking their inevitable course. Fate has decreed that I leave you, that I change my whole life and not return to that futile existence which I have led for forty years. It is the will of fate, perhaps, that I should do something for the benefit of all — and for you, too, my dear ones.

I have crossed my Rubicon. If you are still there, far away from me, it is so that I may pray for you, so that I may believe with all my heart in our reunion, so that I may be stronger in spirit, so that I may fight and live without despair, so that the pain of it shall cover me like armor. How wise are the ways of Your world, O Lord: You are not giving me this new life just so that I should peacefully enjoy the comforts of the civilized world.

No, Lord, You have given me words I did not know before. You have commanded me to speak the truth to people, to all the people in the world, so that my friends there, in Russia, should also wake from their long sleep, and should be startled out of it, as though by a shot, and come to feel themselves that there can be a limit to what human beings may endure.

And wasn't it to change my futile life that You sent me a messenger from faraway India? But, oh, how I was stabbed in the heart, what a sharp knife pierced my back. . .

Lara, Lara, you were life and love, you were a swift-flowing river, you

were a woodland full of the golden sun, and a rowan tree of fiery red — how you warmed everyone around you, how good people felt when you were near. But no one could protect you, nor could you protect yourself.

How can it protect itself, a tree in bloom — a cherry tree, an apple tree, or a rowan, full of sunlight and birds and the humming of bees? It is all blossom and fragrance, and it gives joy and happiness to everyone around it, but can it protect itself, if thieves and scoundrels come with axes and saws?

No, how can it? Its wounds will weep and its flowers fade, its leaves will fall, and soon it will turn black, and wither and die. It will die quietly, without a struggle, doing harm to no one. . .

You were just such a good, defenseless, sun-filled tree, my unforgettable one, my love, my prince from a faraway country, and you couldn't take root in our bleak land. . . There can be no peace or forgiveness for those who cut down defenseless trees which bring joy and warmth to people. There can be no forgiveness for them, there can never, never be peace for them! Your name tolls in my heart, sounding an alarm, and I shall never forget or forgive the despicable wielders of the ax.

As you lay in your coffin in our dismal Moscow crematorium, strangers came up to look at your calm, beautiful face. It was very cold, and we stood there in fur coats, Indians and Russians, and my dear, dark-skinned Lilya, and you, Irisha, and you, Olya, and all of you, my dear friends from the unfortunate Institute of World Literature. And none of them could take their eyes off your face, which now looked so distinguished and beautiful.

My poor love, my poor prince! You gave your life for me, not just figuratively, as people are always promising, but quite literally. You could have gone back to your warm country, you did not have to work in Moscow. You were ill and our climate was deadly for you, but you stayed there all the same and took on work that was too much for you, because you did not want to leave me all alone. My poor knight, who came to my rescue in the goodness of your heart, how fearlessly you gave up your country, your work, the whole of your familiar, carefree life in India for something quite different, to help me; you knew how much I needed you at my side. . . I have heard many fine words of love in my life, but who stood by me so bravely, who took such a risk in the evening of his life, before the sun went down, throwing away everything he had, his health and his life, for my sake?

Our meeting wasn't mere chance, you know. Just think where you had come from, all the countries you had been to before, what a prison I had lived in the whole of life — just so that one day I should meet you. It was too propitious, too full of meaning to be accidental. You were ill and lonely, you had a sad, kindly smile, you were so understanding and compassionate, so full of humor and melancholy. You took in everything at a glance, you didn't have to be told, even though you had dropped from another planet into my stagnant, unhappy life.

Do you remember those first days in the hospital where we met, and how we told each other our life stories? We were both unhappy and lonely, each of us was weighed down by a long, unusual history, and each of us was waiting for a gentle hand of human understanding. What did we care about politics, systems of government, ideologies, parties, and organizations of one sort or another!

How they immediately rose up in arms against us, the Party hypocrites and Pharisees! What deadly danger they saw to themselves in a human attachment and love that took no account of their usual rules! What could they know about us, how could they understand us, these miserable compilers of dossiers and denunciations? All they could see was that you were a foreigner, and it horrified them.

My poor dear, how sick you were, and how you suffered, as your life slowly ebbed away, and you became better and kinder every day, and the small vanities and trivialities of life gradually left you. And there was nothing I could do to help, I loved you more and more with every day, as I watched you die — a tree whose roots have been cut.

How great were your pity and love for me, how sorry you were for all us blind, unhappy wretches who had never seen the outside world, or other countries, or other cities, or any other way of life. You so much wanted to show me India, Europe, the whole world, and this good country of Switzerland, which you loved so much. But all that was forbidden and out of the question — for all of us. . .

What a beautiful forehead you have, how soft and loving are your lips. . . “And you shall kiss me with a last kiss. . .”

“Oh, I can’t bear it. The pain of it . . . Oh, Lord! Think of it! This is again something in our style, something we know about. Your going, and the end of me. That’s again something big and inescapable. The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the beauty of genius, the beauty of loving — that, yes, that we understood. As for such petty trifles as reshaping the world — no thank you, such things are not for us. Good-bye, my big one, my dear one, my own, my pride. . . .”

What is this? Who is this talking? It’s Lara saying good-bye to Doctor Zhivago. It is I saying good-bye to you, my knight, and kissing your pure forehead with a last kiss. Yes, it is I. All this is about you and me, too. “Your going, and the end of me.” Your going was the end of my former life — I felt at the time that my life could never be the same, after your going, only I didn’t yet know when and how it would change. But fate already knew and was preparing the way. Nobody can escape what fate has in store.

This you knew and understood, Boris Leonidovich, and no one could give the lie to your wisdom, however much they tried. And I have been pondering your great wisdom as an artist and thinker, since God has given me a short breathing space to collect my thoughts and to recover from all the calamities and blows of fate I have had to suffer in the last three years.

Dear, kindly Switzerland seems to have been specially created to restore a person's spiritual balance — the air is so sweet and healing, the roads wind so softly over hills and valleys, the new grass in the fields is so fresh, the blue-eyed children and grown-ups are so friendly.

It is now early spring, and it is still cold, the leaves are not out yet, but the buds have burst on all the trees and are waiting for warmth. The brooks and streams are pure and clear, with trout playing in them.

It often rains, but it's a cheerful, spring rain, mingled with the ceaseless chirping and singing of birds. The earth is still cold, but the violets in the woods are out, and around all the houses there are tulips, narcissi, hyacinths, and snowdrops. There is also a plant I have never seen before — it is covered all over with yellow flowers but has no leaves: nearly every house has one of these brightly glowing yellow trees.

From my window I can see a winding emerald river, green fields, freshly plowed earth, and hillsides where the woods are still bare and mauve, but already decked here and there with yellow catkins. Everything is quiet and calm — the people, the land, and these old houses with the pointed roofs, and the narrow roadways. All is bursting with healthy, placid life, and waiting for spring and warmth.

How fortunate for me that it is almost spring, that I can see round about this eternal and inexorable renewal of life. What a breath of air and how soothing it is, this feeling of expectancy and faith in life, after the death of my husband, after all the indignities which I have endured in Moscow and in Delhi, after all the pain and sorrow, after all the ordeals. Thank you, blue-eyed Switzerland, for being so good to me!

And on sunny days the snow-covered mountains are dazzlingly bright, lakes and rivers glitter, and there is such a ring of triumph all around, from the earth right up to the sky, that the soul wants to leap from the breast and fly up high, singing like a lark, and I am afraid of nothing when my extraordinary world — Your world, O Lord — is so beautiful.

And now it's spring with you too, my children and friends, the snow is melting, the rivers are flowing swiftly. Take a deep breath of the air, which is fermenting like new wine, look up at the sun, and be afraid of nothing, my dear ones, be afraid of nothing.

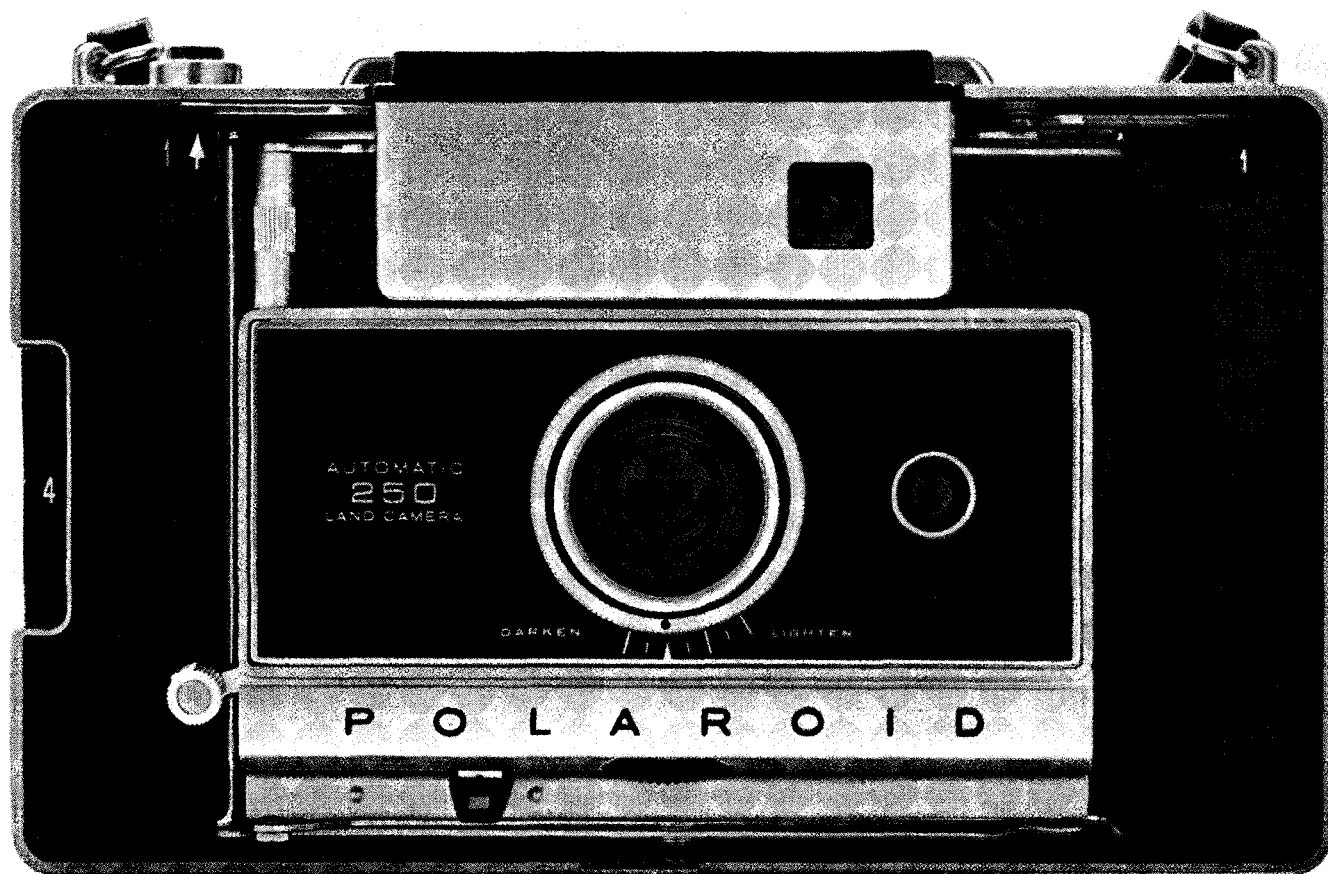
And do not cry, do not cry, my dear ones — may the spring breathe on you with its fresh breezes and help you to believe in the inevitable victory and rebirth of life.

Switzerland, March, 1967

TRANSLATED BY MAX HAYWARD

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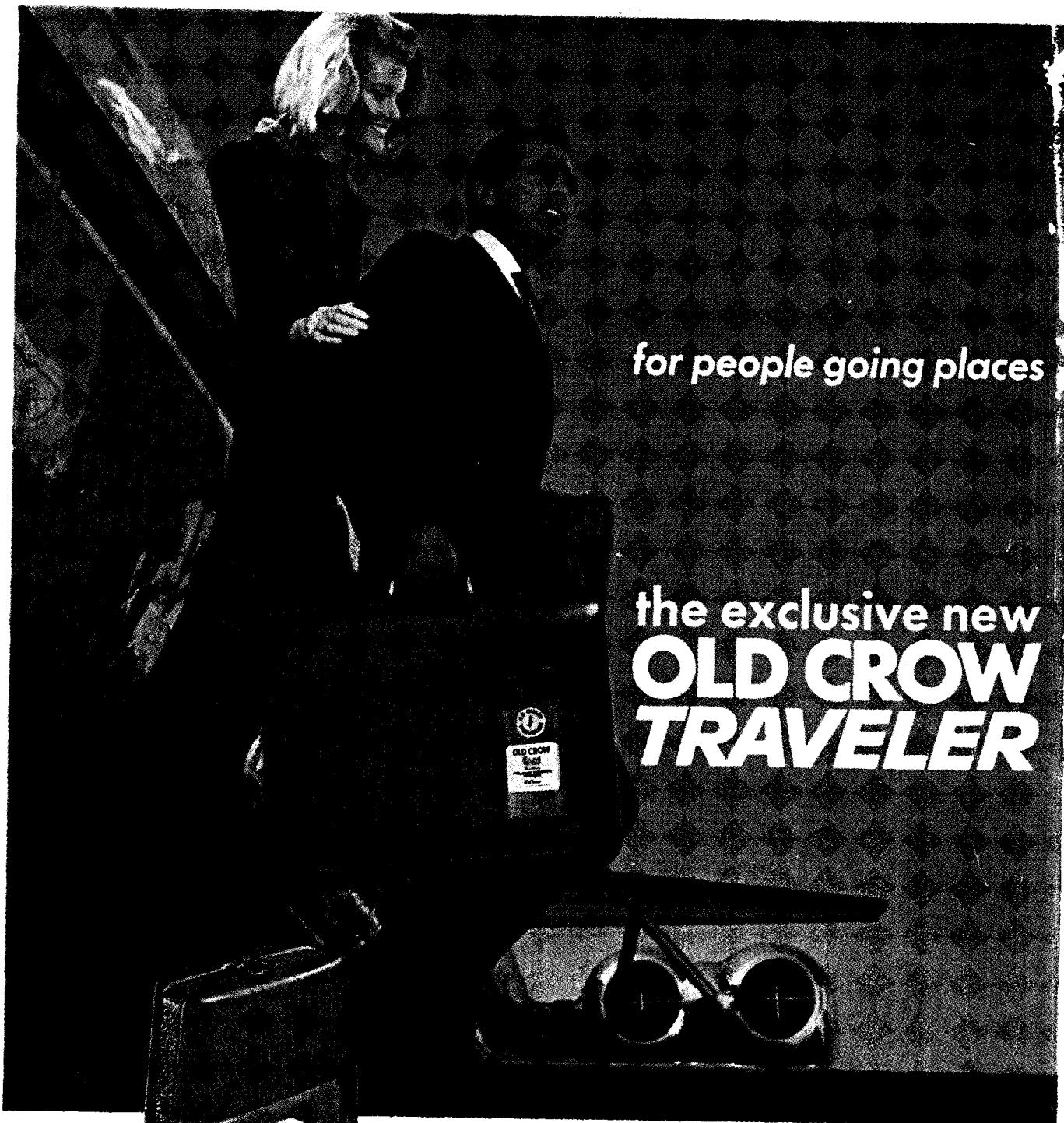
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